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Some of the concepts that will be in this fic are from other fan fictions about Harry Potter with my own twist on them. So I would like to acknowledge all the Harry Potter fan writers on this site for great work and hundreds of hours of reading. This is an AU story.

Harry Potter

My Life Is My Own

Chapter 1: All the Memories

As he emerged from the warm darkness he had developed and grown in for the last nine months, Harry experienced a brilliant bright light. He found himself in the arms of a brown haired, blue eyed female wearing a white robe. He was drawn to a shiny elongated object pinned to the white robe. Curious he reached for the object. Unable to reach it, it began to float to him. His inability to knowingly grasp the object in his infant hand it fell to the floor. At the gasp of surprise he looked back into the blue eyes and fell into a peaceful slumber dreaming of shiny objects dancing around in the air.

With the first flutters of Harry's eyes, he saw a blurry image of a woman's face. The image grew nearer becoming clearer and more defined. He looked into the most beautiful loving green eyes. This would become his first and most cherished memory of Lily, his mother. Her long flowing red hair falling forward onto his face, her smile filled with such joy. She began cooing at him in a soft soothing voice. A face filled with weariness yet radiant. Another image began to form in front of him, "Hello, son." It was a face filled with such pride topped with messy black hair and round glasses over striking hazel eyes.

At the young age of five Harry was subjected to horrible cruelties by his guardians. His only escape was to use his memories to comfort him. Harry has the amazing gift and at times a terrible curse of remembering every moment of his life since birth. As punishment Harry was forced to spend many hours sometimes days locked in his bedroom, the cupboard under the stairs. The memory of his mother nurturing him, reading to him or the feeling of her soft skin gripped in his tiny clumsy hand were always there when needed. He shared joyous moments with his Da playing on the nursery floor with

Padfoot never far away. Experiencing Padfoot shifting into Sirius was such a delight. His favorite memories were his mother's laughter at his father's antics. One particular incident when Da turned Mooney's hair green gave her such a fit of laughter. These memories were what Harry held onto desperately.

While Harry played in his cot he would listen to his parents reminiscing of places and people they were acquainted with. Da would recall with such fondness his memories of himself and Sirius fooling with someone named Slytherin and Ravenclaw. Such strange names for people Harry thought to himself. His parents would at times receive guests, one such person was Professor Dumbledore. He remembers him as an older man with a twinkle in his eye. Often his parents spoke of a place which held many memories for them, Hogwarts where they had attended school. Harry always impatiently awaited his father's return from Diagon Alley where he went to purchase needed items. These places Harry had no recollection of, none that he could recall anyway.

Harry was also able to recall every word spoken around him or at him. He could remember the words or conversation although he did not always understand their meaning or their content. Every year as he matured he began to slowly understand and was able to interpret their meanings. One evening after being laid to bed in his cot, Harry heard his Da cry out, "Lily, take Harry and go! It's him! Go! Run! I'll hold him off -". His mother frantically entered his room and closed the door behind her. As the door burst open a cruel laughter echoed throughout the room, terrifying him. A man with a snake-like face appeared thru the opened door. "Not Harry, not Harry, please not Harry!" "Stand aside you silly girl ... stand aside now." "Not Harry, please no, take me, kill me instead -" "Not Harry! Please ... have mercy ... have mercy... ". Avada Kadavra was the word spoken then a blinding green light flashed, He looks down and sees his mother lying motionless on the floor. Again the cold cruel laugh split the air. Avada Kadavra will always remain words that fill Harry with anger, fear and loss.

This is his last memory of his mother and most frequent nightmare, her body lying motionless on the floor. She was gone. He would later learn that he also lost his father that night. He was taken from his parent's home and placed with strangers. Strangers he would come to know as his Aunt and Uncle Petunia and Vernon Dursley. The Dursley's always told him that his parents died in an automobile

accident, Harry knew this to be a lie. He had the memory of his mother's death. His new guardians constantly spoke hatefully about his parents, "Drunkards, nothing but Drunkards". Once Harry was old enough to defend his parents he questioned these accusations. That is when the thrashings began and with them came the long days in the cupboard.

Memories would come to Harry while waiting in his cupboard; this helped him to pass the time. Today he was waiting for Dudley's fifth birthday party to end. Then Uncle Vernon or Aunt Petunia would come for him, time for clean up. Now at the age of five Harry's guardians believed him old enough to contribute to the household chores. In truth it meant Harry was to do all of the chores. He was to clean, cook, and to obey every command. At age three Harry learned what hatred his new guardians had for him when he unintentionally dyed all of the whites pink in the wash. Enraged Uncle Vernon twisted his wrist until a chilling crack was heard.

Before he was retrieved from the cupboard his memories were interrupted by a small spider crawling from the floor to his foot. With a flick of his finger, the small spider was floating in the air a foot in front of him. Harry whispered, "I thought we had a deal. You are to stay off me, and I won't squish you." With another flick of his finger the spider floated to the corner of the cupboard and disappeared. Hearing the bang of the front door and the footsteps heading towards his cupboard door, he knew it was time. As the door was opened to Harry's dim cupboard he was exposed to a painful bright light.

In an unusually light mood Uncle Vernon commanded without sneering, "Boy! Get out of there NOW and clean this mess up."

"Yes, sir," replied Harry as he climbed out of the cupboard.

"None of your freakiness or you will regret it." Uncle Vernon walked to the creamed colored kitchen door as he pushed the door he turned back and gave Harry the sneer he had expected.

"Yes, sir," Harry repeated with a desolate look on his face. He scanned the mess he was to clean. Tiny pieces of wrapping paper scattered everywhere. Dudley is such a fat pig, surely he did his best to make a bigger mess for me. It was nearly an hour before he was able to finish cleaning Dudley's mess. Aunt Petunia entered the

room to inspect his progress. Harry was drawn to her red blouse. Red eyes on a snake-like face, anger rose in Harry's chest. After his mom fell to the floor the snake faced man slithered towards Harry as he stood in his cot crying. "The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... NO child will ever defeat me, Lord Voldemort." Voldemort hissed.

"You missed some in that corner, BOY," she said pointing to the far corner behind Uncle Vernon's overstuffed chair. At Aunt Petunia's order, Harry snapped out of his memory of Voldemort. She walked out of the room to the stairs and called for Dudley to come down. A moment later, Dudley pounded down the stairs with an irritated look on his face.

"WHAT? I am playing with my new toys!"

"Well, Dudley-kins, now that you're five you'll be attending school soon, and I want you to do your very best." Petunia turned and glared at Harry. "Unfortunately, he will have to attend school as well. Not that he is intelligent enough to learn anything."

"I don't want to go to school with the freak, Mum!" cried Dudley

"I know dear but he has to go," replied Petunia. Harry made no comment. He did not want to show the excitement he felt, to be able to begin to explore and learn new things. It would be more satisfying to Aunt Petunia the thought that Harry was upset about attending school with Dudley.

Excitement filled Harry; the first day of school was finally here. He awoke early and began cooking breakfast for his guardians. Aunt Petunia stormed into the kitchen upset at not finding Harry in his cupboard. Her anger turned to irritated surprise when she saw he was already preparing their morning meal. Uncle Vernon and Dudley entered minutes after.

"You do well today, Dudley, and stay away from the freak," his uncle said between mouthfuls of food. "And you, boy, will stay out of trouble or else!"

"Yes, sir," responded Harry, his eyes staring down at the floor. After breakfast was consumed, Harry washed the dishes and readied

himself for school in his oversized hand me down clothes. He went to the front door to wait for his uncle and cousin. Harry followed them out to the car and took his place on the rear seat of the black sedan.

Class began; Harry absorbed every aspect of his lesson. He learned his ABC's, 1-2-3's. He was able to begin learning how to spell out words written on the blackboard. Harry was quick learned. He was ready to begin the basics of reading. To appease his guardians expectations Harry did not participate with the class during lessons. He believed if he did not excel his thrashings at home would not be as severe. During his noon hour break Harry wished to avoid Dudley and his constant taunting. Unfortunately, Dudley chose to spend his break gathering his friends to help with the taunting. Harry would find discrete places to hide himself. Dudley and his gang of followers spent their time seeking out Harry. At sight of Harry they would begin to chase and torment him. "Let's get the freak. You cannot hide from us, FREAK!" Harry was not always able to out run the gang of gits. When cornered the tormenters would begin to thrash Harry. Kicking and punching. He closed his eyes and raised his arms to defend his face. He thought "I wish I was away from here." The thrashing stopped. Harry opened his eyes and looked around. He was on the rooftop. Confused he walked to the side of the building and climbed down a pipe. He reached the ground and as he turned to walk he ran into a teacher. Following the teacher to the Headmaster's office he panicked "How did that happen? How will I explain? OH NO! I will get thrashing for this for sure."

Harry waited nervously as the Headmaster lectured him. "The rules of the school are to be followed. Each student is expected to behave properly."The Headmaster's voice began to fade into the background as Harry began reviewing the incident in his mind. He remembered wishing to be elsewhere. Suddenly, he appeared on the rooftop as though he arrived through a small pipe.

Harry pondered, "Maybe it's like my ability to move things. I must have placed myself there, it must be the magic".

'His magic is really strong, Lils,' Da commented while sitting in the study with Mum. Harry in his cot playing with blocks that had symbols unknown to him. Giggling, Harry made the blocks float away and around the cot and back again.

'Do you really believe we must put a magic lock on him so he doesn't harm his magical core?' his mother asked watching Harry with concern.

'No let's not, it can wait till after he turns one. Presently he is controlling his magic well.'

Sounds of voices nearing the door of the Headmaster's office brought Harry back to the present. Aunt Petunia entered the room glancing at Harry with a look of disgust. He knew that this night would be an extremely painful one. Arriving at home Harry faced the wrath of his Uncle Vernon. Uncle Vernon words were filled with such hatred and disgust. "What have you gone and done this time you worthless little freak!" He threw Harry to the floor kicking him as Harry curled into a ball. Wheezing from the effort Uncle Vernon tossed Harry into his cupboard. Breathing had become difficult for Harry he had such pain in his sides. In so much pain he lay on his mattress quietly crying. He could hear his Aunt and Uncle arguing with one another. "Why ever did we agree to care for that little freak?" "It is the only way to be protected." Harry was unable to follow the whole conversation due to his state of distress. From sheer exhaustion Harry fell fast asleep.

When Harry woke the next morning his pain and injuries had completely disappeared. He was now able to breath without difficulty. He rose and tended to his usual morning chores and went to school. Today Harry would approach the teacher and request permission to spend his break in the library. Understanding the altercations Harry experienced during break she allowed his request. The library became a sanctuary for Harry. He was intent on improving his reading. Everyday for the rest of the term Harry would spend exploring the libraries selections of books.

Harry's progress with his studies accelerated rapidly. Before the end of the term he was able to read fluently, he could read four to five stories a week. Although the library was not filled with an abundance of selections he was supplied with many story books. He also had the opportunity to read some higher level books which included course books for the upper grades. He was able to avoid all confrontation with Dudley for the rest of the school term. By the time summer arrived Harry had read all of the story books and some of the course books the library offered. For Harry to avoid some further thrashings from his Uncle he needed to allow Dudley to have better

marks than him. Therefore Harry did not give the same effort in his courses as he gave during his time spent in the library. He was barely able to pass the courses that term. The Dursleys rewarded Dudley for his meritocracy and were very satisfied with Harry's poor marks.

Boredom filled Harry's summer. Harry's amazing memory allowed him to recall all the words written in the books he had read during the school term. He was able to revisit each story in vivid detail. His mind brought each story to life. Regrettably this did not suppress Harry's boredom. Each morning Harry would follow his usual routine of caring for the Dursley's cooking and cleaning. Midmorning found Harry in Aunt Petunia's garden under strict instructions that her garden be the envy of the neighborhood. There were many evenings Harry was sent to his cupboard without supper. The floor did not shine enough. The dishes were not scrubbed properly. Aunt Petunia always found flaw with Harry's work. He grew accustomed to this and was able to adjust. His guardians asleep for the night he would quietly make his way to the kitchen and prepare himself a small meal.

Two weeks into the summer break Harry was able to bravely approach Aunt Petunia with a request. With his head bowed Harry asked, "Aunt Petunia after I have attended to all my morning chores and have completed the gardening to your liking may I be allowed to go to the Surrey Library?"

"Whatever would a dimwitted boy like you do at the library? Look at picture books. Whatever are you up to, boy?" Harry held his anger. He knew not to show fear or anger to his guardians. It pleased them to know the torment it caused Harry. He could not allow his Aunt to know how anxiously he wanted to go. If she were to know she would never allow it.

"Why should I allow such a thing?" squawked Aunt Petunia.

In a subservient voice he replied, "With my absence it would make for a peaceful afternoon. If I were allowed to go I would come home prepare supper and retire to the cupboard straight away."

Aunt Petunia contemplated Harry's request for several moments, a look of suspicion in her eyes. With a distrustful smirk on her face

Petunia decided. As she made her exit she stated "Fine, you may go. If any trouble comes from this, you will regret it."

"Thank you, Aunt Petunia," replied Harry as he started for the door.

The library would be a welcomed escape from the daily cruelties of his cousin. 'Harry hunting' had become one of Dudley's games of choice. Rules of the game find Harry and give him a good thrashing. On occasion Dudley's pals would join in the hunt making the game much more painful. Each night Harry would retire to his cupboard badly bruised. Waking in the morning the bruises would only be a memory. Cuts would heal, breaks would mend, bruises would resolve, but an odd lightning bolt shaped scar on his forehead always remained.

Unscathed Harry reached the library. Entering the main door Harry was speechless by the wondrous amount of books available to him. Quite content Harry approached the librarian, "If I am only to sit here and read would it require a library card?"

Being that it was not required Harry wondered around the library contemplating which section to begin in. To start it would be the fiction section. Selecting a book that interested him, he chose a secluded area to quietly read. Returning home Harry was able to add two new books to his collection of stories. Between his daily chores and his ventures to the library Harry's birthday passed unobserved. At the conclusion of the summer Harry had added a remarkable amount of books to his collection.

Fall had arrived it was time to return to school. Harry was not anticipating the new school term as he had the year before. During the summer Harry's reading level had progressed well beyond the level of this term's courses. Again Harry would need to continue to bring home poor marks to appease his guardians. It grew increasingly more difficult to maintain the illusion that Dudley was much more advanced in his studies. This term would prove to be very unchallenging for Harry. He once again spent his noon breaks in the library searching for new books to read. Harry selected a book from the shelf, 'The Charm School by Helen W.'

Harry awoke cradled in the arms of his mother while she was reading. They were sitting in his father's study that contained two full walls of books. He had been sleeping when his mother selected the

large book held in her hands. Comfortable in his mothers arms Harry lay listening to his mother mumbling to herself.

Reliving the memory Harry was drawn to the words written on the pages. Supersensory charm-Lets the castersense things out of his or her line of sight. It included a depiction of wand movements and words foreign to Harry. It discussed the theory of the charm by whom it was developed and when. "786, Could that be correct?" Harry thought to himself. "The large book must have been a book of magic." "Do I have a wand?" Harry focused on the words that he had never seen before. 'Ex-i-mi-us Sen-sus'

Harry searched his memories. He was curious to know if he had ever been given a wand. The only memory he found relative to wands were of his father. "Give daddy his wand, Harry. No don't wave it around, just let Daddy have it." Harry gave his father the wand but not before he waved it dramatically around in the air. Poor Da had no hair for a week. Harry had to restrain himself from giggling too loudly as not to draw attention to him.

The rest of the school year was uneventful. Harry was successful in "staying out of trouble" his Aunt would say. He continued to frequent the school library on his breaks. Harry had finally managed to read every book in the library. By beginning of summer he had began rereading several books in the library. He was ready to return to the Surrey Library to escape into the many books he had yet to discover.

Summer was to be a repeat of the last. Daily chores, thrashings when things were not done to perfection and hours locked in the cupboard. Harry did manage to again convince Aunt Petunia to allow him the daily trips to the Surrey Library. There were so many selections left for Harry to read and put to memory. He found that if he scanned the pages he could place them in his memory and explore them later. Once he completed the fiction section he was able to move on to the reference section. One set of encyclopedias, secondary school course books, periodicals and he even scanned a basic law book designed for quick reference. It was incredible the amount of books Harry could put to memory. He could now select a book from memory to fill his lonely hours in the cupboard with an adventure or a mystery story.

A couple weeks into the summer Harry approached the Librarian with a slip of paper in his hand. "Madam, could you help me with

something? I found a couple words in a book. I don't understand them and I cannot find them in the dictionary." Harry handed the slip of paper with "Eximius Sensus" written on it to the librarian and she looked at it.

"Oh well, you would not find these words in an English dictionary, these look like Latin. There is a Latin dictionary over there." Harry thanked the Librarian and when to look for the Latin dictionary. He found it and started looking through to find the words he has seen in his memory. By the end of the day and two complete trips through the dictionary he still had not found the words.

He approached the Librarian again. "Madam, I was unable to find those words in the Latin dictionary." The Librarian asked to be shown the words again. After a few minutes of looking puzzled she spoke.

"Well I am sure that they are Latin. You say they are not in the Latin dictionary. It must be an older dialect, you may be able to find it in the older Latin dictionaries that the London Library has."

"Thank you, Madam, for your help." Harry made his way home. 'London? Well that will have to wait for another time.'

Seven years old today, another year without celebration for Harry not even a Happy Birthday. Summer is midway through. He continued his daily routine throughout the rest of August. Another school year would come and go. It would also be the usual routine for Harry. The only change Harry experienced was his body changing becoming more agile, faster. He now had the ability to out run his fat fool of a cousin. He was determined to not let Dudley humiliate him any longer. With the end of another school year comes summer.

After spending a long afternoon in the Surrey Library, Harry began his walk home. His head began to ache. It was getting unbearable. At home he made his way to his cupboard and lay clutching his head. He felt as though his skull would split in two. Thousands of words and images were scrambling about in his mind. He tried to control the swirling of information he had stored in his memory but it only intensified.

How can I keep all this straight in my head? I have to make it stop.

How to stop it? How can I stop it? As Harry was thinking he seemed to enter his mind. He seemed to be roaming his mind looking at the different books, images and memories all swirling around. Walking further into his mind he came to stand in front of a large wooden door. He looked up and around at the huge building. It was such a sight like nothing Harry had ever seen. It was made of old heavy stones with small windows in what appeared to be the second and third floors. Walls seemed to flow, not forming corners it just continued around until they met again.

Fearfully Harry stepped closer to the wide double doors with iron hinges and strapping, they opened. Harry jump back in surprise. Cautiously he stepped inside brushing up against the door he realized that it felt real. He could feel the smoothness of the wood. He walked into a small square room with another set of double doors directly in front of him. Unlike the first double door this one was black and resembled glass. To his left and right there were smaller wooden doors.

Am I dreaming? Where am I? What is this place? Harry turned left and nearing the door it again began opening for him, empty. The door to the right was empty as well. "How strange!" Approaching the black doors he expected them to open as the others had but they didn't. He reached out and laid a hand on the glass 'CRACK' he looked up and saw a crack forming at the top of the glass. The crack traveled down the center of the glass till it reached the bottom, then the doors slid open. Suddenly Harry was pushed forward by a gush of wind. His memories, images and pages of books he had read quickly flew past him filling the room. They all danced and floated around the room.

The massive room was filled with bookshelves curving around the entire room from floor to ceiling. In the center of the room was a winding black metal staircase that led up to each level above. Climbing up to the second level it resembled the Surrey Library. It had sitting areas with desks, chairs, and more bookshelves wrapped around the entire room. "Brilliant!" Harry climbed back down the stair case to the main floor.

Without thinking he began catching the books and sorting them by section fiction, non fiction, reference books, mystery, adventure, comedy so on and so on. This moved swiftly as Harry did not have

to physically move them around. He decided the order and the books followed. Sunlight began to creep through the windows on the upper floors. He realized it was nearly morning. Hesitantly Harry exited the main room as he stepped through the black glass doors they began to close, once together the crack began to seal from the bottom up.

As Harry began to slowly exit his mind he was pulled out with force. When his eyes opened he realized he was being pulled by his collar out of his cupboard.

"Think you can just sleep late, BOY! Get in that kitchen and make breakfast," yelled his Uncle as he hit Harry in the back of the head.

"There will be no going out today you lazy freak."

Hurriedly he entered the kitchen and pulled out the necessities to prepare the morning meal. Sitting at the table was Dudley with his usual piggish smirk to remind Harry of his intentions. Dudley cracked his knuckles and laid his fist on top of the table. Exhausted Harry prepared breakfast, tended to the dishes, and busied himself with the rest of his daily chores.

Early that afternoon he started for the garden. He headed to the shed to retrieve the gardening tools. When reached to open the door he was knocked down from behind. Relentlessly Dudley pounded him from behind. "Freak, I'll show you. Make me wait for my meal."

Looking up trying to find a way to escape he noticed his Aunt watching from the kitchen window. Glee filled her face. Harry knew she would make no attempt to stop Dudley. Eventually Dudley's stout physique tired him and he relented.

"Stop lying around, boy and get the gardening done," his Aunt's voice came from the kitchen window.

Harry rose from the ground battered and bruised but nothing was broken. He knew it would heal soon. Noon meal would consist of a slice of bread and cheese. He was ordered back to his cupboard immediately after. For the first time in weeks he heard the cupboard lock behind him. Harry lay down on his mattress and was soon asleep.

When Harry awoke it was early the next morning. The cupboard locked meant he would have a few days to sort through his new library. Entering his mind and new library Harry looked around the room, he could see the books he had read and had yet to organize. He also saw the memories of his parents that he had held onto so desperately. The memories he wished to discard 'his time with the Dursley's' being in class, the playground at school.

Harry did not want these memories to be together. He thought to separate them. Organize them into their own albums and sections of the library. He placed memories of his parents into a beautiful green, like his mother's eyes, leather album. On the cover, there was a silhouette, of him and his parents. Other memories were sorted into memory categories, events, people, and places. Eventually, each memory found its place.

Harry was determined to learn more of his parents and of the magic. As he sorted his memories in his mind he looked for memories that had his father's study. He assumed that would be the best place to find information. He would scan thru memories with his father's study. He hoped to find open books or listen to conversations that took place there.

He had several memories of his parents using their wands, but did not quite understand the words they spoke. He would study these memories and dissect them. Sorting all his memories was a timely process, but Harry noticed as he sorted his memories his head ached less and less. Summer ending Harry was able to have over half of his library sorted and organized.

School began again but this year was slightly different. Instead of rereading the stories in the school library he was able to select books from his new mental library. His school year passed quickly. Poor marks again and less attention from Dudley.

Every free moment he had, Harry spent in his library. Summer started and he had his library nearly complete. His library had grown to be even larger than the Surrey Library. He had filled many shelves but had plenty more shelves available for future books and albums. He learned that with his new library he could absorb more books, lectures, and even newspapers that his uncle left laying around for him to clean up. .

There is one particular memory that Harry wanted to handle with care, the night his parents were killed. He wanted to separate that memory from the rest. It was a memory that plagued his dreams. He placed this memory into a sturdy plain book. When Harry closed the book he was surprised to find an image of a snake stretched across the cover. This was not of Harry's doing.

Harry placed this book on the highest shelf in the library. Mysteriously, each day when Harry returned to his library this book would appear next to him. He would place it back on its shelf and go back to sorting. He would sort the last memory and the book would reappear next to him. He was starting to believe this was a memory he could not file away as well as a nightmare he could not escape.

He climbed to the third floor of his library and found there were many separate doors and small rooms. One door had a huge lock hanging from it. Harry closed the memory inside this room and shut the lock. Days passed and the book did not reappear. His sleep became more peaceful. The nightmare ceased to visit him each night.

Halloween night seven years ago Harry lost his parents. He lost his whole world that night. He did not know where Padfoot or Moony had gone. They were a constant in his infant life. He knew Padfoot as his godfather. "Why was I not placed with him?" He wondered if he had a godmother. "Where were they all now? Am I to continue to live with the abuse? Is there no escape?" "What of Moony?"

Many questions left unanswered, not one memory with a clue.

This year was to be the same as last, tending to his guardians every whim. The thrashings would continue only more intermittent. Another birthday came and went unnoticed even by Harry himself. Now, nine years old he was growing restlessly bored. He imagined there was so much more to learn about, to experience and see. He still would retreat to his mental library the only place he could find solace. He read his books, reviewed his memories and passed the time.

With school coming to an end once again and without the same excitement as summers past, Harry looked forward to his time in the Surrey Library. Harry was indifferent to his school work as usual but with less concentration on earning poor marks. Two weeks into

summer Harry and Dudley's school reports were delivered to the house.

Harry waited for the praise to be sung to his cousin. Instead Harry was faced with his Uncle's rage. Harry had without trying brought home outstanding marks. "You cheat! I will not stand for a cheat in my house!" Fear enveloped Harry. Like a rampaging elephant Uncle Vernon came at Harry. This time it would take Harry three days to recoup. After days of only his small daily rations, a glass of water, two slices of bread and a sliver of cheese Harry was too weak to stand or even venture to his mental library.

Weeks later Harry had his health back. He had lost the privilege of frequenting the Surrey Library and chores were increased. The afternoon of Harry's tenth birthday he was in the garden. Absentmindedly tending to the weeds when he realized he left his garden tool next to the shed. As he began to rise to retrieve it, suddenly it was floating in front of his face.

Thinking he was alone Harry continued to pull weeds when an angry voice came from the kitchen "BOY! COME, NOW!"

Entering the kitchen door "WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, FREAK, MAKING A TOOL FLY ACROSS THE YARD, FOR ALL THE NEIGHBORS TO SEE?" Harry stared at his uncle. Uncle Vernon's face was turning purple with anger. Harry had only seen him this angry once before and it did not end well for Harry.

That enveloping fear was being called to the front of Harry's mind as he faced his Uncle Vernon.

"I AM GOING TO BEAT THE FREAK OUT OF YOU THIS TIME OR KILL YOU TRYING," Vernon bellowed.

He charged toward Harry with his fists balled so tight his knuckles were turning white. In an attempt to protect himself Harry brought his hands up over his face palms out. Wishing his Uncle would just STOP.

Chapter 2

Cover-ups And Discoveries

The air in the room became eerily calm. Feeling no movement Harry opened his eyes. Frozen, the rage still lingered on his uncle's face; his fists were still balled at his sides. Panic stricken Harry's instinct was to run. As he rose to do just that, Aunt Petunia entered the room. Irritation quickly turned to shock as she laid eyes on her husband.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE BOY?"

Harry turned towards his Aunt. "Aunt Petunia, I'm sorry. I don't know what happened."

Harry raised his hands to plead with his Aunt. His hands began to glow; a purple light then shot out and struck his aunt in the head. She stood there still. An expression of shock froze on her face. Harry ran to the kitchen window and pulled the shade. He returned to where his Aunt and Uncle stood frozen. They did not seem to be breathing, no life at all. All range of emotions went through Harry anger, terror, panic. How could I of used my magic without knowing? Are they dead, Have, have I killed them?

Dudley came lingering into the kitchen anxious to witness Harry's thrashing. At the sight of his frozen parents, Dudley looks towards Harry for answers. Angrily Dudley screams at Harry, "What have you done?"

He turned towards his parents, "Mum, Da" fear in his voice.

He turns back to Harry "YOU FREAK! Make it go away or I will rip you apart you, stupid little freak!"

Harry's look of fear quickly morphed to anger, "You big fat pig! You will never touch me again!" Harry jerked his glowing hands at Dudley. Again a purple light shot out and struck Dudley between the eyes. He stood there just as his parents, frozen.

Anger subsiding Harry was instantly filled with panic. Staring at his hands "What happened? How....Why....What have I done? The magic.....

Harry's mind was racing. What, what to do? He ran to the only place that he could always clear his mind, think clear and feel safe. In his cupboard Harry sat hugging his knees and rocking back and forth. He closed his eyes and entered into his mind's library. He hoped to find some answers there. He replayed the memory over and over again, listening to his thoughts at that instant.

All he thought was Please, STOP. Hands glowing, purple light, and then just frozen.

Exhausted Harry filed the memories away. He placed them in an album and thought to place them on the highest shelf in the library.

He climbed to the third floor of the library as he reached the highest shelf. He found a shelf he hadn't seen before. It had a wood door with a small lock. He placed the book there and locked it. Coming back to himself, Harry instantly fell asleep.

When Harry awoke he was unaware that he had slept for over two days. Filthy and hungry he exited the cupboard, such a strange feeling to find it unlocked. Looking around, everything was just as he left it. He approached the kitchen door. Maybe it was just a dream. He placed his ear against the kitchen door, nothing. No voices, no movement.

Dreadfully, he slowly pushed open the door. There they stood, still frozen but not cold to the touch more like stone. Harry began shaking, it was all so unbelievable. Not knowing where to start, he turned and headed straight to the shower. Harry tried to wash away the terror and panic he felt, but no scrubbing could rid them. Harry reached for his hand me down clothes to dress. Looking at the old and tattered clothes, he threw them back to the floor and headed to Dudley's room. He rummaged through Dudley's closet. Some of the guilt Harry was feeling was slightly lessened when he came across a pair of pants and a shirt that had never been worn. They fit Harry perfectly.

Refreshed, Harry returned to the kitchen. Harry needed time to figure out a resolution. Hiding the bodies would be the first task. Harry had never moved a large item before, only spiders and garden tools. He stood before his uncle, concentrating he flicked his fingers towards his uncle and he began to float just off the ground. Harry

stepped forward and his uncle moved with him. Harry laid both his Aunt and Uncle in their bed. He returned for Dudley and started for Dudley's room. As he reached the stairs a mischievous thought crept into Harry's mind. He did not start up the stairs but turned towards his cupboard.

The kitchen empty Harry entered and prepared himself a sandwich. He sat what seemed like hours. What to do, what to do?

-oo00oo-

Three days earlier... In the Headmaster's office, at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore was just sitting down to his supper. Now seven weeks into the summer holiday everything was in order and it was time to return home till fall term began again. He would leave for Godric's Hollow the next morning. He was certainly overdue for a well deserved rest. He never made it into the plush chair, as an alarm sounded throughout his office.

Startled he began scanning the many devices that littered the shelves of his office. There he spotted what he hope to never see, flickering and spinning was a little red crystal that was suspended between two gold loops. Albus reached out his hand to his desk, a feather quill shot into his hand. He pulled out his wand touching the tip to the quill "Portus" in an instant he was gone.

Albus standing in front of number four, privet drive, found it to be as peaceful as his first visit over eight years ago. No commotion, no Death-Eaters, no danger at all. Curious, Albus held his wand and made precise intricate movements with his hand, whispering "ostendo mihi ostendo mihi vita ostendo mihi veneficus".

The tip of his wand shined with a soft blue light. He held it there for several moments before he let the blue light fade. Harry was the only magic presence in the area. The wards surrounding the house on privet lane were at full strength. Uneasy and without any explanations for the alarm sounding Albus decided to postpone his vacation. He would keep a close eye on Harry's home for the next few days. He pulled the quill from his robes and he was gone. Back in his office the little red jewel had quieted and was no longer flickering.

-oo00oo-

Harry jumped at the knock on the door. Who could that be? Harry inspected the house. Everything was in its place. Hesitant, Harry neared the front door. Harry summoned all his courage and righted his face. Harry slowly opened the door, his eyes widening slightly with recognition. Standing on the other side of the door was an older, thin man, with an unusually long white beard. He wore half moon spectacles over twinkling blue eyes. Harry knew him, Professor Dumbledore. Memories came to him of visits the Professor had made to their home when he was an infant.

Dumbledore was not expecting Harry to be the one to come to the door. Harry seemed fairly small for his age and very thin much too thin. The resemblance to his father was strong especially the mop of messy black hair, but with Lily's kind green eyes. When the door first opened Dumbledore was sure he spotted a brief moment of recognition and surprise in the boy's eyes but it faded instantly.

"Good afternoon young man. I am here to see Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, I was invited for tea." Spoke Albus first.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I was not aware of any visitors calling today, my Aunt and Uncle aren't available right now." replied Harry. The twinkle in Dumbledore's eyes dimmed ever so slightly.

"Do you know when they will be home young man?" ask Albus. He had scanned the house before arriving and knew they were home and upstairs. Harry's mind raced for an appropriate response. It was Sunday afternoon and the Dursley's car was in the drive. What could I tell Dumbledore that would make him leave more briskly? How to avoid more questions about my guardians? Then it came to Harry.

"I'm sorry, again sir, I didn't mean that they were not home, just not available." Which was the truth just not the whole truth.

"Then could I have a moment with them?" asked Dumbledore. Harry leaned forward slightly and motioned for Dumbledore to come closer.

"My Aunt and Uncle are in the bedroom sir, resting," whispered Harry. "They would be awful sore with me if I were to disturb them." He continued.

"Oh well we would not want to disturb them then now would we. I may have the week of my visit wrong. You know old age does muddle the mind. I will return next Sunday then for our tea." replied Dumbledore, the twinkle in his eye back to full force, and a chuckle. Again Harry's mind was working overtime when another idea came to him.

"We will not be home next week, sir, my Uncle has taken time off work and we are leaving on holiday. I was told we would not be back until the day before school started again." replied Harry with a small smile.

"Ah then it may be that I missed my time with them, it must have been last week. I will just be going young man so as not to disturb them. Have a good holiday and let your Uncle know that I called on him."

"Thank you, I will, good afternoon." replied Harry as Dumbledore turned and walk down the front path and up the street. Harry closed the door and ran to the front window to watch Dumbledore. When Dumbledore reached the corner he turned and walked out of sight.

Harry released the breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. Harry needed to think fast. He needed a way to avoid future visitors.

He went to the kitchen and searched for a pen, paper, envelopes and stamps.

The first letter was addressed to the owner of Grunnings Drill Firm, Uncle Vernon's place of employment, a letter of resignation.

Dear Sir,

I regret to inform you that at this time I must tender my resignation. I have recently been offered a position at company in the colonies. The position was such that I could not pass it up and required me to leave immediately. My family and I have already departed for the states.

Sincerely and regretfully yours,

Vernon Dursley

The second letter was to Harry and Dudley's primary school.

Surrey Primary School

Headmaster's Office.

Dear Mister Curran,

I regret to inform you that my son and his cousin will not be returning to your fine school this coming term. I have accepted a position in the colonies and we have already departed. Could you please mail a copy of Dudley Dursley's and Harry Potter's transcripts to our current address of record where it will be forwarded to us in the states? I am sorry for all the trouble you have had to endure from my nephew.

Sincerely and regretfully yours,

Vernon Dursley

The final letter would be the most important as well as the most difficult. How to convince Aunt Marge? Aunt Marge is one person Harry will not regret ever seeing again, her and her nasty little dogs. She always called his mother "bad blood" and his father a drunkard more so when she, herself was going to pot.

Marge,

I am happy to inform you that I have recently been offered and have accepted an executive position with another company. I am sorry to inform you that the position is in the colonies and required us to leave on short notice. By the time you read this we will already be there. Yes we had to take the freak with us but are hoping to dump him in an orphanage in the states. I will miss you Marge and will have you come visit after all is settled. Until we are settle in to our new home any mail you send here will be forwarded to us. I look forward to your visit in the colonies, I will write again when we can arrange it.

Love your Brother,

Vernon

In his best handwriting and mimicking his uncle's handwriting the best he could, he addressed and put postage on each letter. He walked them to the mailbox down the street then returned home and prepared his supper for one.

Each morning Harry checked on his guardians to make sure that they had not thawed out over night. Harry was beginning to enjoy Dudley's spacious room. While preparing his morning meal Harry took inventory of the kitchen. There was very little food left. He would need to do some shopping before the week was over.

Needing money, he went to his aunt and uncle's room finding them still laying on there bed. Harry flicked his fingers at his uncle and he slowly rotated to his side. Harry was able to take out his Uncle's bill-fold with ease and very pleased when he found three hundred pounds. He would be able to buy plenty of food.

Harry decided to explore the second floor of the house. He was rarely allowed upstairs. First Dudley's room, he looked through Dudley's belongings. Nothing of use but he did find some more clothes that fit him. He looked through the other rooms but did not find anything that he would find useful.

Harry realized that he would need to pack the house. If there were anymore visitors he would need to make sure that there wasn't any question that the Dursley's had left for the colonies. Harry retrieved some empty boxes from the garage and began packing the front room. He found several white sheets in the linen closet and covered the furniture and removed the pictures from the walls.

He busily spent the next few hours working on the house. He packed haphazardly but from the window it appeared as though the family had packed and was awaiting the movers. Midday Harry stood by the window inspecting his work when he realized that Uncle Dursley's sedan was still parked in the drive. It would not be a good idea to move the car during the day. To be less conspicuous Harry decided to wait till evening to move the auto.

Just before nightfall Harry went to the garage to move things around so the sedan would fit. There were boxes that were stacked along the back of the garage and would need to be moved. Harry carried the boxes to the house and set them neatly in the living room. He would go through them later. Once it was completely dark Harry

quietly made his way to the garage slowly opening the overhead door trying to make as little noise as possible.

Harry knew he could not drive the car in the garage, so he was going to try and use the magic. He was able to move his uncle so maybe he could move the car. Harry looked around to make sure all the neighbors had retired for the night. He stood behind the car and flicked his fingers at the car, nothing happened. Harry flicked his whole hand at the car, again nothing happened. He grew very nervous and began to perspire. He thought maybe he needed to concentrate harder.

He stood behind the sedan closed his eyes, cleared his mind and flicked his hand and stayed focused on moving it. When he opened his eyes the car was floating slightly above the ground. He stepped forward and was able to float it into the garage. Once the car touched the ground Harry collapsed to his knees. Utterly exhausted, he remained on his knees for what felt like an hour but only a quarter of an hour passed before he was able to rise and close the garage door. Almost crawling Harry made his way up the stairs and fell as he was onto his new bed in Dudley's room.

Harry woke just before dusk the next day. A bit disoriented Harry headed for the shower to revitalize. After dressing he headed down stairs, he was famished. Passing to the kitchen Harry noticed a stack of mail on the floor in front of the mail slot. He retrieved it, and went to still his hunger. Harry set aside the bills and opened the letter from Mr. Grunning. Grunning accepted his resignation and was disappointed he was not given the opportunity to counter the offer from the colonies.

He opened the large envelope from the school it contained his and Dudley's transcripts, no correspondence was included. The last letter was from Aunt Marge. She was enraged that she was not informed sooner about the move. She inquired about the house in Surrey, what would come of it? She did express her excitement about a trip to the colonies. Harry realized that future mail might become an issue. He would have to figure a way to forward the mail elsewhere but, where?

A response to Aunt Marge's letter would be necessary. He wrote her telling her the house was to be sold and his new company would be handling the transactions. He wrote that the house had been packed

and prepared for the movers. To reassure her that things would be fine he told her a security system was installed to keep out all the miscreants. Harry knew Aunt Marge's greed and knew she would not think twice about pilfering through the house before the movers arrived. After supper Harry hunted throughout the house looking for anything useful or helpful. In the closet he found his uncle's briefcase with important documents and a shoe box that hid a couple hundred more pounds.

Friday morning, Harry finally finished the staging of the house. Putting aside any useful items he may need in the future. He had yet to look through the boxes he had brought from the garage. He thought to bring a box with him into the kitchen; he would look through it while he ate breakfast. The first few boxes had nothing of interest.

The last box had what appeared to be random things of Aunt Petunia's. Harry was drawn to a shoe box, with an abnormal amount of tape to keep it closed. FROM THE FREAK was written across the top. Opening it he found a bundle of unopened letters. Examining them closer he was overcome with emotion, the letters had been written by his mother, Lily. With excitement Harry ripped open the first letter.

Dated 10 September 1971....

Dear Petunia,

Sorry it took so long to write. It has been so exciting this past week. We started class on Thursday. All the professors are wonderful. I am learning so much. I was sorted into Gryffindor House. Remember, I told you about the different houses after reading about it in *Hogwarts: A History*, when I got my books this past summer. Severus was sorted into Slytherin but we still have some classes together and we hang out a lot in the library. My house mates are really nice too. There are a couple of first year boys in our house that cause trouble. They even lost us fifty house points over the weekend. Though, no one knows for what. I hope someday you can come and visit me at the castle, its brilliant.

Well, I have to go study. I have a potion essay due on Monday.

Love Lily

Joy, excitement, sorrow overwhelmed Harry. He held his head in his hands and wept.

"These are letters from my mum". "Slytherin isn't a person it's a house? What about Ravenclaw is that a house too? Where can I get a copy of Hogwarts: A History?"

Sixteen letters in all, for what Harry could reason, most of them were written while attending Hogwarts. There were a couple dated after Hogwarts; there was also a large thick envelope dated 1 October 1981, just a few weeks before his parents' death. Harry collected himself and began to read the letters reading them in order of date.

He learned that Ravenclaw was indeed a house and there was one named Hufflepuff. Each letter became less personal as though his mother did not wish to be writing to her sister. In one letter it explained why, Petunia and Lily's mother had urged her to continue writing, she had hopes the two would come to terms eventually. In one letter Lily pleaded with Petunia, she wished to have her sister back. Harry enjoyed the first few letters, he felt like she was writing to him.

Dear Petunia,

Well you were right about Snape, he is a total git and I never want to talk to him again. Do you want to know what he did? He called me a MUDBLOOD in front of half the school. Well he can take his pureblood, bigoted, git arse and jump off the astronomy tower for all I care. I never want to speak to him again. You remember James and Sirius, I told you about them before. They got Snape back for me. Anyway Snape has been my best friend for a long time and I'm kind of lost without him. I've started hanging out with the Marauders. You know James, Sirius, Remus, and Peter. I don't like Peter though, he gives me the creeps. They are a lot of fun. James asked me out. I said no, he so immature.

Anyway got to go, love you.

Lily

Harry's stomach rumbled with hunger. He looked up at the clock and realized he had not moved from where he sat since breakfast, his

morning plate still on the table. Harry laid the letter he had in his hand on the table and prepared himself lunch then returned to the letters. Harry learned that by seventh year his parents had begun to date and once school ended they married. 17 March 1980 Lily was very happy to announce she was pregnant with Harry and had a job with ministry.

Harry had finally come to the large thick envelope. He opened it, inside was a letter to Aunt Petunia and two more envelopes, one "From Lily Potter" the other "From James Potter". Harry placed both of the envelopes aside and read the letter addressed to his Aunt.

Dear Petunia,

I know you never open my letters but I hope you will read this if anything ever happens to me. I have told you in the past about the war that is going on in the wizarding world against Voldemort. Well, certain events have happened causing James, Harry, and I to go into hiding. I cannot tell you where but it is someplace safe. But then again if you're reading this then I am most likely dead. I know we have not gotten along since I found out I was a witch.

I'm sorry I didn't try harder to include you in everything but you wouldn't let me. But please do this one thing for me. Enclosed are two letters, one from James and one from me. If Harry is still alive and ever comes calling could you give them to him? Harry should be in the care of his godfather Sirius. If not then Remus, or lastly Dumbledore will have him. If anything happens to us, Harry may come around when he is seventeen.

We left instructions with Sirius, Remus, and even Dumbledore that he should not be left with you. I know you would not want to take care of him. He is to be told about you when he turns seventeen. It will be his decision if he calls. Copies of these letters have also been left with Sirius and Dumbledore with the same instructions to be given to him when he turns seventeen. I hope this is the one letter you do choose to open. I want you to know I still love you and miss you.

Love Lily

The letter fell from Harry's hand onto the table. He felt such disbelief, "Could these really be letters from my parents addressed to me?"

Questions, Harry had so many, "If I wasn't meant to live with the Dursley's, why am I here? Where is Sirius, Remus? Why did Dumbledore let me stay here? Why did he not ask me to leave with him the other day? Why did he not introduce himself?

He stared at the letters from his parents for an hour. He could not explain his hesitance to read them. He knew so little of his parents. What if the letter held something he didn't want to know? Finally he reached for his mother's letter first, his hand slightly trembling.

My dearest Harry,

If this letter has found its way to you then regrettably we have been prematurely taken from you. Our intention was this letter never being needed. You have brought your father and me such joy. As I write you lay sleeping next to me, your dreams causing you to smile. The thought of not being with you brings me to tears. Harry I love you so much. I wish with all my being it does not come to pass.

Harry know that your father and I have cherished every moment we share with you however long or short that might be. You are the happiness in our lives. You should be in the care of your godfather Sirius. He is a good man but has a mischievous side to him. You be mindful not to become the same yourself.

Our hope for your future is you to live happily. We want for you what ever parent wants for their children. Live life to the fullest Harry; pursue your dreams, your hopes, and your loves. You are a powerful wizard Harry. From the day you were born you have demonstrated your amazing power and ability. Remember always to use them wisely. You will face great challenges especially if your father and I are not successful in defeating Voldemort. You will learn of him from Sirius.

That is not what this letter is for. I imagine you must be a handsome young man now. You have such a resemblance to your father now; I can only imagine how you will look when you are grown. Enjoy your years at Hogwarts, Harry. It is a wondrous place filled with so much to learn. I hold many fond memories there. It is where I met your father. You are our love Harry. You are our world.

Your father is also preparing a letter. He will tell you of the long proud history of the Potters'. He will tell you of all you need to know and prepare for.

Remember us Harry. We will always be in your heart and watching you from the other side of the vale.

Mum

Harry re-read the letter as his eyes blurred with tears. A single tear dropped fell from his face onto the parchment joining those of his mother's. Harry brought the letter into his mind's library. He placed it on a podium after which a clear glass case appeared over it. "I will never forget you mum"

He came back to himself, face streaming with tears. He could not bring himself to lay down his mother's letter. At last he put her letter down and lifted his father's.

Dear Son,

If you are reading this letter then I am on the other side of the vale pulling pranks and watching over you. I know there are many questions to be answered by first things first. I love you Harry. I am so proud to be your father. I sincerely hope these are things I can tell you in person and this letter will be of no need.

I hope to be there to tell you of all the pranks and fooling around your godfather and I did while attending Hogwarts. Your mum will not approve so mums the word, ay. Carry on the Marauder's tradition Harry, make me proud. I imagine you will have made the Quidditch team. You love to fly with me on my broom.

As Harry sat reading his father's letter a memory came to him. Flying on a broom with his Da high in the air, Harry was giggling with delight. His Da held him very tight. Harry could hear his Mum yelling 'James Potter you get my son off that broom this instant.' This was a memory that Harry did not recall filing away. He decided to look into that later and continued reading his father's letter.

This letter will be given to Sirius, Remus, Dumbledore and Gringotts Wizarding Bank. It contains pertinent information that you will need to have and will help guide you. Your mum will send copies to your

Aunt Petunia as well but I don't expect that will be of any help. You are to receive our letters on your seventeenth birthday. If the holders of the letters have perished as well I have left detailed instructions with Gringotts Banks to deliver it to you sooner. If this letter has found its way to you before you are seventeen this letter will be a must for you.

We have set up a trust vault for you. It will have enough money for your education at Hogwarts and any needs you have. It contains 1 million galleons. There is a Potter Family vault as well. I will not detail what is in there but on your seventeenth birthday you will be allowed access. If there is a need to access it before then you will need to seek out Ragnok, the Potter family accountant. Tell him, you are invoking the END OF THE LINE CLAUSE, family law of 1013 A.D. You will then be allowed access. In the vault you will find another letter with further instructions.

The Potter legacy has a long and distinguished family legacy, Harry. This will aid you in your future. Know that you are very loved Harry, not only by your mum and I but by our loved ones as well. I know you will live up to the Potter name. Live life Harry, be happy and carry us in your hearts always.

When it is time we will meet again.

Da

He continued to sit and stare at both letters. He re-read them countless times. Overwhelmed by emotion to have words of love and encouragement from his parents meant the world to him. In his mind's library Harry placed his father's letter on a podium just like his mother's.

While in his library Harry noticed the memory of his ride on the broom was floating about the library. He filed it away in the appropriate album. As he began to leave the library on one last inspection Harry noticed a staircase leading down, he followed it.

At the bottom of the staircase he found another glass door. This door was not black like the other. It was opaque with multiple colors swirling all about. Strangely when Harry placed his hand on the glass nothing happened, no crack, it did not open. Unsure of what

this new door was Harry returned to himself intending to return and explore it again later.

The illusion that Harry was attempting to set, that the Dursley's had moved was in place. He prepared his supper and retired to his bed. Tomorrow would begin his new quest, go to the main library of London and find his way to Gringotts Bank.

Chapter 3

Return to The Wizarding World

Harry slept very little his mind was restless, anxious for the next day to arrive. Harry's mind was racing with ideas and plans all night. Where to start? How to reach London? Where is Gringotts Bank? What to do with the Dursleys' while he is away? He rose from bed and began his new morning routine. First, he made his way to his guardian's bedroom. They were still in the same state. Then made his way downstairs collected the mail and made breakfast. Harry made a note to add a trip to the market to his to do list.

Before Harry could leave the house to go to Surrey Library he needed to secure the house. Harry's biggest concern was uninvited visitors or a return visit by Dumbledore. Harry walked through the house making sure all windows were locked and the blinds pulled. He double checked the front door, it was still locked, and stacked several boxes in front of it to make it extra secure. Lastly, he returned to his guardian's bedroom. He checked once again to insure they were not breathing or had a heartbeat. He sat for an hour in a chair in the corner of the room weighing the risks of leaving the house unattended. Harry decided if there was to be any resolve to this situation he must leave the house. Harry stood and retrieved his uncle's keys, billfold and made his way for the backdoor. Locking the door behind him he walked hidden until he thought it safe. Cautiously, Harry stepped out onto the road and made his way to Surrey Library.

Harry arrived at Surrey Library. Luck was on his side, he did not have any chance encounters with Dudley's gang of misfits. He entered the library, spotted the librarian and walked up to her.

"Mrs. Ascot?" Harry had come to know the librarian from his daily visits and felt confident she could help him.

"Harry its good to see you again" Replied Mrs. Ascot. "How have you been?"

"I have been fine thank you for asking." Harry smiled at the librarian. "May I ask you a question?"

"Sure Harry you know I will help in anyway I can".

"Is there a bus or rail that I could take to get to London's main library? I have received permission from my aunt to go but she has left me the task of finding my way." Mrs. Ascot did not ask more questions. She had her feelings about Harry's situation at home. Not many boys his age spend there day at the library as a retreat.

"Well then, the number sixty eight bus for London picks up on the corner every two hours starting at six in the morning, Monday through Friday. Unfortunately, your adventure will have to wait till then."

"Thank you Mrs. Ascot is there a schedule book I could look at?"

"We do not have one available but when you arrive at the London terminal you will find them there."

Harry expressed his thanks and found his way to the section of the library that had atlases. He searched for the most up to date atlas of London and the surrounding areas. He spent some time putting it to his memory and returned to the Dursley's.

To occupy his time on Sunday, Harry took a brief trip to the super market. After he returned and put away the things he bought and prepared himself something to eat, he decided to explore his mind's library. First Harry explored the outside of his library. He touched the walls, very solid. He walked back away from the library but not too far and noticed that with the mist that surrounded the library it was very difficult to see the building. He returned to the front door and entered. He found the atlas floating in the middle of the room on the first floor. He climbed up to the second floor. He pulled the map of London out of the atlas and pinned it to a wall, then filed the book in its appropriate place. He stared at the map for several moments, filling with excitement at the thought of venturing there to discover more of his parents. Finally, he pulled himself away, returned to himself and retired for the night.

Monday morning Harry was awake even before the sun. He did his usual morning inspection, showered and dressed. After a small meal he exited the house as he did the days before. Harry arrived at the bus stop at five fifty. Six O'clock the bus arrived Harry boarded the bus. An hour bus trip found Harry at London's main bus terminal. He searched out the bus and underground schedules, put them to

memory and took the underground to the British National Library in King's Cross.

As Harry walked across the library quad, he looked around in wonder. This was the largest building Harry had ever seen. The library was red brick faced and many stories tall with angled roofs and a clock tower in the center. Harry walked in the main doors and stood in line to be helped by one of the librarians at the large counter. Harry spoke briefly with the librarian and was directed to the rare books section where he could find further help from someone in that area. He found it quickly and searched out the librarian for that section. The Librarian greeted Harry, a look of curiosity on his face to be finding a young boy in his section.

"May I help you young man?"

"Yes, thank you. Sir, I was told by Mrs. Ascot of the Surrey Library I could find a Latin dictionary here. I found two words in a book that I do not know the meaning and when I inquired I was told they were Latin. I have come here to find a Latin dictionary. Could you please help me with this?" Harry asked as he pulled the slip of paper with 'Eximius Sensus', written on it from his pocket.

A knowing reflected in the librarian's eyes when he read the words on the paper. He looked at Harry curiously; he asked where Harry had found these words. The librarian seemed to be coming increasingly nervous. Seeing the acknowledgement on the librarian's face, Harry asked, "You know the meaning of these words? Do you know about magic? I am Harry." Harry's voiced was filled with excitement and found his voice rising too loud for a library setting. The librarian glanced around; asking Harry to lower his voice, when he turned his attention towards Harry again is when he saw it. On Harry's forehead he spotted the lightening bolt shaped scar. The librarian's eyes filled with recognition and surprise.

Whispering the librarian introduced himself, "My name is Mr. Foreven, Clark Foreven. You must be keeping your voice down, Mr. Potter. Muggles must not know about us, it is against our law. Come with me, please." Mr. Foreven directed Harry towards an office located at the back wall. Harry was thrilled that he had found a wizard, he had so many questions. Thinking of which question to ask first a thought came to Harry. I did not give my full name yet, Mr. Foreven addressed me as Mr. Potter. Hesitantly, Harry followed Mr.

Foreven into the small office. The door closed behind them, Harry asked,

"Mr. Foreven how did you know my name?" Mr. Foreven sat behind his desk and looked at Harry.

"Mr. Potter you are a very famous person in our world and that scar on your forehead is like a beacon. No matter where you go people will know you by it." Harry placed his hand on his forehead touching his scar. "Do not worry yourself Mr. Potter. I will not tell anyone that I have seen you here today. I would not like the attention it would bring me as the first person to see you in almost nine years." Harry lowered his hand and asked.

"But why am I famous? And please call me Harry. Mr. Potter is my father." Again Harry could see the surprise on Mr. Foreven's face before he replied.

"Am I to assume Mr. Pot... I mean Harry" Mr. Foreven smiled. "That you do not even know your own history? Well nine years ago on Halloween night you defeated the most evil wizard of our age. You stopped a war that had been going on for years. Your guardians have not told you this?" Mr. Foreven had a concerned look on his face.

"No sir, my guardians are what did you call them; Muggles. They have told me nothing of the wizarding world. I came across an old book my Aunt had hidden. It was from my mum, which is where I found those words. The only thing that they told me was that my parents died in a car crash and that I was like my parents, a wizard." Harry did not want to show just how little he knew. Mr. Foreven seemed much taken back by this news. Harry continued. "I recently received letters from my parents that were to be given to me this year. In them I was told I was a wizard and to go to Gringotts, but my guardians do not know where it is. Could you help me? That is one of the reasons I am in London." Mr. Foreven looked thoughtful for a moment before replying.

"First Harry, call me Clark. Gringotts is a bank in Diagon Alley. I can instruct you on how to arrive there. As for this," Clark held up the slip of paper. "This is a spell. All spells are in Latin. Spells originated from Latin but there are some exceptions. Eximius Sensus is a super sense spell. It enhances your senses. May I demonstrate for

you Harry?" Harry nodded. Clark pulled out his wand and performed the pattern Harry had seen in the book then said *Eximius Sensus* pointing the wand at Harry. Harry's world expanded, it was like he had eyes in the back of his head. He could see everything in the small office even what was behind him. Harry thought 'How useful this would have been when I was avoiding Dudley's gang'. Looking at Mr. Foreven, Harry noticed a soft yellow glow surrounding the librarian. Curious Harry asked, "Clark, why are you glowing yellow?" Surprised Mr. Foreven asked Harry, "Very interesting, Harry, are you glowing?" Harry looked down at his hands and saw he was surrounded by a dark red light. Excited Harry answered, "Yes, red, dark red, amazing." The librarian looked at Harry with a wide grin. He seemed thoroughly impressed with Harry.

"Harry that glow is our magical aura, the darker the color the more powerful our magic is. That dark red is the high end of the magic spectrum. You are a very powerful wizard Harry." It was Harry's turn to be surprised. "Now Harry I have been gone from the front too long. Let me give you the directions to Diagon Alley and Gringotts. May I suggest that you buy a hat of some kind to cover your scar until you can get a cloak with a hood? You need to go to Charing Cross Road. You will see a sign for The Leaky Cauldron. Don't worry about muggles they cannot see it. Go to the Inn keeper, his name is Tom. Just ask him to open the gateway to Diagon Alley for you. Just follow the alley and don't make any turns, Gringotts is the big white building. Got it?" Harry nodded and rose from the chair Mr. Foreven had offered him. He offered his hand to Clark. "Thank you for all your help today Clark, I do not know how I would have found it without you." Clark shook Harry's hand. "There is nothing to thank me for Harry. It is I who should be thanking you. He-who-must-not-be-named would have come after me and my family eventually, I am muggle born so I was on his list somewhere." Clark opened the office door guiding Harry out, closing the door after them. Harry stood outside the door for a moment and watched the librarian return to his desk. Harry wondered, 'He-who-must-not-be-named'? Does he mean Voldemort?

Harry made his way to Charing Cross Road with only a little difficulty. He did not wish to leave the library so soon but he knew he had to find Diagon Alley before it grew much later. Harry was truly astonished by the amount of books the London Library held. On his way to The Leaky Cauldron Harry used Mr. Foreven's advice and found a shop that sold hats. He found a plain ball cap and

purchased it and pulled it on his head over his scar. From a distance Harry spotted a sign that didn't seem to fit between the other signs. As he grew closer he was able to read the out of place sign 'THE LEAKY CAULDRON'. It was between a book shop and a record store and just as Mr. Foreven said people didn't seem to take notice of it. A bit nervous to see what was on the other side, Harry slowly opened the door. Once inside Harry was in awe of how different it was than any other place he had seen. Harry could tell it was a very old place, the tables and chairs were much worn. It was dark and shabby looking; several booth tables lined the walls with a large fireplace on one wall. Harry could see a narrow hall that led to a handsome wooden staircase. The inn was not crowded but all the people were wearing robes like the ones he saw in his memories.

Harry walked over to the bar where he found an older man tending it, when the old man met Harry's eyes he smiled a toothless smile. Fearfully, Harry asked if he could speak to a man named Tom. "Well you have found him, what can I do for you young man?" Harry explained, "I was told you could open the alley for me." Feeling important the old man replied, "Sure my boy, follow me."

Harry followed; the old man led him to a back courtyard where he tapped a pattern on the brick wall with his wand. "Three up... two across..." the bricks began to pull away forming an archway. "There you go young man, have fun." Tom turned, returning to his bar.

To his delight Harry's senses were still heightened from the spell when he walked into Diagon Alley. The narrow alley had people walking up and down the sidewalks. The people were draped in all different color robes; some had moving patterns on them, such as stars and moons. Every store was unique from the next; some items being sold Harry recognized and some were lost to him. The store closest to him had a sign reading Apothecary Shop, the window was filled with various size and colored bottles. Harry read some of the labels, bat spleen, eel's eyes, and other equally strange concoctions. Remembering the directions given by Mr. Foreven Harry began down the cobble street. As he walked he read the shop's signs and peered in the windows. He glimpsed different color owls in Eeylops Owl Emporium, he spied different size cauldrons in the cauldron shop, and he spotted the Quality Quidditch Supplies Harry would have to remember to ask what Quidditch is. Harry took in the names of all the shops and what they looked like, Flourish & Blott's Book Store, Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions. Harry wished he

had more time to stroll up and down Diagon Alley, wanting to enter and explore each shop. Harry stayed focused on his task and continued on to Gringotts Bank. It was a large white marble building in the center of the alley. Harry climbed the few steps to the burnished bronze doors. Flanked on each side of the doors were creatures in matching scarlet and gold uniforms. Harry assumed these were goblins that his father wrote about in his letter. Each goblin nodded toward Harry as he entered, Harry returning the gesture to the surprise of the goblins. He entered a small entrance and continued to the next set of doors, these were silver. As Harry reached for the door he noticed an engraving, he paused to read it.

Enter, stranger, but take heed
Of what awaits the sin of greed,
For those who take, but do not earn,
Must pay most dearly in their turn.
So if you seek beneath our floors
A treasure that was never yours

Thief, you have been warned, beware

Of finding more than treasure there. (HPSS by J.K. Rowling)

Another set of uniformed goblins adorned these doors. Harry gestured to the goblins and they nodded in return. Beyond the silver doors lay a vast marble hall crowded with counters. Behind each counter sat more goblins, Harry estimated there to be at least a hundred goblins. Every where Harry looked along the walls were an abundance of doors too many to count. Harry approached a counter with an available goblin.

Harry made eye contact with the goblin and bowed his head slightly toward him. "Sir, I request an encounter with Ragnok. It is regarding family business." Looking down at Harry the goblin rudely asked, "What business would a child have with the Director of Gringotts Britain? Who are you?" With all his courage Harry looked the goblin in the eyes and demanded, "Tell Ragnok that Harry Potter is here to see him. If he does not wish a meeting with me then inform him I am pulling all Potter assets out of Gringotts." The goblin sneered down at Harry, "Griphook take MISTER Potter to see Ragnok." Another goblin stepped forward and bowed his head to Harry. "Follow me Mr. Potter." Before Harry could return the gesture Griphook spun around and began to walk towards one of the doors along the wall.

Entering one of the more plain doors, Harry was led into a small office. Dozens of shelves lined the wall. There were ledgers and parchment scattered about on each shelf. In the center of the small room was a desk with a chair on each side, Griphook took the seat behind the desk. Harry stood next to the other chair, confused Harry insisted, "I was to be taken to Ragnok!" Griphook gave Harry a feral grin and replied, "If you are who you claim to be," Griphook took a piece of parchment from a drawer and placed it close to Harry. "Place a drop of blood on this, the wizard parchment will determine if you leave this room alive." Next to the parchment Griphook placed a small dagger. With some uncertainty Harry lifted the dagger and drew it across his thumb. A small droplet of blood formed and dropped onto the parchment. To Harry's amazement words began to form on the paper, Harry Potter; Son of James & Lily Potter. Instinct, Harry raised his wounded thumb to his mouth but found the small cut had already healed.

Angrily Harry demanded again, "Now take me to Ragnok!" The smirk of confidence on Griphook's face was replaced by what could be fear. Griphook stood and turned towards the wall where a door appeared. With less contempt Griphook spoke, "Follow me, Mr. Potter."

Griphook led Harry down what seemed like unending corridors, after several turns they arrived outside another set of doors. These set of doors were golden again flanked by uniformed goblins. Without hesitation Griphook turned and retreated down yet another hall. A moment later the golden doors opened allowing Harry to enter. Unlike the first office this office was huge and extravagantly furnished with the same colors as the uniformed goblins. A large white marble desk sat before Harry, behind the desk in a high backed chair sat yet another goblin. The goblin appeared more distinguish in dress than the previous goblins Harry encountered. Harry concluded this was Ragnok. The goblin did not look up and continued scrawling on the parchment before him. Indifference in his voice the goblin simply said, "Sit." Harry seated himself in one of the two high backed wooden chairs that sat in front of the marble desk.

Without looking up Ragnok inquired, "Mr. Harry Potter you are not to be expected for some time. Why are you here?"

Harry squared his shoulders and in the most adult way he stated, "I claim End of Line, family law of 1013. I claim my birthright."

At this the goblin laid his quill down and looked up. With an inquisitive look Ragnok asked Harry, "How do you know of the family law or how to claim your birthright? This is not knowledge you should have at this age." From his pocket Harry pulled out the three letters from his parents.

"I believe instructions were left that in the event of my parents' death I was to be placed in the care of my godfather, Sirius Black. If he was unable to care for me I was to be placed with Remus Lupin or Albus Dumbledore. I understand there is a Will stating just that. I was to be given letters written by my parents on my seventeenth birthday by my guardian. I also am aware that a letter was left with your bank that was to be delivered to me if all mentioned in the Will perished with my parents. Is this not true?"

Uneasy Ragnok responded, "Yes, Mr. Potter." Before he could continue Harry interrupted,

"I was placed in the care of my mother's sister, against my parents' wishes. Am I to assume that everyone in the Will has perished? In that case, why has Gringotts not delivered the letter to me? I suppose there is an explanation for this and as to why I have not received statements regarding my trust vault?" Harry considered these appropriate questions. He had scanned a few legal books while visiting the Surrey Library. "At this time I feel I must pull my family's entire holding out of Gringotts." Harry hoped this would encourage Ragnok to answer his questions. Finished Harry placed the three letters on the goblin's desk. With the threat of losing the Potter Family estate and the effects this could have on the reputation of Gringotts, the goblins indifferent treatment of Harry quickly turned more welcoming. To ensure the truth of these allegations, Ragnok placed a crystal on each letter, with each letter the crystal glowed confirming authenticity. Ragnok read each letter with great intensity, as he read the last words he placed his clawed hand over a red crystal on the edge of the desk. Moments later three goblins entered, in the lead was Griphook.

Ragnok rose from behind his desk and approached the three goblins. He stood in front of one of the unknown goblins. Ragnok pulled a sword from his hip and in one fluid motion he sliced the goblins head

clean off. He then turned to Griphook as the two door guards rushed in and retrieved the lifeless body. With rage Ragnok commanded, "A crime has been committed by Gringotts. I want a full investigation and I want answers now. Why was the Potter Will not read? What excuse is there for why the wishes of the Potter's were not carried out? Mr. Potter has not received any statements of his trust vault, why is this? Everyone involved will be punished!"

Queasy from the unexpected actions of Ragnok, Harry turned away to avoid seeing more of the brutal scene.

"Forgive me, Mr. Potter. That was my assistant, for the last nine years I have entrusted him with the Potter accounts. I hold him personally responsible for my lack of knowledge of your situation. I will not allow this to happen again, I will personally handle any future actions of the Potter estate." Still in disbelief, Harry nodded in agreement. Several minutes later, six goblins entered the office and placed five large, thick tomes along with one small on the marble desk.

"Mr. Potter," said Ragnok pointing to the small tome, "This is your trust vault account ledger." Opening it, "It appears that there has been no activity on the account since it was opened ten years ago. With the interest accrued the balance is now, one million eight hundred fifty two thousand one hundred twenty six galleons." Addressing Harry Ragnok asked, "Do you have your key?"

Still in awe of the large monetary figure Harry's answer was delayed, "No, I have not been given any keys. I have no memory of receiving a key."

"We will inquire into that matter as well. When we have located the key it will be destroyed and a new one will be issued."

Ragnok then drew Harry's attention to the large tomes on the desk.

"Claiming your birthright gives you access to these account ledgers, the accounts of your ancestors. I believe the letter your father has left you in the family vault will give you more instruction of these accounts. These five vaults have been with Gringotts for over a thousand years, with no activity in the last nine hundred years."

Ragnok turned his attention to the stunned look on Harry's face. Harry was speechless everything had happened so swiftly he was finding it hard to keep up. He flipped through the pages of one large tome on the top of the pile. 'Six vaults, unbelievable, I did not expect to find all this.' He picked up the small tome; he scanned the pages putting it to memory.

While Ragnok gave Harry a moment with his thoughts a parchment appeared on his desk. He retrieved and read it, "It appears Albus Dumbledore appointed himself your magical guardian before the Will was to be read. He postponed the reading of the Will until you reached age seventeen. He assured us that he was aware of the contents of the Will and made the appropriate arrangements in regards to your care. He is in possession of your key and has informed us he would give it on your eleventh birthday when you are to be enrolled in Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry next year.

"What of the bank statements?" asked Harry "Should they not still have come to me?" Ragnok continued reading the parchment. "The statement letters are being sent Mr. Potter, you still claim not to have received them?"

"That is correct, sir", replied Harry.

"We will look into this further, Mr. Potter. It may take a bit longer to inquire into that matter. Until then I will have your statements delivered by official Gringotts curriers to you."

"Thank you, Sir." Harry bowed his head to Ragnok.

"Am I to assume Mr. Potter that you do not know what transpired after the night your parents were killed?"

"No, Ragnok, why was I not placed with Sirius Black, he is my godfather and he was to be my guardian? Why would he allow me to be placed with anyone else?"

"Mr. Potter, Sirius Black has been in Azkaban Prison since the night of your parents' death. He is the one that betrayed there secret hiding place to Voldemort."

Furious Harry asked, "WHAT?"

Harry was being held in his mother's lap watching his parents and Sirius as they spoke. "I know Wormtail doesn't have the strongest of minds, sorry Peter. I would be the obvious choice, make Peter the Secret Keeper. No one would ever suspect it was him." said Sirius.

"Ok Padfoot, we need to tell Dumbledore that we made the switch first thing." Replied his Da then looked over at Peter. "You ok with this Peter, it's a big responsibility?"

"Ya James it's no problem." Peter had an impish smile on his face that Harry did not trust.

Harry vigorously shook his head looking back at Ragnok. "Sirius was NOT the secret keeper, Peter Pettigrew was. They switched at the last minute. My father was to tell Dumbledore."

"How is it that you know this Mr. Potter, you were just a baby?" Harry pointed to the trust vault tome. "Open it to any page, tell me what page number." Ragnok looked at Harry for a moment before doing as he asked. "Page number forty nine Mr. Potter." Harry proceeded to recite the page word for word, number for number. It was Ragnok's turn to be speechless. "I remember every thing I have seen, heard, touched, smelled, or read from the time I was born Ragnok. I was in the room when they made the switch."

"Mr. Potter, if you would allow Gringotts to have that memory, I will do all in my power to see that your godfather is released from prison." Confusion showed on Harry's face. Ragnok sat in his chair and spoke into a different colored crystal, "I need a memory extract." Moments later a middle aged wizard with brown shoulder length hair and hazel eyes in a robe the colors of the bank entered the office. "You requested a memory extract, sir?"

"Yes" Ragnok replied nodding his head towards Harry.

The Wizard walked over to Harry and studied him. "Ok young man, think about the memory I need to extract." Harry nodded in agreement. The wizard placed the tip of his wand to Harry's temple and said 'extractum memoria'. Nothing happened. The wizard looked at Ragnok. "He must be a natural occlumens. I'll have to go in and get it."

"What is Occlumens?" Asked Harry

"It is a way to protect your mind from intruders. The memory needs to be outside your Occlumency shield to extract it. If you do not know how to do that I will have to break into your mind to get it." Harry looked thoughtful for a moment. He closed his eyes and entered his library. There he found the new memory and put it into a book like the others. He then copied it, carried the copy out of the library and placed it on the ground. In a far off voice Harry said "try again please". The wizard placed his wand tip to Harry's temple again. 'Extractum memoria' this time the memory came out. He placed it in an unbreakable bottle and gave it to Ragnok.

Harry watched as the book disappeared from his mind before returning to reality. "Did you get it that time?"

"Yes we did young man." Replied the wizard pointing to the bottle that Ragnok had placed on his desk with a silvery liquid in it. Ragnok spoke then, "This is Mr. Crandall he is my personal solicitor and the best that Gringotts has to offer. With your permission I would like to assign him to this case and to represent you in any matters. Would that be acceptable?" Harry had noticed that Ragnok had not spoken his name since the Wizard had entered the room. Harry looked at the wizard for a moment then gave his permission with the nod of his head towards Ragnok.

Ragnok turned back to the wizard. "This is a level ten security matter, what is said will not be repeated without my own or his approval. Do you accept the client and the case Mr. Crandall?" The wizards face paled considerably at the security level. If he willingly or unwillingly broke security he would end his life. He looked from Ragnok who he had worked for, for forty years and then back to the boy. Ragnok had never issued a level ten. Whatever this was about he wanted in. "Yes I accept on both." A light surrounded the wizard for a moment before fading.

"Mr. Crandall, I would like to introduce you to Harry Potter." Harry stood took off his ball cap and held out his hand. Mr. Crandall knew at that moment he had made the right decision. He shook Harry's hand and then took the other seat. Everything was explained to him by Ragnok. Then both of them viewed the memory Harry had given.

"I will have Mr. Black out of Azkaban within the week. Where can I find you, if I need to speak to you?" He directed his question to Harry. Harry looked from Ragnok to Mr. Crandall and back again with a look of panic in his eyes. He had not expected anyone to have to come for him. He could not let anyone come to the Dursleys house. Ragnok could see the look in Harry's eyes to put any fear he had to rest. "Mr. Potter I have just declared conversation a level 10 security matter. Anything said here can not leave this room without your approval or both Mr. Crandall and I would forfeit our lives. If you are having other troubles that you need help with, we can and will assist you." Harry was filled with indecision.

"I think I may have killed my guardians." Harry blurted out. "My Uncle was about to 'beat the freak out of me or kill me trying' his words. When he came at me I held up my hands and he froze. The same thing happened to my Aunt and cousin when they charged at me. I don't know if they are dead or not but they have not moved in over a week." Harry went on to explain everything that had happened to him at the hands of the Dursleys. With this admission it seemed a damn was opened and it all spilled out. He then explained the events of the past week. He told them about the letters, packing the house, the trip to the library, finding the wizard Mr. Foreven and there conversation, everything. Mr. Crandall placed his hand on Harry's shoulder giving a reassuring squeeze when needed.

When Harry was done he was exhausted but felt like a giant weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Ragnok spoke first, "Mr. Potter after what you told us, I am of the opinion to leave your guardians in whatever condition they are in. Mr. Crandall can you locate Mr. Foreven, have him forget his encounter with Mr. Potter. Then return here and await Mr. Potter while he visits his Family Vaults. I suspect he could be in them for sometime. He may even be in them till morning. Then accompany him back to his home and find out the condition of his guardians. From what he has told us I do not believe them to be dead. We will decide what to do from there. The Potter family has extensive holdings and properties, Mr. Potter will not have to remain at that location."

"Yes, Sir, I shall return as soon as possible. I will also get started on the Black issue. Some heads in the ministry will role, maybe even the ministers. Mr. Potter I will see you soon." Mr. Crandall removed himself from the office.

"Now Mr. Potter about your trust vault key," Harry held up his hand to stop Ragnok. "If Dumbledore has the original it would be better if that key did not disappear. Please move all but one galleon to my family vault. I have already had an encounter with him and do not wish to involve him further." Ragnok conceded.

Griphook appeared at the door. "Griphook take Mr. Potter to the Potter Family Vaults. If he wishes to remain there for the evening make sure he is not disturbed and has the appropriate accommodations. We will read the copy of the Potter Will when he returns." Griphook bowed. Harry stood and bowed to Ragnok. "I appreciate your time and your help." Harry turned and walked out of the office.

A/N – the British national library, for those British readers and fact checkers, I know the library was not opened until 1998 but for my story it was there already.

Chapter 4

Legacy

A/N – For my al of you have reviewed thank you for the support. A question about if this is a Dark Harry story was asked. Answer no but he is independent as hell. Will Dumbledore and Harry ever get along, you will have to wait and see. Keep the reviews coming, my wife and I love to here from the readers.

It was a thrilling ride down to the vaults. Twists and turns made the ride very exciting. It seemed liked it would never end, they passed an underground lake, he spotted what he thought to be dragons and saw countless guards in front of the endless vault doors. The cart came to a sudden stop in front of Vault 7, this set of double doors were iron. In the center where the doors came together was a brilliant crest. Griphook exited the cart followed by Harry. Harry stood and examined every inch of the amazing shield. In the center of the shield, a creature with the body and mane of a lion and the head and wings of an eagle stood courageously ready to leap with a sword in its claw. Next to it stood a mythical looking bird ready to take flight out of the flames, in its beak was a wand.

"What is this?" Harry asked pointing at the crest on the doors.

"That is the Potter Family crest, Mr. Potter, the creatures you see there are a Griffon and a Phoenix." replied Griphook irritated at the question. "State your full name." directed Griphook. Complying Harry stated, "Harry James Potter" From inside the vault the sound of sliding metal could be heard followed by a series of what sounded like locks being opened. The hinges creaked from the strain of years of neglect as it slowly opened inward. Harry stood wide-eyed at the vision before him, suits of armor, racks of robes and cloaks, jewelry boxes, medieval weapons, chests overflowing with gems, and stacks of trunks in two neat rows.

Harry stuttered under his breath, "A-ma-zing!"

"Pull this rope if you require my return." stated Griphook dryly. Harry nodded still speechless.

'UNBELIEVABLE, all mine?' played like a broken record player in Harry's thoughts over and over again.

Harry stepped inside scanning the massive never-ending cavern, his eyes halting on an odd sight. A few meters into the vault on the left sat a large old fashioned settee accompanied by three matching overstuffed chairs surrounding a long, low wooden table. In front of the set of furniture were two easels holding painted portraits, one of a distinguished looking man and the other of an elegantly dressed woman. Above the settee hung a huge painting of a large classic manor bordered with beautiful gardens, a stone walk way leading to a welcoming front door. Harry was drawn to bookshelves that lead away from the portrait they lined each side of the vault; books overflowed hundreds of shelves. Scattered along the front of the shelves were pedestals, each pedestal held a single opened book, some had protective glass coverings. Harry was stunned by what he spied next, gold, piles of gold reaching to the roof of the cavern. Harry resisted the temptation to pinch himself, it was all so unbelievable.

Needing a moment, Harry walked over to the settee area to plop down and noticed a letter on the wood table. Harry sat down in front of the letter. Harry Potter, written in the same hand as the letter from his father. Overwhelmed Harry decided to wait to read his father's letter. He knew the letter held further instructions and more needed information, he just wanted to rest after all the new happenings today. A low rumble came from his stomach; Harry looked up to see if Griphook had taken his leave. To his relief Griphook was still standing just outside the vault doors, "Griphook what time is it?" Harry inquired.

"It is just after three in the afternoon Mr. Potter. Is there something that you require?" Griphook replied anxious to return to his work.

"I missed lunch today. Ragnok mentioned I could be provided with anything I needed. Can I request some food to be brought here to the vault?" Griphook nodded and made his way back up the tunnels. Only minutes passed and he returned with two other goblins that were carrying large covered silver serving platters. Griphook instructed Harry that the platters were refilling platters, all he needed to do was replace the lid and it would be replenished with fresh hot meals. Delighted, 'I love magic!' Harry thought to himself. Harry sat on the settee in front of the platters and filled his empty stomach. With a full belly, Harry re-covered the platters and reclined back on the settee closing his eyes filled with contentment.

Harry awoke to someone clearing their throat as to get his attention. Startled Harry sat up looking around, he was a bit disoriented. Harry realized he had fallen fast asleep. He looked around at his surroundings, it wasn't a dream, and he was still in the Potter Family Vault. Seeing the platters on the table he looked towards the vault doors, Griphook was not there. 'If it was not Griphook who...

How long have I been asleep, oh no the Dursleys?

Panic stricken Harry ran to the rope Griphook had shown him earlier and he tugged on it. Several minutes later Griphook arrived in a mining cart outside the double doors.

Harry snapped at Griphook, "What time is it?"

"Mr. Potter it is 4 O'clock in the morning. You require my service?" Griphook asked annoyed at being called up at such an hour.

Apologetic Harry said, "Griphook I am sorry for waking you. I have been away from my guardians too long." Before Harry could plead any further Griphook held up his hand to halt Harry. Griphook's demeanor changed somewhat with Harry's apology, he was not accustomed to such warmth.

"Calm yourself Mr. Potter. I have been informed by Ragnok that the house is being monitored. No person will be permitted to enter the premises. I have been instructed to reassure you that things will be taken care of in your absence."

With guilt in his voice, "I would like to thank you for your prompt attention and once again apologize for waking you." Harry responded.

"I must thank YOU for your kindness Mr. Potter. Goblins are not accustomed to such proper treatment." Griphook bowed to Harry and returned to his cart.

Calmed, Harry turned back towards the settee and the portraits. He sat back down, remembering his avoidance of reading his father's letter he now lifted it and broke the wax seal. The letter sprung out of Harry's hands, unfolded and began to speak to him in a familiar voice.

"Harry if you are in possession of this letter, you have read my initial letter to you. Once again I express my sadness of not being there with you son. Before I go any further I must ask you to close the vault doors. Potter business is to be shared with no one. Say 'continue' when we have privacy." Harry stood and reached for the doors, when Harry's hand made contact with the door it began to close on its own. The doors came together and the locks closed Harry returned to the floating letter. 'Continue'

"This letter posses a magic which allows me to know, that you are not yet seventeen. With this change I am concerned our intended plan has not come to pass. There are some things best not written and told in person, which is the reason I have brought you here. The portraits that are before you are your grandparents. Allow me to introduce you to your grandparents, Harold and Esther Potter. Due to our untimely passing your mother and I were unable to provide you with our portraits. I will leave the rest of the details to your grandparents."

Baffled Harry's thoughts wondered, 'What does he mean they will tell me of the details?'

The letter continued,

"You must know Harry that the Potters have always stood on the forefront in the fight against the dark. You must carry this on Harry. Beside the letter is a ring." Harry looked to the table and spotted the ring that he did not recall seeing there before.

"You are the only Potter left to carry on the fight as well as the traditions of the Potters'. Carry the Potter name with pride Harry and son please do not let the name end with you. The ring serves a purpose; it is the family ring Harry, placing this ring on your finger will change who you are. You will be Lord Potter; head of the family with the privileges and rights to everything Potter. The responsibility and burden are now laid in your hands. There is something I need to share with you Harry, some would say you are much too young, but I feel you will need this knowledge to aid you in what lies ahead. There is a prophecy Harry....

"The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches ... Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh

month dies ... And the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not ... And either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives ... The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies..." (HPOP by J.K. Rowling)

"We believe this prophecy is yours, there is only one other possible person that the prophecy can belong to, Neville Longbottom. You both were born on July 31st and his parents have aided us in defying Voldemort on three occasions. The Longbottoms have been forced into hiding as well. The mark will be the answer to this question." Harry ran a finger over the scar on his forehead. "Harry I am sorry I am not there to show you what wonders the family vault holds. I can imagine the sparkle in your eyes so like your mother's when you see it for the first time. Hold us in your heart Harry. I love you son, I will see you when the time comes. Da."

Harry sat, his emotions threatening to overflow, he must control them; he needed to ensure every word was put to memory. The letter dropped back on the table and folded itself. Harry picked up the ring; he stared at it and thought of the words his father said. His emotions could not be dammed any longer; the tears flowed down his cheeks. Speaking out loud barely audible, "It's me Da, I'm the one he marked, and it is my prophecy. You did not die in vain father, Voldemort is gone."

"Hello, Harry." Harry nearly fell off the settee with the joyful greeting. Suspiciously, Harry looked around the room, trying to locate the intruder. "Over here, Harry." Harry looked toward the portrait of his grandfather, who was looking back at him. "It is your Granddad Harold, Harry. It is so wonderful to finally lay eyes on you. What a strapping young man, takes after his granddad wouldn't you say Esther?"

"How, how are you talking to me, you're a painting?" Harry's head was spinning as he righted himself on the settee.

Dumbfounded Harry found himself rambling on and on, "It's...It's just so much to take in. Not two days ago, I was introduced to the wizarding world. I have become Lord Potter; I have become owner of several vaults. I am the subject of a prophecy I don't understand. I am so confused and I have SO many questions I don't know where to begin." By the odd look on his grandfather's face, Harry realized

he was babbling. Dazed, Harry introduced himself, "I am Harry, Harry Potter. It is nice to... meet you?"

Gay fully, the portrait introduced his wife, "This is your grandmother Harry, Esther Potter." He pointed towards the painting beside his own. "Hello Harry, it is so nice to see you. You are such a handsome young boy, just like my James. Harold doesn't he look just like our James. Except for those beautiful eyes, those you get from you lovely mother, Lily. We were never fortunate enough to meet you before your parents were forced into hiding. Tragically, Harold and I died shortly after in a most terrible accident. How old are you now, my dear?"

"I just turned ten." Harry replied still a little dazed.

Harry enjoyed the next few hours getting to know his grandparents and hearing stories of his own parents. Blissfully Harry listened to his grandparents go on and on, "Oh and when James introduced us to Lily, wonderful just wonderful your mother was..." By the time the stories reached the deaths of Harry's parents his grandmother was crying uncontrollably. Harry's grandfather moved into her frame to console her. Harry found he also had tears running down his face, yet again. "Harry my boy? Are you ok there son?" asked Harold with concern.

Harry found he was not ok, he felt compelled to share his own life with his new found family. He told them of the Dursleys and the sequence of events that led him to the vault. As the story unraveled he felt lighter and more at peace quite different from when he shared the chain of events with Ragnok.

With great sympathy his grandfather replied, "It weighs heavy on our hearts to know what terrible a situation you were in. What was Dumbledore thinking, your mother explained her relationship with her sister to us. Your aunt despises magic and all related. Harry you must know that your mother would never have placed you with her sister." Harry was touched by his grandparents concern.

"Now if you feel up to it Harry we have a lot to discuss about the Potter family business." Before his grandfather could continue Harry stood up and started pacing.

"Granddad, when I confronted Ragnok I claimed my birthright, he told me that I now have access to five vaults not including my trust." His grandma gasped. "Have I made a grave mistake?" Harry pleaded.

"Harry what you have done is not forbidden or discouraged. All Potter heirs are given the choice to claim it, but every Potter receives the particulars before deciding. Potters of the past turned it down because of the fame and attention it would bring us. The Potter family has always treasured our privacy in regards to family matters. By claiming your birthright you have just added another level of attention to yourself that is all. But you say you there are five vaults? I know that you should have been given access to three. This one obviously, the other two are Godric Gryffindor's and Rowena Ravenclaw's, two of the founders of Hogwarts. But the last two vaults I was not aware of."

"I'm descendant from founders of Hogwarts?" asked Harry surprised.

"Four found Hogwarts, you are descendant of two" answered his grandfather. "Godric Gryffindor's first son married Rowena Ravenclaw's eldest daughter. Their first born, a son changed his name to Potter to avoid the unwanted attention he would receive when he attended Hogwarts. It is a burden to be the son of the founders there is a higher expectation. Just as you carry the same burden for being a Potter, so much is expected from you already Harry."

Harry's stomach protested its lack of nourishment. "Perhaps you should eat Harry." His grandfather laughed. "We can discuss the mystery vaults, after you attend to your hunger."

Harry lifted the cover of one of the trays and to his amusement he found a warm breakfast ready to eat. Harry ate till his belly was thoroughly satisfied. Harry let his thoughts wonder while he ate. 'Last of the Potter line? Is it all possible? Please do not let this be a dream. I could not bear to return to the Dursley's. I have always been no one, how can I am be famous?' Harry thoughts were interrupted by a long gong that echoed through the cavernous vault.

His grandfather spoke from his portrait, "Harry there is someone requesting permission to enter the vault." Harry went to the door and

it opened, Mr. Crandall was standing on the other side. Mr. Crandall had a similar reaction to the sight of the richly filled vault.

"I... I... I'm sorry to disturb you Mr. Potter but we were expecting you back before now. Is there anything that I can help you with?"

"My apologies Mr. Crandall time as gotten away from me. Please, I need just a moment." Harry returned and stood in front of the portraits. Whispering, "Granddad, Mr. Crandall is Ragnok's private solicitor and under Gringotts securities level ten. I have requested the services of Mr. Crandall as my personal solicitor, there is so much to handle I need help. I would like to appoint him the Potter family solicitor. Is that ok?"

Harry's grandfather agreed with glee, "That is quite suitable, Harry. In my present state I would not be of much help. It is a wise decision; you are already making the Potters proud."

"Harry, remember you are Lord Potter, it is your decision to make. If you find him trustworthy, it is at your discretion to hire him, as the Potter family solicitor he falls under the family law of silence." Harry approached Mr. Crandall who was still standing by the vault doors. "Mr. Crandall I would like to expand my previous offer, would you accept the position of Potter family solicitor as well?"

Mr. Crandall contemplated the offer and replied, "I would be honor to accept the position, Mr. Potter."

Harry waved Mr. Crandall into the vault and closed the door behind them.

"Mr. Crandall, I would like to introduce you to my grandfather, Lord Harold Potter and this is my grandmother Esther Potter." Harry pointed to each portrait as he introduced them.

Mr. Crandall took the offered seat in front of the portraits. The group discussed the urgent matters at hand; the state of the Dursley's, how to get the release of Sirius from Azkaban and where Harry would go to live.

During the planning, the conversations had in Ragnok's office were discussed. Harry recalled a subject he wanted to revisit with Mr. Crandall.

"Mr. Crandall you said that I was a..., natural occlumens... are there books on the subject." It was Harry's grandfather that answered.

"Harry there are many books on the subject here in the Potter library. Just use the Index book on the pedestal. Speak the topic of interest and it will list the books available, choose the title and the book will be brought to you." Harry nodded his understanding and walked to the pedestal leaving them to continue the conversation.

The index book had grooves on the edge of the pages lettered from A to Z. Harry opened the book to the O tab. He spoke to the index "Topic Occlumens all books" Occlumens appeared at the top of the page; just below the titles of books began to appear. Harry chose the titles and the books floated from their spots to a table beside Harry. The books he chose were 'Occlumency: Defend your Mind, Sorting the Mind: A Beginners Guide to Occlumency, Traps for the Occlumens, Hide Your Mind, and Advanced Occlumency. Harry took the opportunity to select other topics; Goblin law and language, wizarding law, Latin dictionary, Potter family history and lastly Hogwarts: A History. Harry was now standing next to nearly fifty books, 'Just some light reading' thought Harry with a ridiculous grin on his face.

"Harry" his grandfather called. "See that shelf over there," he pointed to a shelf behind Harry, "the one with the line of wands? Go to the shelf and hold your hand over each wand." Harry complied and walked to the shelf, following his grandfather's instructions, he placed his hand over each wand. After placing his hand over the first fifteen wands with no reaction, he placed his hand over the next wand and it shot into his hand.

"AH, Redwood and Griffon crest feather, twelve inches, a very powerful wand, Harry. I believe the feather comes from Godric's animagus form, very good indeed." Harry smiled as his grandfather explained. Holding the wand, it seemed to fit perfectly in his hand as though it had always belonged to him. This is his wand now, his first wand. Harry started to wave the wand around, "No, Harry you mustn't do that. You could unintentionally injure yourself or some around you." Mr. Crandall stated excitedly jumping up from his place in the chair. Mr. Crandall walked to Harry, placing his hands on Harry's shoulders. Harry was quite startled by Mr. Crandall's exclamation and showed on his face.

"Harry I do apologize for reprimanding you so, but please promise me you will not attempt any magic until you have been properly instructed," requested Mr. Crandall.

"I...I promise Mr. Crandall" replied Harry shyly. Harry looked into the eyes of the solicitor and did not find the anger he expected to find. He found guilt instead, "Harry, I have no excuse to yell at you so, especially after all the unfortunate events that have taken place in your young life. Again Harry my apologies."

Harry simply replied, "Accepted Mr. Crandall."

"Harry" his grandfather called to him. "Are you ok son?" Harry looked over at the portraits and nodded his head. "Ok Harry if you're sure, we have a couple more things to talk about before you leave today." His grandfather beckoned Harry over. After Harry composed himself and returned to his seat, Harold continued. "First, Harry, the family ring has a few family spells cast on it. No one can see it on your finger unless you allow it. It will protect you against most minor curses, jinx, and hexes. Lastly, it is what is known as a family portkey, it will take you to the Potter Manor, to this vault or back to where you portkeyed from." With a look of confusion Harry asked, "What is a portkey?"

"It is one of the modes of transportation in the wizarding world. To use it just say Potter manor, vault, or return then say activate. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I think" nodded Harry undecidedly.

"There is a trunk over there; it was left to you by your father. This is a very special trunk, Harry. These types of trunks are designed and hand-made by a family that is as old as ours. They have been allies of the Potter family for generations. When you open it you will see seven separate compartments. You will notice there are two normal size compartments and the rest are various sizes; a kitchen, living room, bedroom, bath and a library. What makes these trunks so unique are you can shrink them to fit in your pocket, light as a feather." Harry stood inspecting the wondrousness of the trunk. Harold continued to instruct and direct Harry on how to use the trunk. He explained he would need to furnish it to his liking. Harry inpatient

to start placed his stack of selected books in one of the two normal size compartments. Harry would explore the rest of the trunk later.

"Wow granddad this is amazing. Thank you."

"You must thank your father, Harry. Now that Mr. Crandall is present we can discuss the two other vaults that Harry has gained access to. I was thinking; there is a simple solution to identify the vaults. The ledgers should carry the names of the former owners. With the names we can track how you are related to them. At first I thought of the possibility it could be your mum's family but she was muggle born, muggles do not hold accounts at Gringotts." Harold stated.

"Harold I can arrange for a Prosapia Nemus ritual, it would take a couple days but Ragnok can see to it." offered Mr. Crandall

"What ritual does this ritual do, Mr. Crandall?" asked Harry.

"It is a family tree ritual, Harry. It will produce a written family tree; it lists your ancestry as well as their powers. The ritual is most commonly used by wealthy pureblood families to aid in arranging marriages. It ensures the line will continue to be pure and they do not have any common relatives. Some wealthier muggle born witches and wizards will use it to determine if there is any other magic in their ancestry besides themselves. This ritual will help us determine your relationship to the former vault owners and why it came to be in your possession" explained Mr. Crandall.

Harold and Harry both consented to have the ritual performed. They spent the next hour sharing their previous chats with Mr. Crandall and finalizing the plans for the performance of the ritual. Mr. Crandall and Harry made their leave; returning to Ragnok's office. Harry enjoyed the return ride just as much as the ride down. Mr. Crandall informed Ragnok of Harry's decision to have the Prosapia Nemus ritual performed. Before exiting Ragnok's office Harry placed his hat back on his head covering his infamous scar. It was mid afternoon when they re-entered Diagon Alley. Harry was still awed by the wonders of the alley. Harry felt a special connection to the people walking up and down the alley; they carried magic with them just as he does. Mr. Crandall led Harry to a small area down the alley from the bank; a lone wizard stood directing the appearing and disappearing foot traffic.

"It's called Apparition, Harry. It is a mode of transportation here in the wizarding world," explained Mr. Crandall.

"Muggles write stories about a thing called teleportation; it takes you from one place to the other without having to walk or drive." Harry stated.

"Yes, Harry it is somewhat like that," replied Mr. Crandall. "I am going to side-long apperate us to your guardians' house. Just hold onto my arm, don't let go." Harry grabbed Mr. Crandall's arm and nodded he was ready. Harry realized when they had arrived in an alley way just down from number four Privet Drive; he had experienced the same sensation of being squeezed through a pipe as he did the day he appeared on the school roof. Harry recounted the story to Mr. Crandall as they exited the alley.

"I imagine it must have been accidental magic, Harry; it is rare but does occur. It is something you should not attempt again. Apparition is monitored by the ministry and you are not of age nor have a license to do so. We do not want the unneeded attention, understand?" Harry reassured Mr. Crandall it would not happen again.

Just before they stepped out into sight; Mr. Crandall pulled his wand out and motioned at his robes, suddenly he was standing in a muggle suit and tie. As they were nearly to the Dursley's home; a man stepped out in front of them. Mr. Crandall greeted the man, the stranger spoke in a low voice, "Mr. Crandall there has been no activity in or around the residence. I have detected several Wards surrounding the house. There is a variety; Anti-Apparition, anti-portkey, two monitoring wards and one ward I do not recognize. There is a blood ward as well, a very powerful one. I have not encountered any other wizards in the area although there is a squib living on the other side of the road; five houses down." Harry interrupted the man, "That is Mrs. Figg's house. She is a nice lady, though she has entirely too many cats." The man continued ignoring Harry, "The squib keeps close watch over the Dursley home. She has walked past the house several times today. I suggest you use the back to gain entrance. I would warn you not to use your wand; it will activate the monitoring ward. That concludes my report, sir."

"Thank you Mr. Kelly, you may return to Ragnok for further assignment." Mr. Kelly walked passed them up the street away from

where Harry and Mr. Crandall stood. Mr. Crandall turned to Harry, "We have little time once in the house, Harry. We must waste no time." Harry led Mr. Crandall around to the back door of the house; using his uncle's keys he unlocked the door. They entered the kitchen; Mr. Crandall noticed that the kitchen was ridiculously clean. The two made their way to the cupboard under the stairs; opening the door Mr. Crandall spotted a portly boy who almost filled the whole cupboard. Mr. Crandall reached out and touched Dudley's face and examined him very closely.

"Your guardians are not dead, Harry. It appears you have petrified them; it is like turning them to stone. Fortunate for us it can be reversed." Mr. Crandall searched his pocket and pulled out a small trunk the size appropriate for a doll house. He sat it on the floor and touched the latch with his forefinger; the trunk began to grow in size. Once it was the size of a large trunk; Mr. Crandall returned his attention to Harry, "This is much like the trunk you received from your father, but contains only two compartments. Can you help me place Dudley in first?" Mr. Crandall stepped towards Dudley preparing to lift the large weight, "I can do it," informed Harry as he flicked his fingers towards Dudley; the body began to float just above the floor. He directed Dudley's body out of the cupboard into the trunk. Harry had not mentioned in any previous conversations that he had this ability. Mr. Crandall's reaction was utter surprise, "That is wandless magic, Harry. Where did you learn to do that?"

"I have always been able to make things move, even when I was a baby." Again Mr. Crandall was shocked and it took him a moment to recover.

"Harry could you get your Aunt and Uncle from upstairs? I don't think we should stay here too long. I don't know what those other wards do; someone could already be on their way here." Harry ran up the stairs and a few moments later came back floating both his guardians in front of him. He lowered them into the trunk. Mr. Crandall closed the lid, and touching the latch again it shrunk back to its original size; he placed it back in his pocket.

"Ok Harry we must make with haste; get the papers and things you said you found along with the mail. Harry ran to the front door, grabbed the recently delivered mail. He then went back into the kitchen; grabbing the box with his mother's letters, he also grabbed Uncle Vernon's briefcase. Harry and Mr. Crandall walked back out

the kitchen door to the garden; they made their way around the house to the front and started down the street. Reaching the alley they turned to check that their exit was not seen; Harry heard a 'pop' come from the direction of the Dursley's house. There standing in front of his uncle's house was Professor Dumbledore. Mr. Crandall grabbed Harry and pulled him into the alley. Mr. Crandall pulled a small chain from his pocket. "Grab hold of this Harry." Harry touched the chain and felt a pull behind his navel. He was spinning around and around, he closed his eyes to keep from getting sick before crashing to the ground.

When Harry opened his eyes he was in a small room with Mr. Crandall; empty with a lone door. Mr. Crandall leaned against the wall and crossed his arms. "We have to wait here, Gringotts security will be by in a minute to fetch us."

"What was that Mr. Crandall, it almost made me sick from the spinning?" Harry was still sitting on the floor looking a little green. "That Harry was a portkey, don't worry they are not all that bad. This" Mr. Crandall held up the chain, "is an emergency portkey. Since it had to go through the Gringotts wards it was a lot rougher than normal. I didn't want to apparate with Dumbledore so close. Having to side-along it would have made too much noise. Portkeys are silent and untraceable." Mr. Crandall explained. "Now what really surprises me is that Albus Dumbledore showed up and not the Auroras. Those must be his wards." Mr. Crandall had a concentrated look on his face. Harry could tell he was a bit perplexed by Dumbledore's presence.

"Harry I don't know what Dumbledore is playing at, but I think you need to be somewhere that he can not find you. And I am going to have to pull a few more strings at the ministry to get some answers and get your godfather out as soon as possible." Mr. Crandall said still concentrating. After a few more minutes of silence the door opened and two goblins walked in to the room both with swords drawn.

"State your name." The goblin demanded. "Scott Crandall." "Harry Potter." Both said compliantly. The guards lowered their swords. "Follow us," instructed the guards. The two followed the guards who led them directly to Ragnok's office.

Ragnok looked up when the two entered. Mr. Crandall pulled the tiny trunk from his pocket and placed it on Ragnok's desk then sat down. "Petrified, I don't know how, I couldn't use my wand in the house. It was warded for wand use. Also there was an unidentified monitoring ward on the house. We got out not one minute before Albus Dumbledore himself showed up. I had to emergency Portkey us both away." Ragnok regarded the small matchbox size trunk with a feral grin on his face while listening to Mr. Crandall. Harry sat down in the other chair. After Mr. Crandall finished Ragnok looked to Harry.

"Are you sure you don't want us to deal with the Dursleys our way Mr. Potter." Ragnok was almost snarling.

"As much as I would like them to suffer the same way I did at their hands, I do not wish it. I think what we previously discussed will be fine."

"Very well Mr. Potter, as you wish. You have my respect It is not often or easily earned but you have. The Dursleys will be dealt with per your instructions. I believe you now need a place to stay. Potter manor would be the best place. It is unplottable and heavily warded. I believe all you need do is say Potter manor and activate." Harry looked surprised that Ragnok knew about the rings abilities. "I know everything about the Potters. It is my job as their account manager." Harry nodded to Ragnok then stood up. He held out his hand to Ragnok to shake. Ragnok took his hand then bowed his head slightly to Harry. "Thank you Ragnok, I will be in touch. May your vault overflow with gold" Granddad had told Harry that line as a show of respect to the goblins. Ragnok got what Harry could only describe as a smirk on his face. Turning to Mr. Crandall, Harry added. "I will meet you at my vault each day at four, until I can find another way of communication." Harry held out his hand again. Mr. Crandall took it. "Have a good night Harry." Harry stepped back "Potter Manor, activate"

Chapter 5

World on the Edge

The week was an uneventful one since the alarms at Number Four Privet Lane had mysteriously went off. On the mantel about the fireplace sat those particular alarms. Still baffled by what could have possibly set them off, he had examined them and re-examined them still left with no answer; except that they were functioning properly. Tuesday afternoon found Albus sitting in his oversized chair in his home in Godric's Hollow, reading. As he read his mind kept wandering to Harry's state of health, he seemed so small and not well nourished for a ten year old child; from the plump forms of his guardians he new there was not a lack food in the home. Albus had always felt such guilt for leaving an infant Harry with his less than kind guardians but he felt he had no other option. He knew the fame that would accompany Harry would not be healthy or safe for him. Albus had always wanted Harry with him to nurture him but knew it was not possible.

Another thought that Albus found curious was the recognition he believed he saw in Harry's eyes that day but Harry was only an infant when he left him with the Dursleys. It could not be possible that an infant Harry could recall Albus's visits to the Potters home. To put his mind to rest about Harry's welfare he reminded himself of the blood wards surrounding the home; as long as Harry could call the Dursleys family, he would continue to remain safe from what death eaters remained; Lily's sacrifice would ensure that. Unlike others in the wizarding world Albus was sure Voldemort was not gone; yet a shadow of his former self and he would surely return. Harry would need to be protected and Albus felt he was doing that by placing the wards on the house. "One more year," Albus said out load to no one in particular. He would be sure to keep a closer watch over Harry till he attended Hogwarts. Although the reports were a little upsetting he greatly depended on the reports received from Ms. Figg.

His thoughts led him to tasks left on his agenda for the start of the term; week after next. Teachers would be returning next week to finish their preparations of the lesson plans, Albus himself would be returning then. Luck was on his side, he had found a new Dark Arts teacher, a position that has become known as jinxed. Quirinus Quirrell was his name, Albus was optimistic that Quirrell would

return the following year, breaking the jinx. He would meet with the professors to discuss the term and needed to attend a full session of the Wizengamot at the end of the week.

Albus was finding his vacation to be less than restful; he closed the book on his lap and took the glasses from his face to rub his tired eyes. From the mantel the alarms began sounding off yet again, Albus rushed to the alarms and was startled to find that not only was the blood ward blinking but the wizard detection alarms as well. He reached for his wand, becoming irritated with himself to be caught ill prepared; to so easily let his guard down. He turned to the door and made his way to his bedroom where he had left his wand on his nightstand; retrieving it he returned to the library. He tossed a handful of floo powder into the fire and stuck his head just inside the fireplace. "Moody Stronghold," speaking into the fire. Alaster Moody or 'Mad-Eye Moody' as he was known to some; resided in a common home but referred to it as his stronghold.

"Alaster...Alaster..." persisted Albus. A face badly scarred appeared in the ashes of the fire. "What IS it Albus? I was sitting down to tea." Albus could see Alaster's magical eye spinning rapidly. "The wizard and ward alarms, monitoring Potter have just gone off. Meet me on Privet Drive, Little Whinging in Surrey. Hurry, Alaster this the second time in two weeks."

Albus pulled his head from the fireplace not waiting a response. Nearly five minutes passed from the time the alarms sounded to when he was able to get through his home's wards; anti-portkey and anti-apparition before he disappeared with a small 'pop'.

Again Albus appeared in front of number four Privet Drive, he wasn't going to take any chances. Out of the corner of his eye he caught movement. He turned drawing his wand, to his relief he found Mrs. Figg rushing toward him. "Albus...Albus" gasping for air. "What are you doing here?" she asked when she was standing next to him.

"The alarms have gone off Arabella, Have you seen anything or anyone around?"

"No Albus it has been very quiet. I have not seen the Dursleys or Harry in over a week. I was going to contact you tomorrow if they did not return. The drapes have been pulled closed on all the windows all week. I was starting to worry." Arabella replied nervously.

"I was told that they would be on vacation until a few days before school started. Did you see them leave?" Albus inquired.

"No Albus I did not, but they could have departed before I woke in the morning. The car has not been in the drive all week." Just then another pop was heard. Albus turned to the sound with his wand drawn. Alaster Moody appeared a few meters away, his magical eye quickly surveying the area around him and then focusing on the house. He walked towards Albus with a limp, his walking staff in hand.

"Albus what IS going on? There is no one here and the house is empty." Alaster's gruff voice sounded annoyed.

"I do not know Alaster, the alarms just started going off. I checked them all, last week after I had received a false alarm. They are all in proper working order. Mrs. Figg was just telling me that she has not seen the Dursleys or Harry all week. I suspect they are on vacation since the car has not been seen either."

"Albus the car is in the garage in the back. And the house looks to be packed up." Alaster's magical eye focused on the house again. Albus rushed to the front door his wand in hand. "Alohomora" The door locked clicked. Albus turned the handle and pushed to open the door and found resistance.

"Albus there are several large boxes blocking the door." Alaster told him as he came up beside him. Albus waved his wand again then opened the door. The boxes had been pushed back. Both entered the front hall to find nothing but the boxes. Albus then walked into the living room to find it was also packed up and the furniture covered. After checking the entire house Albus met Alaster back in the hall.

"The downstairs looks haphazardly packed, stuff randomly tossed into boxes; the upstairs is not packed at all. In what appears to be a child's room, the bed has been slept in," reported Alaster as he walked to the door of the cupboard under the stairs. He opened the cupboard and looked inside. "Albus this was being used as a bedroom, there is a thin mattress and broken toys on the few shelves. What is going on here?"

"I do not know Alaster, but right now Harry is missing." Albus walked into the kitchen where he found mail and a couple open letters in a bin. He read the letters, the first being the resignation acceptance letter, then the letter from Aunt Marge to Vernon, his eyes opening wider with surprise as he read the letter.

"This says the Dursleys have moved to the colonies. It seems Vernon's sister was not told in advance is very upset by it." Albus pulled his wand and started to wave it around while chanting. "Ostendo mihi veneficus, ostendo mihi sedeo" the tip of his wand glowed a light blue then a dark blue.

"The blood ward is starting to fade and someone has used magic in the house within the past few minutes. I don't recognize the magical signature. We need to find him Alaster, if we don't..."

"What Albus? What is so important about Potter besides the obvious?" Alaster was staring at Albus, trying to figure out what was going on.

"Oh... oh nothing Alaster, nothing I'm just worried about Harry, he is under my care." Albus replied absentmindedly. His mind was trying to formulate a plan of where to begin. He could not get the ministry involved, or call the Order, at least not yet. "We should be going Alaster, nothing more we can do here. Can you quietly dig around, see what you can find? I don't want the ministry involved yet it would look... I've lost the 'boy who lived' Alaster." Alaster nodded his head in understanding. He turned to the front door and left. Albus took one last look around before leaving.

"Mrs. Figg, please keep an eye on the house, anything at all happens tell me at once. I will be at Hogwarts." She nodded and returned to her house. Albus was at a loss, 'Where are you Harry?' after closing and locking the door Albus turned on the spot and disappeared.

Amelia Bones was diligently working at her desk in the Department of Magical Law Enforcement; as the head of the department her desk was always piled with unfinished work. She did not complain, she enjoyed her job and was very good at it. She was tough but fair to all; Aurors as well as those they brought in. She was currently preparing for the meeting of the Wizengamot on Thursday. On the agenda were a several minor cases being brought before the full

Wizengamot then new laws were being presented by Minister of Magic Fudge that would be open to debate. The new laws were minor but controversial and she expected resistance especially from Dumbledore. She also suspected that Lucius Malfoy had influence in the new proposals. She was not in support of them herself; more restrictions on werewolves and goblins.

As she was sorting and organizing her papers, there was a rap on the door. At her invitation to enter the door opened, to her surprise found Scott Crandall. He worked for Gringotts as a solicitor; his visit probably entailed the proposal going before Wizengamot Thursday. "Come in Scott, it has been much too long since our last visit. I understand you have taken a position at Gringotts since you left Hogwarts?"

"Yes Madam Bones, I'm not disturbing you, am I?" Scott replied to Amelia formally.

"Not at all Mr. Crandall, please come in, you were a year behind me at Hogwarts? How is Gringotts treating you?" Mr. Crandall stepped into the office.

"Yes, class of '41, I am currently Ragnoks personal solicitor. I have however recently taken on another client. May I?" Mr. Crandall indicated to the door. Amelia was at once intrigued, nodded her approval. "Madam Bones I am here to talk to you about..." Mr. Crandall signaled to Amelia that he wanted to check the office for listening charms as he kept talking about the proposal that was being brought to the Wizengamot. After Amelia nodded her head that he could precede, he pulled out his wand. Her curiosity was peaked regarding this unexpected meeting. After finishing the incantation Mr. Crandall motioned to Amelia that he had found two listening charms in the room. Amelia looked surprised, taking out her own wand, performed the same spell finding the charms, which she then promptly placed a silencing charm around. She would find out who the charms belonged to later, she was quite annoyed by the discovery.

"Mr. Crandall can you please tell me what this is about and how did you know about the charms?" Amelia then waved her hand to the seat in front of her desk. Mr. Crandall took the seat offered then started to explain.

"Madam Bones, I did not know that the charms would be here, it was merely a precaution. I have some information that is going to cause a stir in the ministry cauldrons and it must not leave this room until it is presented to the Wizengamot on Thursday. Whom the information is about will also need to be handled with caution. That person will need to be brought before the Wizengamot without anyone knowing before hand." Mr. Crandall then pulled a small pensive from his robes and a bottle with a silvery liquid. "An injustice has been committed by the ministry and an innocent man has been sitting in Azkaban for the last nine years Madam Bones. May I present you with this memory before you ask who it is about?"

"Mr. Crandall if this is about a death eater..." Mr. Crandall interrupted. "Madam Bones please just let me show you the memory and you can decide for yourself if this needs to be taken forward." Amelia nodded her head to the pensive.

Mr. Crandall emptied the small bottle into the pensive then tapped the edge with his wand. A mist formed above the pensive, within the mist the memory played out. It was only a couple minutes of memory but what Amelia saw made her blood run cold. Sirius Black was innocent! If this memory was to be believed, Peter Pettigrew was the secret keeper and betrayed the Potters. Who else was in on that conversation that could produce the memory? She had only seen James and Lily Potter, Sirius Black, Peter Pettigrew, and the infant Harry Potter.

"Mr. Crandall were did this come from? Who gave this memory? Who extracted it? Has it been confirmed that it has not been tampered with?" Amelia rapid fired the questions. While Mr. Crandall answered the questions he retrieved the memory from the pensive putting both the pensive and memory back in his robe.

"Madam Bone, I personally extracted the memory in the presence of Ragnok, Director of Gringotts. I verified the memory has not been tampered with and I would be willing to make an unbreakable oath to that affect." That surprised Amelia, a solicitor willing to make an unbreakable vow as to the authenticity of evidence. "As to whom I extracted the memory from, that person would like to remain anonymous unless it is absolutely required. My client is confident that when Mr. Black is placed under Veritaserum in front of the full Wizengamot that he will be cleared. That is why I came to you madam, you are the only one that can get him out of Azkaban

without the ministers office finding out. I believe that this could be the end of Minister of Magic Fudge's administration and he would have Mr. Black kissed before this came out along with the fact that Mr. Black was never given a trial." This time Amelia's blood was boiling, she was not aware that Black had never been given a trial, she was an aurora at the time and not involved in the case.

Mr. Crandall and Madam Bones continued their discussion for another twenty minutes. As the discussion concluded there was a knock on the door. "Come," instructed Amelia. To her surprise, Delores Umbridge Under Secretary to the Minister was standing in her doorway. In a nauseatingly sweet voice Delores addressed Amelia, "Madam Bones, you ARE aware that you are late for a meeting with Minister Fudge?" Amelia did not recollect having a meeting scheduled with the Minister today. "When was this meeting called, Madam Umbridge? I do not have it noted on my calendar."

"It was called three quarters of an hour ago, have you not checked your memos?" replied Umbridge in condescending tone.

Irritated Amelia retorted, "I HAVE checked my memos today and there was no memo mentioning a meeting, butt I will be there shortly; I was just finishing catching up with an old friend." Amelia smiled at Scott. "Please inform the minister I will be there straight away." Umbridge lingered, Amelia addressed her very formally, "Madam Umbridge, can I be of any further assistance?"

"No, Madam Bones but you would be wise not to keep the Minister waiting." Umbridge turned and walked down the hall.

Amelia stood and bid Mr. Crandall a good day; she returned to her chair and drew out a piece of parchment from her desk drawer. She quickly scribbled notes from her meeting with Mr. Crandall; outlining his fictional concerns of the proposals going before Wizengamot. She gathered her work and secured it in a drawer and left the meeting notes on her desk top. She then withdrew her wand from her side and removed the mysterious listening charms along with her silencing charm. She replaced them with an advanced listening and visual charm and connected it with a recorder hidden in her desk. She exited her office and preceded to the Minister's office abandoning her usual routine of locking her office door behind her.

Minutes passed and the door to Amelia's office slowly opened; stealthily a short stout figure entered. Waving a wand in the direction of the previously hidden listening charms; replacing the non functioning ones. The figure stepped up to the desk and scanned the parchment left on the desktop, smirked confidently and exited closing the door softly.

To any passer by Mrs. Figg could be mistaken as a nosey neighbor, but she was only following the strict instructions of Albus Dumbledore. She was to watch for any activity at the Dursley home and report any goings-on immediately to Dumbledore. Standing at the window Wednesday morning Mrs. Figg watched a large moving truck drive past her home and pull up in front of number four Privet Drive. Several people began entering the home and carrying out boxes and furniture to the truck. Hurriedly Mrs. Figg went to the fireplace, pulled a small bowl from the mantel and tossed a handful of floo powder in the fire. "Hogwarts, Headmasters office." She belted out into the green flames. Moments later Dumbledore's face appeared in the flames, "Arabella has he returned, did you see him?"

"No Albus, a moving truck as just arrived, the house is being emptied," replied Arabella anxiously. "Please step aside, Arabella. I am coming through." Albus stepped out of the green flames into Mrs. Figg's front room. "I will return in a few moments Arabella. I must speak to the movers; possibly they have the Dursley's current address." Dumbledore transfigured his robes into a handsome gray muggle suit and exited the house. He strode confidently down the lane to the Dursley's home. He walked up to the truck and needed to step aside quickly to avoid being trampled by two men carrying a sofa out of the house. Albus glanced around and saw a man standing with a clipboard directing the men; Albus approached him.

"Excuse me young man, I live down the street and have known the Dursleys for some time. I was wondering if you had an address to the new house in the colonies where I could reach them?" asked Albus in a neighborly way. The young man inspected Albus for a moment before replying.

"I'm sorry Sir, but all I know is that the household is being shipped to the states. It is scheduled to be delivered to a storage facility in..." He pulled a sheet of paper from his back pocket and looked it over. "In the state of Oregon, I believe that is in the north west of the

country. That's all I know, it will be forwarded to the final destination after that."

"Thank you young man, I guess I will have to wait until the Dursleys write and let me know the new address." The mover turned back to his crew. Albus turned back to Mr. Figg's house. It appeared to be true; the Dursleys had moved to the colonies. If Harry was in the colonies now, it would mean he would not attend Hogwarts. Albus could not let this happen, Harry needed to be here, protected until he could fulfill his destiny. Albus was filled with much regret not fulfilling the wishes of Harry's parents to keep Harry in the wizarding world to be raised by people who loved him. He had to find Harry.

Under the pretext of a surprise inspection Amelia Bone visited Azkaban Prison Wednesday afternoon. The island out in the middle of the North Sea that the most feared prison in the world was located could only be reached by boat from a dock on a nearby guarded island or by special portkey. The prison only had a few Aurors guarding it, including the warden. The rest of the prison was guarded by horrible creatures, Dementors; soul sucking shades that feed on every happy emotion and memory to leave you reliving your worst memories and sins over and over again. Only the most severe criminals were sent here. Those criminals that had committed the most heinous of crimes; murder, dark magic use, the unforgivable curses or were convicted Death Eaters. Azkaban currently housed some of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named's most feared followers. Bellatrix Lestrange, Antonin Dolohov, Travers, and Sirius Black, but if what she had learned yesterday evening was true then Sirius Black was innocent.

Using the special portkey that only Minister Fudge and she knew how to create, Amelia appeared in the warden's office. Located on the first floor of the prison, furthest from the Dementors, yet she could still feel the chill in the air that they caused. Warden Radley was not expecting any visitors today; when Amelia appeared in his office he jumped up wand drawn, stupefied, the stunning curse on his lips. When he realized who was in front of him, he pulled his wand back letting out a sigh of relief. "Warden Radley it is good to see that you are on your toes." Amelia said with a smirk. Radley had been promoted to warden a couple years ago, after the last warden had retired. He had been a good auror during the first war.

"Madam Bones, I was not expecting you today. To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?" Radley asked, the adrenaline still pumping through his veins.

Amelia made a gesture with her hand that any auror or former aurora would recognize and understand. Warden Radley nodded his consent. Pulling her wand she checked the office for listening charms, finding none. "Mr. Radley, I have come across some information that if correct will see a few more people enjoying the pleasures of Azkaban and the Dementors. But I need to see one of your current residents; he must go under questioning by veritaserum before the full Wizengamot tomorrow. The nature of this information has many implications; it could expose a member of the Wizengamot as a true death eater. I ask that you keep this visit under the utmost secrecy. I have the necessary transfer papers here." Amelia pulled the official documents, signed by her, from her robe pocket and handed them to the Warden. Radley read the papers his expression turning grim.

"Madam Bones, Sirius Black is a very dangerous man; you should have a squad of aurors here to help with the transfer." complained Radley.

"Don't worry Tim," Amelia smiled as she pulled a set of magical cuffs and a short piece of rope from her robes. "I won't have any contact with him other than in this office. He can not break the cuffs and this is a portkey directly into a special holding cell at the ministry. He will see no one until just before being called to the courtroom." After another round of assurances from Amelia, Radley called two large aurors into the office. "Bring me Sirius Black, he ordered." Both of the guards paled at the order but hurried away to retrieve Black.

A large black dog with matted and dirty fur lay on the floor in a cell at the top of Azkaban. The effects of the Dementors were not felt as badly by a dog as a human; even though the canine was a human wizard in his animagus form as well as an innocent man. Sirius Black was fatigued, filthy and on the edge of insanity. He had been brought to Azkaban and tossed in this cell without being questioned; never mind a trial. James and Lily, his friends, were dead and his godson Harry lost to him; all betrayed by Peter Pettigrew the rat. Sirius had gone after Peter that night but before he could take his revenge, Peter cut off one of his own fingers, blasted the street killing several muggles, and transformed into his rat animagus form,

slipping into the sewers. Witness account had found him guilty of the death of Peter and the muggles. The aurors arrived, taking Sirius straight to Azkaban on the minister's orders; all believed it was Black that betrayed his friends resulting in their murders.

Sirius had long ago lost track of how many days, years he had spent in Azkaban. After first arriving he counted his meals to help him keep track but gave up hope when the numbers reached the thousands. Sirius's years have been haunted by the shrieks of his cousin Bella, a follower of Voldemort and quite mad; she can be heard screaming the praises of the Dark Lord and warnings of his return. Trying to distract himself from the ranting of his cousin, he notice the chill that always filled his cell began to fade away, the Dementors where leaving the area. The large black dog lifted his head and heard steps coming; he stood and took his human form. 'Is is time for my meal?' Waiting at the meal tray slot for his meal, the cell lock clicked and the door opened. Two large aurors were standing just outside the cell, "Your coming with us murderer, you have been called on." They entered the cell, grabbed him violently and dragged him out. They hauled him down several flights of stairs and into an office. His mind was still fogged by the Dementors leaving him extremely confused by the sudden happenings.

"Tim," Amelia pulled another parchment from her robe. "These are written orders that none of the current guards can go off duty until after the hearing tomorrow. If it leaked to the wrong person that I am bringing Black before the Wizengamot to testify, he may not live till then. I don't care what happens after, Merlin knows he deserves the kiss, but I have to have him alive tomorrow." Warden Radley informed Madam Bones that none of the guards where due to transfer off the island tonight. "That includes no owls or other forms of communication. If I find out this leaked before tomorrow I will have whoever up on charges, is that clear? No record of this transfer is to be made; it will update the log at the ministry. I'll take full responsibility and suffer any repercussions that may result from this, please do not be concerned about your part in this."

"Yes, Madam Bones, it will be as you have ordered." The two guards returned at the moment dragging Sirius Black between them. Amelia slipped the magical cuffs on him and then rapped the rope around him. Cuffs were placed on his wrists; Black felt the magic from the cuffs as it touched his skin. A rope was placed around his waist by a woman standing before him, she touched her wand to it.

"Activate," and abruptly he was spinning round; he had disappeared from the office.

"Thank you, Tim; he will be back in your custody tomorrow afternoon. The orders stand until two in the afternoon tomorrow. Good day." Amelia activated her own portkey.

Sirius landed roughly on the hard stone floor; he did not feel the presence of the Dementors from this cell. With his wrist still bound behind him he stood up on shaky legs and looked around. It was a small stone walled room with a single door that had a small barred window in it. There was a cot against one wall and a wash basin on the other wall. Hanging from a peg on the wall near the basin was a set of clean clothes and a robe. Sirius sat on the cot contemplating the last few minutes.

Some time later he heard someone approaching the cell door. He stood up to look out the small window but it was too high to look out. The steps stopped outside the door "Mr. Black, are you feeling any better? I am Amelia Bones, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement." Sirius heard the female voice from the other side of the door. "You are in a special holding cell in the Ministry of Magic. You will be going before the Wizengamot tomorrow morning. If you do not cause any trouble tonight and stay quiet, you might go free tomorrow. Your presence here is known only to me and my most trusted auror, please aid me in keeping it that way or it will be the Kiss for you before justice can be done.

Please be clean and dressed in the morning. You will have food brought to you in a moment. Just stay quiet, I know that you are innocent. Knock on the door once if you understand." Sirius's head was spinning. He was going to be free, at that moment the cuffs dropped from his wrists. With an unsteady hand he knocked once on the door. His world had just been turned upside down.

Chapter 6

A New Home

Harry landed on his butt again, his head spinning a little. The ride this time was not as bad as the last, it was something he could get use too. He was sitting on a dusty floor in a room with a set of double doors on either end facing each other. On another wall was a great old fashioned fireplace with an oversize shield hanging above it with the Potter family crest emblazoned on it, everything was covered in a thin layer of dust. Harry stood up seeing he was in some kind of foyer. Hearing a small 'pop' behind him, Harry quickly turned around, what he found was nothing what he expected. Standing in front of one set of doors was a short creature maybe a meter tall with big eyes and floppy ears its face was old and worn wearing an old dirty pillow case. The creature was bowing to him but not taking his eyes off of Harry.

Harry's granddad had told him about the Potter Family house elves they had been more then servants, they where family and friends. He had even tried to summon two of them, Tilly and Crinn when he was in the vault, but they had not come and his granddad did not know why. The house elf line that served the Potter's was almost as old as the Potters themselves, the bond could not be broken until the last Potter died or the elves were released by the current Lord Potter. His Granddad had described the elves and what they should be wearing.

"Who are you sir, the master is not home." asked the elf. "I'm Harry Potter..." Harry held out his hand in greeting. The creature's eyes widened as it looked at the hand with Lord Potters ring presented to it.

"Master Harry Potter is alive... I had almost given up hope... I did not want to believe you had died like the rest of the house elves believed. We could not feel your presence the day after Master James and Mistress Lily died. The bond was broken." The elf started to sob uncontrollable. Harry stepped up placing his hand on the old elf's shoulder to try and calm it. When his ring touched the elf there was a flash of light around the elf. Harry had to close his eyes it was so bright. When the light faded Harry opened his eyes, the elf was wearing a new tailored butler's suit with the Potter Family crest on the breast pocket.

Still sobbing the elf looked down at the uniform it was now wearing. "Master has renewed the bond... thank you master." I took another minute for the elf to get its emotions back under control. Harry didn't know what he had done; He didn't know what to say or do so he just kept his hand on the elf's shoulder until it calmed down.

"I am Biggly the last house elf, Master. I am sorry for the dust." Shaking his head he continued. "I am the only house elf left and I am ashamed, I have not kept the house in order for masters return. Biggly is not worthy to server the Ancient and Noble House of Potter." The creature then bowed deeply, holding a hand out in front of it expecting to be given cloths and stayed that way. Harry thought about it for a moment before replying. Again his granddad had explained some of the House elf customs and how an elf is released from service by its master.

"Biggly you have served the House of Potter with pride, persistence, and loyalty you never gave up hope. You are the most worthy to serve the House of Potter." Harry stated with sincerity. The elf stood back up and stared into Harry's eyes. He could see the sincerity there so stood up straighter with pride. "Can you tell what has happened to the rest of the house elves? Where are Tilly and Crinn? Can we get them back?" asked Harry.

"Master if they have not found new homes they are free elves. The last to leave, left four years ago, if they not find house to serve they lose magic and die. You have saved Biggly, I was very weak master. I can feel my magics returning." Biggly snapped his fingers, all the dust in the foyer disappeared. "Biggly will look for other house elves to return."

Harry stood up looking around. "Can you tell me about the manor, show me around? And please just call me Harry. I don't like being called master." Harry's excitement was getting the better of him. This was his new home. He would never have to return to the Dursleys, well that would not have happened anyway. The Dursleys were gone for good if all went to plan.

"Yes mas... Harry, Biggly will show you around and then see if Biggly can find other house elves to the Noble House of Potter." Biggly turned and opened the great doors behind him. "Follow Biggly please Harry." Biggly showed Harry around the manor, it was

huge. They started in the foyer, Biggly explained that all visitors would appear there, whether they apparated or flooed. Harry didn't know what floo meant. So Biggly, explained to him, it was another way for wizards and witches to travel, also to talk to each other. Harry added Floo powder to his list of things to get. Biggly explained that for security, only people on the access list were aloud to enter. "If visitor not on list they appear in dungeon security cell, Harry must then allow them access or kick them out."

"Where is the access list Biggly and who is on it now?" Harry was concerned that someone on that list my try to find him here, namely Dumbledore. Biggly said they would get to it in the masters study.

Harry followed the elf into the main room of the house. He was flabbergasted. The main room was easily twice the size of the Dursleys entire first floor. In the center was a grand staircase that went up to the second floor. Half way up it split into a curving 'Y' connecting to balconies that overlooked the main room. A giant candle lit crystal chandelier hung from the center of the second floor ceiling. The back wall of the room was one large glass window looking out over a cliff and the ocean below. Harry spent several minutes just staring out the window at the coast fifty meters below him. He didn't remember ever being here as a baby.

Biggly continued to show Harry around explaining as he went that there were four wings to the house. They started with the west wing. It was for guests and had five suites with two bedrooms, a lounge, and a bathroom each on both the first and second floors. Twenty bedrooms total. Harry was amazed, they didn't go into each suite, Biggly showed him one, the rest where all the same.

The entertaining wing as it was called Biggly explained had the formal dinning room, a ball room, and large lounge for entertaining a large number of guests. It had not been used for a long time but would be ready if Harry needed. The dinning table could seat fifty with room to spare. The ballroom impressed Harry it had a curved back wall made of glass that looked out over the shoreline. All the furnisher in the lounge was covered with dust sheets, so Harry didn't spend much time there.

When Harry was shown the research wing, he knew he would love being here. It had a large library that Harry was determined to spend a lot of time in. Biggly showed Harry the index book just like the one

in the Potter vault. It would even list books in the vault but Harry or Biggly would have to retrieve any book from there if called for.

There was a dueling room that didn't make much of an impression on Harry, it was just a large room with all kinds of weapon hanging on one wall and the rest was empty except for some life like manikins.

The potions lab, Harry was very interested in. It was a large room with three large workbenches; two of them had four cauldrons each sitting empty on them. Many shelves lined the walls, like a library, all filled with neatly labeled jars. Above the last workbench was a large painting of the potions lab he was in. In a large closet located in the lab were shelves filled with finished potions, again all neatly labeled. Harry didn't take the time to read any of the labels, he would come back later.

There were a few small study rooms for privacy, each having nothing more than a small comfortable sitting area and desk. Then there was the Hall of Lords. The Hall was just that a hall but was lined with portraits of all the past Lords and Lady Potters. Each of the portraits introduced themselves as Harry walked down the hall. He was told that Harold his grandfather had already updated them on current events and if he needed any advice or counsel to come to them. As he had walked around the manor with Biggly he had seen many paintings and empty portrait frames. He was told that the portraits could move around the manor in those paintings.

The main kitchen, house elf quarters and storage rooms were in the basement. It could house fifteen elves and their families. The kitchen was huge, Harry liked to cook but he wasn't sure if he would want to in this big a kitchen. The food storage rooms were empty, there was one room that was freezing cold and another that was just cold. "Well looks like I'll be doing a lot of shopping." Harry said to Biggly. "Oh no Harry, I will take care of getting the manor restocked for you. Anything you need, anything at all I will take care of." replied Biggly happily. The rest of the storage rooms had this and that, spare furniture, linen, and other things that a manor needed.

The East wing was the family wing. On the second floor was the master suite, it had a lounge with comfortable chairs and settee, in front of a fireplace. The large bedroom had a king size, four poster bed, walk in closet, and huge bathroom with a bathtub that was the

size of a small pool. "These will be your rooms Harry." explained Biggly. Harry was excited and nervous at the same time. This was his as Lord of the family but it was all too much, he had never had his own room, other then the cupboard never mind all this. The memory of his cupboard under the stairs made Harry angry, "I'll never go back." This was his now.

There were four more family suites, like the guess suites on the same floor. On the first floor was a family dinning room, lounge, and entertainment room. This was also where the Lords study was located. Following Biggly, Harry entered the room. There where fine brown leather chairs, two in front of a large wooden desk, two more in front of a large fireplace with a shield hanging over the mantle, the Potter Crest emblazoned on it, there was also a sitting area with a leather settee and two chairs. Harry noticed several books on the shelves along one wall, some of the books looked old and some new, all leather bound and untitled. Between the two chairs by the fireplace was an old looking chess set on a matching wooden table.

When Biggly entered the room he snapped his fingers, all the dust disappeared. Harry walked around the room. He slowly ran his hand along the books on the shelves and the leather chairs. Harry didn't know what to say. He was in a daze from seeing the rest of the house. Biggly gave him as long as he needed to get his emotions under control. Harry looked at Biggly standing there waiting for him. "Biggly... thank you for being here, thank... you for never giving up on the Potter family, on me." Biggly didn't say anything, he just smiled with pride. Harry walked behind the desk and sat down. Again Harry broke down crying into his hands. So much lost, his parents, so much pain, the Dursleys, yet so much was gained, a new home. Harry fell asleep crying, his head on the desk. Biggly snapped his fingers and Harry was floated over to the settee, where Biggly placed him. After summoning a blanket, covering Harry, he set out to work, there was much to do.

Harry woke up Wednesday morning disoriented. It was the second time he had woken up in a strange place. Harry sat up looking around. "It wasn't all a dream, I'm really home." Harry hadn't sorted his memories in the past two days and his head was starting to hurt a little so he closed his eyes and entered his mental library. Everything was there waiting for him, the trip to the London Library, the trip to Diagon alley, Gringotts and meeting Ragnok, Mr. Crandall, meeting his grandparents, Biggly and the manor. There was so

much to go over, to do. He had libraries of books to read, magic to learn, an entire world to learn about. It took Harry two hours to sort all the memories. He hadn't had to spend that much time sorting memories in a long time. When he opened his eyes Biggily was standing on the other side of the low table that was in front of the settee.

"Harry is okay this morning? Would you like to have breakfast now?"

"I'm doing much better today Biggily, thank you, yes breakfast would be nice, I'm starving, but there was no food in the manor." Harry stated.

"While you were sleeping, Biggily went shopping, all the stocks are replenished." replied Biggily.

"Where did you get the money to do that?"

"Now that you are Lord Potter and the bond is renewed, I am the head house elf, I have access to Family vault for household expenses. I have restocked all the stores and purchased you several sets of clothing. Does this meet with your approval?" Harry looked at the house elf thinking 'better to ask forgiveness than permission'. Harry started laughing.

Still chuckling Harry replied "Yes Biggily that meets with my approval is there anything else I should know about?" Biggily smiled.

"Yes Harry, I have also found six new house elves that would be bonded to the Potter family, I have not found any of the old house elves. They are either dead or have bonded to a new family." Harry was surprised and saddened that Biggily could not find the old elves.

"Can I get breakfast first please I'm starving, then we can deal with the house elves Biggily?" Biggily snapped his fingers and a tray full of bacon, eggs, and toast appeared on the table. There was a large jug of juice and a glass as well. Harry ate everything on the tray, he had skipped dinner last night. After he finished Biggily snapped his fingers again and the tray disappeared.

Harry stood, stretching out his arms, then walked to the desk and sat behind it. He needed a bath as well but it could wait another hour or two. "Biggily where is the Manor access list?" Harry asked.

"It is that book there Harry." Biggly pointed to a small leather bound book on a shelf behind the desk. Harry took the book and opened it. The first page showed a long list of names written by several different hands. Some of the names were in red, some in black, and some in blue.

In Blue

Godric Gryffindor

Rowena Ravenclaw

Helga Hufflepuff

Ignotus Peverell

Helena Ravenclaw

The list of names in blue took up half of one page. Harry could tell that this was a list of people that the Potter family paid honor to by leaving their names in the book.

In Black

Albus Dumbledore

Griselda Marchbanks

Sirius Black

Andromeda Black

Augusta Longbottom

Algie Longbottom

Frank Longbottom

Alice Longbottom

Minerva McGonagall

Nicolas Flamel

Perenelle Flamel

Devin Crabtree

Amber Crabtree

Caradoc Dearborn

Aberforth Dumbledore

Lily Evens

Peter Pettigrew

This list continued for several pages, some of the names on this list had turned red, Harry could figure out what that meant. Some of the names Harry recognized some he didn't. He wasn't going to take any chances though. Harry memorized the list, he would find out who all the people were later and re-add them if needed. "Biggly how do I remove names from the list?"

"Harry must draws a line through each name you want to remove." Biggly snapped his fingers and a quill and inkwell appeared on the desk. It took Harry some time to remove all the names. He was having trouble using the quill and ink, never having used them before. As he drew a line through each name it would disappear from the list. He left the names in red until he could talk to his granddad, some may need to be added to the Honor list. When Harry finished he only had two names on the access list, Scott Crandall, he had added and Sirius Black.

"Ok Biggly, tell me about the elves you have found, where did they come from?"

"Two elves, Livi and Rasa, their master died. Livi is excellent cook, Rasa is house keeper. Zippy is house keeper elf, he was set free for dropping a glass. It was the first time offence. Roper is grounds keeper, his family sold property and did not need him anymore. Klisk is young elf he apprentice to Green house Elf at Hogwarts for twenty years. Elves that work for Hogwarts do not lose magic. He looks for family with greenhouses. Tula is personal elf, her master got new

younger elf and set her free." Harry was impressed with everything Biggly had done in the hours that he was sleeping. Then he remembered Biggly saying that Klisk worked in greenhouses.

"We have greenhouses?" asked Harry. "Harry has ten greenhouses at Potter Manor. The grounds are very large. It is very far to the property border." Biggly replied. Harry decided to find a way to go over the entire property soon.

"Introduce me to our new friends then Biggly." Biggly snapped his fingers and six house elves appeared in the study. All but one looked tired and clothed only in cut up pillow cases. The one elf looked healthy and was dressed in nice coveralls.

"This is Tula." Biggly indicated one of the elves. "She is trained to be a personal house elf, Master." Harry could see Biggly flinch a little when he said that as it was going against Harry's wishes about being called master.

"Biggly when you need to call me Master for formality you may call me Lord Potter instead. But any other time, please call me Harry." Biggly gave Harry a big smile. Harry look to all the other elves. "That is the same for all of you; I don't like being called master, so please call me Harry, when we are alone." Harry turned his attention to Tula; he knelt down in front of her so he could be at eye level with her. She was dressed in an old dirty pillowcase just like Biggly had been. She looked younger then Biggly but since renewing the bond Harry could see that Biggly didn't look as old and worn as he had. "Tula, do you wish to be bond to the Ancient and Noble House of Potter." asked Harry. Tula looked at Harry with her big eyes, Harry could see them glistening with unshed tears.

"Yes Lord Potter, Tula wish to be bond to the Ancient and Noble House of Potter." Harry held out his hand with the Lord's ring on it to Tula. Tula placed her hand over Harry's, a flash of light surrounded Tula. When the light faded, Tula was wearing a butler's suit like Biggly but she had a skirt instead of pants. Tula looked at herself and started to cry softly. "Thanks you Lord Potter. I is so happy to have family again." Harry smiled at her.

Harry repeated the question with each of the house elves. Rasa and Zippy both ended up in black house keeper uniforms; Zippy had pants while Rasa had a skirt. Livi's uniform was white with a chef's

hat. She was very happy and immediately vanished to the kitchen with Harry's permission. Roper and Klisk got gardening uniforms, coveralls with a green shirt. All the uniforms had the Potter family crest on them, where the breast pocket would be. After all the elves had been taken care of and had disappeared, Harry was left with Biggly and Tula standing before him.

"Is there anything else Biggly that I need to know?" Harry questioned.

"Yes, Harry." Biggly snapped his fingers and a leather covered tome appeared on the desk. "This is the lords journal, each Lord Potter has kept a journal of there time as head of house. I be preparing yours for you." Biggly bowed low to the ground. Harry without saying a word walked back behind the large desk and sat down. He opened the tome to the first page, it was blank.

"Where are the other Lords journals, Biggly?" Biggly stood back up and pointed to the book shelves in the study. "All of these are journals, Harry." Harry looked at the forty some books on the shelves. "Thank you Biggly, I will read them before starting my own. Please let me know when lunch is ready."

"Anything Harry need; Tula take care of. Biggly be overseeing the Manor." Biggly bowed again; with a soft 'pop' he was gone. "Tula will see to Lord Potter's chambers. All you need is call Tula, I will hear you."

"Tula I need a bath, it has been a couple days since I had the chance to take one." stated Harry.

"Tula will prepare a bath for Harry." She bowed to Harry; with a small 'pop' she was gone. Harry closed the blank journal and walked up to the master suite. After a long bath in the huge pool like tube Harry returned to the study, Tula had laid out some nice new cloths for him while he was in the bath. Harry was now wearing new slacks and a pull over collared shirt with new comfortable shoes. Everything fit him perfectly. Harry was enjoying having someone look after him for the first time in eight years. But he still didn't want it going to his head. He knew how it felt to be treated like a slave.

Harry figured the best place to find out more about the Potter family, Potter Manor, and how to be a lord of the house was to read the

journals. Harry pulled down what looked like the oldest book and opened it. He could barely read it. Not that it was faded or anything like that but the language was old world English. The year at the top of the first page was 993. Harry replaced the book where it was and moved to the newest looking. Opening it he found it to be easy to read. The year at the top was 1901 his granddad had become Lord Potter that year. Harry walked back over the settee and sat down to read.

Harry was about half way through the book when Tula appeared next to him. "Lunch is ready Harry; would you like it here or in the dinning room?" Harry asked for lunch in the study. Tula snapped her fingers, a tray full of food appeared on the table. After Harry finish eating the best food he had ever tasted and he told Tula that, he went back to reading. Harry asked Tula to tell him when it was three forty five; he had an appointment with Mr. Crandall in the vault.

By the time Tula came for him, Harry had almost finished reading his granddads journal. He had found out a lot about his granddad. He had been involved with the war against the dark wizard Grindelwald along side Albus Dumbledore who defeated him. The journal talked about the many battles that happened during that dark time in world war two. His granddad talked about family friends and their relationship with the Potters. The journal had entries about upgrades made to the manor during his granddads time as Lord Potter and how some new wards placed around on the manor worked. Harry didn't know what wards were, though he had heard them mentioned several time over the past couple days. He would ask about them later.

Harry placed the book back on the shelf and walked out to the foyer. The manor was already looking much better then it did the day before. The main room was sparkling clean. The large window over looking the coast was crystal clear; all the cobwebs that had been hanging from the chandelier were gone. The white marble floors Harry could see his reflection in. Harry was impressed it would have taken him a week to clean the main room that well. After he walked into the Foyer he spoke the portkey activation for the vault.

"Vault, activate" he got the now familiar pull behind his naval.

Harry landed in the vault just before four again landing on his butt. He greeted his grandparents; his granddad was chuckling as he walked to the vault doors opening them. "Not funny granddad."

"I'll tell you the secret to not falling on your butt later Harry." chuckled his granddad. His grandmum entered Harold's portrait and slapped him on the back of the head. "Don't laugh dear; I seem to remember I had to tell you that secret after we got married. Until then Harry he landed on his butt every time too." Harry started laughing.

A few minutes later a cart came to a stop outside the vault. Harry could see Griphook and Mr. Crandall. Mr. Crandall exited the cart and it sped away. "Come in Mr. Crandall. I was just about to tell my grandparents what I found at Potter Manor." Mr. Crandall walked in and sat down in one of the chairs.

"Good afternoon Harry, Harold, Ester. I would love to hear about it all Harry, I have some news to give to you as well, but you go first." Mr. Crandall smiled at the excited boy.

"I found that all the Potter house elves except one had left service thinking that I was dead, the one that was left told me the bond had been broken several days after my parent's death but he stayed out of loyalty to the family." Harry told everyone.

"Harry," his granddad started. "That should not be possible, you were not dead and their bond should not have been broken. The house elves should have looked for you." Harold was very upset by this. "Which elf was still there?" asked Harold.

"Biggly, he looked old and worn out, he was wearing an old, dirty pillow case when I arrived. I have renewed the bond with him." replied Harry.

"Biggly... He was next in line to be head house elf. Did he tell you what happen to the others?"

"While I was asleep, Biggly looked for them. They have all died or found new households. He did find six new elves to come and work. I bonded to them this morning." Harry continued to explain about the new elves, he brought up the access list to the manor, telling Mr. Crandall that he could now come there instead of meeting in the

vault. Mr. Crandall had been listening to everything Harry was telling his grandparents and nodded his head when told he had access to Potter Manor now. He had something else on his mind however. When Harry paused, Mr. Crandall voiced his concern to the portrait. "Harold, when we went to the Dursleys yesterday, Gringotts had a ward breaker there checking it all out for us and keeping an eye on the place. He told me he found a ward that he had never seen before. Are there any wards that block house elves or their bond? I have never heard of any myself, however is it possible?"

"I am not aware of any myself. I was never very good with wards." replied Harold.

"Granddad what is a ward anyway, I was going to ask, I've heard them mentioned several times now but I don't understand what they are." asked Harry.

Harold with Mr. Crandall's help explained about wards, simply put they were spells that could be placed around a place or thing. "There are many types of wards from simple detection wards, to wards that will kill if someone crosses them. They are not easy to cast and take years to learn." Harold explained about how the wards are tied into an object. "In the manor they are tied to the shield above the fireplace in the master study and can be controlled from there with key words." Harold told Harry he would explain how later.

While Harold continued talking to Mr. Crandall about the plans they had set in motion, Harry slipped over to the Library index book keeping one ear on the conversation. Opening the index book Harry asked for a beginner's guide to wards. As an after thought Harry asked for any book on House elf wards. Only one book appeared in the list 'Ancient Wards revealed' written 1247. Harry called for the book; it flew out of the shelves and settled on the table next to him. Harry retrieved the book and settled back down on the settee. He opened the book and started reading it, still listening to the conversation going on. Thirty minutes later Harry exclaimed. "I've found it. Listen to this." Mr. Crandall turned to him. "What have you found Harry?" Harry read the passage from the book out loud.

"In 899 a wizard, whose name has been lost to time, created a ward blocking unwanted elves from entering his home. The ward was very powerful. It came into wide use for a very short time as it had a side effect. It would also block the bond between the master and his

house elves when the master was outside the ward and break the bond if the master stayed away from home for more than a week. Its use was outlawed by Merlin in 903 as some wizards use it to steal other wizard's house elves. It was branded as dark magic by the ministry shortly after Hogwarts was created in 993, its use is punishable by forfeit of the user's house elves to the wizard whom it was used on and a ten thousand galleon fine... it goes on to explain how to use the ward and set it up. It also explains how to detect the ward." stated Harry after reading the passage.

"May I see that Harry?" asked Mr. Crandall. He took the book from Harry, after pulling some parchment from his pocket; he copied down how to detect the ward. Mr. Crandall then walked to the vault door, pulling the rope next to it. Several minutes later Griphook appeared in a cart. Griphook and Mr. Crandall had a quick discussion, Mr. Crandall handing the parchment to Griphook. After Griphook sped off in the cart Mr. Crandall returned, sitting back in his seat. "We will know by tomorrow if that ward is present at the Dursleys. If it is I think I know who put it there."

"Dumbledore? But how would he know about it, that book looks very old, there can't be too many copies of that book." asked Harry.

"Yes, I do not know the reasons for him doing this but, I am sure he has one. He is not an evil person." Mr. Crandall had a thoughtful look on his face. "He could have a copy of this book or another Harry. The wizard community treasures old books very much, so several copies of this could be out there."

"Whatever the reason he has severed a bond that existed for over eight hundred years. It has cost the lives of some of my friends." Stated Harold from his portrait, he had an unpleasant look on his face. Mr. Crandall nodded his head to the portrait. After a few more minutes the meeting broke up.

"Harry could you please bring us with you to the Manor. We can visit the Hall of Lords but these are our frames. I would like to be hung in the Master study, so that I can help you better." asked his granddad.

"I would like that granddad. Tula!" The House elf that Harry had bonded with that morning appeared next to Harry.

"What can Tula do for Lord Potter?" "Please bring my Grandparents portraits to the manor, place my grandfather in the master study and my grandmother in the Hall of Lords or in the study if she likes."

"The Hall will be fine Harry, I will be able to visit you anywhere in the house from there." replied his grandmum. Tula snapped her fingers and the portraits disappeared.

"Mr. Crandall has the Family tree ritual been scheduled? And I still need to visit the Gryffindor and Ravenclaw vaults along with the other two."

"Yes Harry, tomorrow at around two in the afternoon. I may even have Mr. Black with me by then. We can perform it at the Manor if you like." Harry agreed and Mr. Crandall departed the vault. Harry closed the vault doors and walked back to the index book.

"House elves" Harry stated to the book. Three titles appeared; Harry selected all three plus the book on basic wards. After collecting the books, Harry took one last look around the vault. He was still overwhelmed by everything. Harry took a deep breath, 'I won't let it go to my head.'

"Potter Manor, Activate"

Later that night after having a good dinner in the dinning room for the first time, Harry lay in bed reading A Beginners Guide to Occlumency at his granddads request. All the books he brought from the vault lined the shelves in the master study. As Harry read the book some of the concepts eluded him as he just didn't have the basic understanding of magic yet. The book was written in plain English and he understood the words, even the words he didn't understand, all he had to do was look them up in the several dictionaries he had memorized.

After finishing and closing the book Harry entered his mind's library to sort the day's memories. That had been one of the concepts in the book he did understand about, the nightly sorting so memories didn't leak out to the outer mind. What he had read in the book so far he found he already had in his mind and some of the concepts he didn't understand became clear to him, like what the mist surrounding his library was. It was his outer mind and the first line of defense to confuse and disorient intruders. He did however get an

idea from the Potter Family vault's library. He stood in the center of his library and created an index book. Harry knew his library was about to get a lot added to it over the foreseeable future. Little did he know how true that would be?

Sirius Black lay on the cot in his cell, he had been brought dinner like Madam Bones promised. It was the best food he had had in a long time. The auror that brought it didn't say anything to him. The man was still standing outside the cell door. Sirius had given himself a bath from the wash basin and changed into the clean cloths. He would be ready for tomorrow. 'What am I going to if I get out? Where will I go? I can't go back to being an auror; Grimmauld Place is out of the question, he never wanted to return there. Little did Sirius know that his world would get turned up side down even more?

Albus Dumbledore was pacing back and forth in his office at Hogwarts. If it wasn't for the Wizengamot meeting tomorrow he would be in the colonies by now looking for Harry. The storage place would have the forwarding address to the Dursleys. The large red and orange feathered bird sitting on its perch in his office watched its friend and companion pace. The Phoenix knew his friend was troubled. He could feel the sadness and regret, but he could also feel his old friend's determination. The Phoenix opened its beak and sang out; the room was filled with its song, happiness and a sense that all would be ok. Albus turned and nodded to his companion before retiring to his chambers to sleep.

Chapter 7

World Turned Up Side Down

The next morning found Albus fretfully pacing his Hogwarts office floor. He would be departing in one hour to attend the full Wizengamot session; it would monopolize most if not the whole day. If it were not for his obligation of being Chief Warlock he would choose to spend his day in a more productive manner. Albus had spent many years attaining the titles he held but at this moment found them to be a nuisance. "Fawkes," said to the phoenix sitting in the corner on his perch, the phoenix looking back questioningly, "I have to find him! I am to blame for this, my friend." Albus sat behind his desk and was just about to open the bottom drawer in his desk when he became aware that someone was coming up the stairs to his office. It was someone unexpected, Sibyll Trelawney. She very rarely ventured out of the north tower. 'Why is she here now?' thought Dumbledore.

"Come in Sibyll." called out Dumbledore. The door opened, in walked the person that had set in motion, Harry's destiny. She looked the same as the day he met her almost eleven years ago, the day she made the prophecy. Huge glasses that enlarged her eyes, making her look like a bug. She was thin, wearing a spangled shawl over light orange robes, many chains and beads hanging around her neck, and rings adorning her fingers.

"What can I do for you today Sibyll?"

"You can tell me how you knew it was me for starts headmaster. I believed I was the only seer in the castle." It has been a mystery to the Hogwarts staff as to how Albus always knew who was outside his door. There was even a betting pool as to who would find out how he did it.

"Ah Sibyll, that is a secret I will take to my grave." Dumbledore's eyes twinkled behind his glasses.

"Headmaster I came to inform you that the..." Sibyll stopped mid sentence, her eyes glassed over as if looking far away. In a much deeper voice than normal she began to speak again.

The Heir of the FOUR comes

Found as the EIGHT moon rises new

Lord of family he has LOST.

TAUGHT by moon and grim

Remembers ALL placed before him

Friends he will have BEFORE.

Enemies he will find NEW

Troubled will he be with PHOENIX companion

The HEIR comes.

Clueless to resent events, Sibyll continued where she left off. "...fireplace in my tower is not working correctly; smoke is backing up in it." She continued right where she left off.

"I will have it looked at Sibyll. You may return to the tower, you look weary." Sibyll stood up nodded to the headmaster and left the office.

Before he had a moment to even think about what had just happened the fireplace in his office burst into green flames. A person in a light brown hooded cloak stepped out. Albus could not see the person's face, some kind of concealment charm obscured it; the robe had the Ministry insignia on it.

"My name is Adams, sir. I am an Unspeakable from the Department of Mysteries. We detected a prophecy has been made. Have you witnessed this Headmaster Dumbledore?" The man or woman spoke. Albus could not tell for the voice was distorted to hide the person's identity.

"Yes...Yes, I witnessed it. Sibyll Trelawney just left." Albus was even more troubled now.

"Headmaster Dumbledore, as required by Ministry law I must request the memory of the prophecy."

"Yes. Yes. I am aware of the requirement." Albus pulled his wand from his pocket and placed it against his temple. He extracted the memory from his mind. The silvery liquid hung from the tip of his wand. The Unspeakable pulled half of a small sphere from his robes in which Albus placed the memory. Once the memory was in the half sphere the other half formed over the top, sealing it in, a gray mist formed within. The voice of Sibyll Trelawney could be heard from within repeating the prophecy. The Unspeakable listened and then turned to Albus.

"Headmaster Dumbledore, do you know whom the prophecy is about?" Before replying Albus returned to his chair behind his desk, steepling his fingers in front of him lost in thought.

"I am not certain Mr. Adams..." The Unspeakable cut him off

"Just Adams, Headmaster Dumbledore."

"Yes, yes. The phoenix companion is most likely me, I am aware of no others with a phoenix as a friend." Albus turned to look at Fawkes. "As to the identity of the Heir, I... do not... know. I know many Lords that have lost family." The unspeakable nodded their head, turn and walked to the fireplace. The unspeakable then turned back to Albus.

"Since I agree that you are mentioned in this prophecy, your name will be on it in the Department of Mysteries. You may come listen to it at any time." The fireplace then burst into green flames, the unspeakable stepped in and disappeared.

Albus remained sitting at his desk contemplating this event. 'Found as the eight moon rises new? The new moon has already risen this month, next year maybe. Taught by moon and grim? That doesn't make any sense.' Albus looked up seeing the clock on the wall and groaned. It was time to leave for the Wizengamot.

Mr. Crandall arrived in the Ministry building thirty minutes before the start of the Wizengamot session. He was looking forward to the days events. The atrium of the ministry was buzzing with people. The lines of large fireplaces lining both walls were constantly spitting people out of the floo. Mr. Crandall walked to the lifts at the back of the atrium, past the large Fountain of Magical Brethren. The fountain displayed a witch and wizard standing over a centaur, goblin and

house elf, a sign read that all the Sickles and Knuts tossed into the fountain were donated to St. Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries. Mr. Crandall tossed a galleon into the fountain as he passed. When he reached the lifts, instead of going to level ten he asked for level two Department of Magical Law Enforcement. He exited the lift then leaned against the wall near by waiting.

Amelia Bones exited her office securing it behind her. Her little trap had been successful and she now knew who had placed the listening charms in her office. 'Oh there is going to be more then one round of fireworks today.' She smiled to herself as she walked down the corridor toward the lifts. As she approached, she spotted Mr. Crandall casually leaning against the wall. She walked by him without even acknowledging him. As she passed he slipped the vial containing the memory to her then followed her into the lift.

Harry woke up early Thursday morning. Mr. Crandall and his Granddad had both wanted him ready to go to the Ministry if things didn't go as planned. He would have to reveal himself as Lord Potter and demand justice be done for the deaths of his parents to include a full confession. If things didn't go as planned this would at least force the ministry to give Sirius Black veritaserum to get the confession. Only a Lord of a pureblood family could call for such a confession. It was one of those old laws. Tula had laid out some fine looking robes for Harry; she got them from the Potter vault and altered them to fit him. They were black with fine gold and silver stitching, the Potter Family crest over were the left breast pocket should be. After a bath, Harry dressed, and then went to the master study. Tula had his breakfast ready. After picking at his food and eating very little Harry settled down in one of the chairs by the fireplace, retrieving the next oldest journal from the shelf. His plan was to read them in reverse order going back in time. Hopefully that would allow him to read the old English in the first journal.

Sirius was sitting on the cot in the ministry holding cell. He had been informed by the Auror that had been guarding his cell door all night that it would be about three hours before he was brought to the courtroom. He hadn't slept much the night before with everything that had happened the day before. He still didn't know what he would do if he was released today. 'Have a good meal to start.' He had been brought breakfast early, before any of the other prisoners by his auror guard. "Well nothing to do but the wait."

A throng of people waited outside the Wizengamot for the doors to open, Mr. Crandall one of them. There were a lot of reporters and other witches and wizards that had come to watch the proceedings today. At exactly ten the doors were opened for the crowd, who noisily filed into the public section of the large oval chamber. Reporters took seats to the front at floor level and started pulling out parchment and quills. The rest filled the stadium seats behind them. The courtroom was divided by the large floor with the single chair in the center. Mr. Crandall took a seat near the front on the end and waited. He could see even the seats in the balcony section above him were almost full to capacity.

Several minutes later the members of the Wizengamot started to enter the chamber from doors on the other side of the room. In the lead was Albus Dumbledore as the Chief Warlock. He was followed closely by Minister Fudge and his staff. The rest of the members took their seats around the far side of the room. Even the balcony section was filling up. To Mr. Crandall it looked like every member of the Wizengamot was in attendance today as it should be.

Madam Bones took her seat to the right of Dumbledore as the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. Minister Fudge took the seat to the left of the Chief Warlock. After everyone was seated Dumbledore stood up, holding his hand up for silence. The room fell silent moments later.

"Minister, members of the Wizengamot, ladies and gentlemen, I would like to welcome you to the fall session of the full Wizengamot. We have on our agenda today several criminal cases that required the full session and three proposals for new laws. Minister Fudge?"

Minister of Magic Fudge stood up. He had a bright smile and a cheerful looking face. He was in a good mood today. "I would also like to welcome the members of the Wizengamot, ladies and gentlemen of the public, and representatives of the press. We will see justice done today by this noble court and laws passed to better our society. It is my hope that what we do here today is remembered for years to come." Several reporters rushed forward to take Fudge's picture. The Minister sat back down with a wide grin on his face. The information that Madam Umbridge provided to him two days ago was going guaranty to get his new laws passed.

"Madam Bones will you please present your first case." asked Albus.

"Thank you Chief Warlock Dumbledore. The first case I would like to present..." Madam Bones presented five cases to the Wizengamot, all murder cases, and all found guilty with life sentences in Azkaban. That was all that was on the agenda for the criminal cases, Albus was just starting to stand up when Madam Bones held her hand up stopping him. He looked at Amelia questioningly. Minister Fudge looked irritated.

Amelia was about to drop a Wiz Bang on Wizengamot. She looked to Mr. Crandall, who stood up and waited. "Members of the Wizengamot please forgive me, but I have two more late cases that could not wait for the next full session this winter. I beg the Wizengamot's pardon for this last minute addition." She looked to Albus.

"This is not unusual Madam Bones, not the first time it has happened, please continue." Spoke Dumbledore to the courtroom.

"Thank you Chief Warlock Dumbledore. The first case is a major case that comes with a heavy fine and dismissal of both position in the ministry of magic and their seat on the Wizengamot." Minister Fudge jumped to his feet.

"WHAT is this, anything within the ministry should have been brought to MY attention for disposition before being brought to the full season." Amelia cut him off. Fudge's face was turning red. Several reporters took that moment to snap a few pictures.

"The reason this was not brought before the minister is that it involves someone within his office." Amelia made sure that everyone could hear her reply. The flashes of the reporters camera almost blinding her.

"WHAT! NO ONE IN MY OFFICE IS UP ON CHARGES!" yelled Fudge. Albus stood up between the two holding his hand up to the minister.

"Minister Fudge, calm your self, please. Madam Bones is within the law in this regard if the person or persons work within your office. Please precede Madam Bones." Minister Fudge sat back down with a huff. Dumbledore calmly took his seat again.

"Thank you Chief Warlock Dumbledore. Two days ago while in a private meeting within my very own office as Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. It was brought to my attention that two listening charms had been placed within my office. I was not aware of their existence until the start of this meeting. I do regularly have my office checked. The charms were not there during the last sweep only three days prior." Delores Umbridge was looking exceedingly nervous in her seat, she didn't notice the two Aurors that moved to sit behind her. Amelia continued.

"As per the ministry law of 1078, it is illegal to place listening charms or other surveillance charms or devices within any department head's office by any ministry employee or the offices of the minister without written consent from the minister and three other department heads and the reason for the monitoring must be clearly defined within. The crime is punishable by a fine of ten thousand galleons, dismissal of position within the ministry and forfeit of seat on the Wizengamot if said person has one. Also as per the same law if the person charged is found guilty, they are required to go under truth serum questioning to determine who if anyone was also involved and who received any information gleaned from said charms." Albus interrupted Amelia.

"Madam Bones, the Wizengamot is aware of the old law, though it has not been used in a very long time, please proceed." Dumbledore knew that no good was going to come of this but there was no way to stop it now. The minister, back in 1078 when the law was created was even more paranoid than Fudge and had used the law to clean the ministry of his rivals and surprisingly the widespread corruption of the time. So unfortunate that it didn't stay that way.

"Of course, Chief Warlock Dumbledore, after discovering the charms, I silenced them and continued my meeting. After my meeting concluded I removed the charms in a way that made them look like they had malfunctioned. Before leaving my office I set my own surveillance charms up in the office. This recording is the result of that charm and was recorded not five minutes after I left." Amelia held up a recording crystal.

From the ceiling in the center of the room a large frame descended. It looked like a portrait frame but much, much larger and without the canvas. After it finished descending it filled with a thick mist. The recording started, showing Madam Bones exiting her office. It

continued to play for a minute or two with nothing happening. "Well Madam Bones I see nothing here." insisted Minister Fudge. Just then the recording showed the door to the office opening again. Delores Umbridge entered the office, pulled her wand and clearly incarnated the listening charms. The recording then showed her reading a parchment that was on top of Madam Bones's desk. The assembled Wizengamot went into an uproar. Reporters started screaming questions at Minister Fudge, did he order the charms, and did he know about them. Amelia had dropped the first Wiz Bang.

"THIS IS AN OUTRAGE, I have not been in Madam Bones's office without her present there." yelled Umbridge as she jumped up from her seat in the Wizengamot. "This must be a fabrication to undermine the Minister and his administration. I will NOT have it." Fudge tried to sink into his chair as far as he could to not draw attention to himself.

"QUIET!" yelled Dumbledore after casting the sonorus charm on himself, so he could be heard over all the chaos. "I WILL HAVE quiet please. Madam Umbridge you have been accused of illegal use of listening charms on a Department head of the Ministry of magic. Do you have the required paperwork signed by the minister and three department heads?"

"I do not, Chief Warlock, this is a clear fabrication, as I have stated, I have not been in her" Umbridge pointed to Amelia. "office without her presence." Umbridge replied with such smile on her face that it alarming to look at.

"Then how do you plead to the charges?" asked Dumbledore.

"Not guilty, Chief Warlock." Umbridge stated in a sickly sweat voice.

"Madam Umbridge, please take a seat in the center of the courtroom." ordered Dumbledore.

"I will not, I am not guilty, this is a fabrication." Dumbledore just stared at Umbridge for a moment. "Aurors please escort the accused to the stand." Two aurors stood up from behind Madam Umbridge. No one had noticed them sitting there. Each took an arm to escort Umbridge to the witness stand in the center of the floor. Delores gave a pull getting her arms free and walked with as much dignity as

she could to the chair, sitting down. One of the auror removed her wand from her.

"Madam Bones is there any other evidence you wish to offer." Dumbledore addressed her.

"Yes Chief Warlock Dumbledore, I offer this." After pulling her wand out and holding it up. "I Madam Amelia Bones swear on my magic that the recording presented be true and has not been tampered with in any way." A bright white light surrounded Amelia for a moment. She then lit the tip of her wand to prove that she still had her magic. The entire Wizengamot then broke into chaos again, most demanding a guilty verdict. Again Albus had to get the room under control. After everyone quieted down and took their seats he called for a decision. It took almost no time to get the results, Guilty.

"Delores Umbridge you have been found guilty of the illegal use of listening charms on a Department head of the Ministry of Magic." Albus stopped at this point it was his job to pass sentence. He looked around the room for a moment, meeting the eyes of several members. "I hereby sentence you to a fine of ten thousand galleons, you are stripped of your seat in the Wizengamot and your job in the ministry is terminated. Will you willingly submit to questioning under veritaserum?"

"I...I will not" replied Umbridge, she knew she was defeated. The auror next to her pulled a small vial of clear liquid from his robe pocket and looked to Dumbledore for instructions. Albus looked about the courtroom again, his eyes coming to rest on Minister Fudge, who was just sitting in his seat with a blank look on his face. Albus then nodded to the auror. The Auror had to stun Umbridge to get the three drops of truth serum into her mouth. She was then woken up with Ennervate a moment later. After waking up, Umbridge got the tell tale sign that she was under the effect of the veritaserum, her eyes had a far away glossy look to them. Albus took up the questioning.

"Delores Umbridge, did anyone else know about the listening charms you placed in Madam Bones's office?"

"Yes" replied Umbridge in a monotone voice. She didn't have to elaborate on the answer.

"Who else knew about the charms?" Dumbledore rephrased the question

"Frez Kealler" She was not going to give any information unless it was specifically asked for. Madam Bones knew that name; it was one of the Aurors in charge of charm detection in the ministry. She motioned to a waiting auror by the door and he slipped out.

"Did you have listening or surveillance charms in any other offices and which offices?"

"Yes, I had charms placed in all of the department heads offices." Umbridge continue to list off more offices of lesser officials in the ministry. This caused more chaos, as those department heads demanded that she be punished for each offense. After getting control back Dumbledore continued the questioning. It turned out the only person she was passing information to was Minister Fudge but he was not aware of how Umbridge was getting the information. After the questioning was finished, Umbridge was given the antidote then escorted out of the courtroom and the ministry by the two auror. She gave one last look at Amelia Bones and Mr. Crandall as she was escorted out; she knew he had something to do with this. Delores wanted to get her revenge.

Fudge sat through the questioning, he didn't want to draw attention to himself. He had suspected how Umbridge got her information but never knew for sure. He figured it would be best to just fade into the background today else he be the next person escorted out.

"You have another case to be brought Madam Bones?" asked Dumbledore.

Sirius was escorted from his cell, the auror told him to put the hood up on his cloak so that they could get to the waiting room below the Wizengamot without trouble. Sirius did as he was told. "Mr. Black" the auror whispered to him. "Do not try anything; I have been given permission to use Avada Kadavra if you do." Sirius nodded.

"Yes Chief Warlock Dumbledore, the next case involves the incarceration of an innocent man to Azkaban. Evidence has been brought to my attention that will exonerate the individual. Bring forth the accused." As the witness chair in the center of the room lowered into the floor, the members of the Wizengamot were getting

distressed again. Innocent people were not sent to Azkaban and if this turned out to be true the entire justice system in the wizarding world would be turned upside down.

As the Wizengamot waited for the appearance of whoever it was, the large portrait frame lowered into view again and filled with mist.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Wizengamot" started Amelia. "Two days ago, I was presented with evidence that an innocent man had been sent to Azkaban, I was at first like you suspicious. Mr. Crandall if you please come forward!" Mr. Crandall who had been waiting stepped to the center of the courtroom next to where the chair would rise out of the floor.

"Members of the Noble Wizengamot, I am Scott Crandall, solicitor employed by Gringotts Bank. This past Monday, a client of Gringotts, while in a meeting with Ragnok, Chief of the Bank, presented evidence in the form of a memory. I was the one who extracted and verified that this memory was true and not tampered with. I am willing to swear an unbreakable oath to this. In course I took on this individual as my client. I would present the evidence now." Within the mist the events of a little over ten years ago played out.

James and Lily Potter who was holding infant Harry, Peter Pettigrew and Sirius Black sat speaking. "I know Wormtail doesn't have the strongest of minds, sorry Peter. I would be the obvious choice but make Peter the Secret Keeper. No one would ever suspect it was him." said Sirius.

"Ok Padfoot, we need to tell Dumbledore that we made the switch first thing." Replied James then looked over at Peter. "You ok with this Peter, it's a big responsibility?"

"Ya James it's no problem." Peter had an impish smile on his face.

When the memory finished playing the chaos that ensued was deafening. Minister Fudge was on his feet, yelling at Dumbledore. The rest of the Wizengamot was in chaos. It was common knowledge that Sirius Black was the secret keeper; some member shouted "Why did this not come out in his trial?" That was just the question that Amelia and Mr. Crandall had been waiting for. Amelia cast the sonorous charm on her throat so all could hear the answer.

"The reason this information never came out in trial Mr. Crabtree, is that Sirius Black was never given a trial!" Amelia sat back down and watched as the second and much larger Wiz Bang was dropped on the Wizengamot. On the outside she was her normal controlled self, on the inside she was laughing at the chaos.

"SIRIUS BLACK IS IN AZKABAN AND THAT IS WHERE HE IS GOING TO STAY!" yelled Minister Fudge. "HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN GIVEN THE DEMENTOR KISS AND THAT IS JUST WHAT I WILL ORDER!"

Just as Minister Fudge made that announcement the chair in the center of the courtroom ascended back up, sitting in the chair with his arms, legs, and chest bound by chains was none other than Sirius Black. "Is all this fussing over little old me" stated Sirius with a straight face. Mr. Crandall gave a small chuckle as the rest of the Wizengamot and the spectators dropped to utter silence. Again Fudge spoke out.

"What... what is he doing here... b... br... bring a dementor a... at once." Getting his voice back under control Fudge continued. "By order of the Minister of Magic, I order he receive the kiss." Amelia interrupted him.

"Minister Fudge you have ordered the execution of a man without a proper trial. If you insist on that order being carried out I will have to place you under arrest for murder. Do you still wish that order be carried out?" Minister Fudge looked at Madam Bones his mouth moving but nothing coming out. Several reporters were taking his picture at that moment. It was Dumbledore that saved the Minister. Though he didn't think Fudge would remain Minister after such stupidity.

"Minister Fudge, As Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot, I hereby issue, a stay of execution until Sirius Black's guilt or innocence can be proven. Please... take... your... seat." Fudge dropped down into his seat for the second time today with a huff. If he had only kept his mouth shut. "Please continue Madam Bones." ordered Dumbledore with a twinkle in his eye.

"Thank you, Chief Warlock." The rest of the Wizengamot was on the edge of its seat. Only a small few of its members were frightened of this turn of events. Though in the case of Lord Lucius Malfoy, you

could not tell by looking at him. "Mr. Crandall, has your client consented to questioning under veritaserum?"

"He has Madam Bones." replied Mr. Crandall. Mr. Crandall had spoken quickly and quietly with Sirius during the chaos. Madam Bones motioned to the auror on the court floor to proceed. Sirius willingly took the three drops of clear liquid onto his tongue and swallowed. Several moments later his face took on the signs of being under the effects of the truth serum.

"State your name for the record." Madam Bones ordered. This was the moment of truth. If this had been a scam of some kind to get Sirius Black out of Azkaban so he could be broken out of the ministry, it was her career that was over.

"Sirius Orion Black"

"Are you the Potter's secret keeper?" asked Amelia

"No, I switched with Peter Pettigrew at the last minute. I would have been the obvious choice, so we decided that I would be the decoy. James was to inform Albus Dumbledore." Sirius replied in a monotone voice. He was not going to fight the truth serum, so gave a full answer

"I was never informed Madam Bones and I am willing to swear an oath to that effect." stated Dumbledore so that everyone in the room could hear him. Madam Bones nodded to Dumbledore and continued the questioning. She wasn't after the Chief Warlock.

"Sirius Black, did you kill Peter Pettigrew and twelve muggles at eleven thirty two PM on the thirty first of October, 1981?"

"No, I confronted Peter on the street, but he took me by surprise. He cut off one of his own fingers, and then blasted the street with Avada Kadavra; he then turned into a rat and fled down a sewer pipe. He is an unregistered animagus."

"Sirius Black do you support He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named?"

"No" Amelia got a burst of inspiration with the next question. There was no doubt that in her mind now that he was innocent and would be set free.

"Do you know the names of any death eaters?" Fudge jumped to his feet again but was stopped from saying anything by Dumbledore. Before Dumbledore could overrule the question, since Sirius was now established as not being a death eater, how would he know who was a death eater.

"Yes, I was in a cell next to my cousin Bella. I have had to listen to her rant about all the death eaters that claimed to be under the imperious curse to get free, instead of proclaiming their allegiance and loyalty to the Dark Lord like she did."

"What are the names you heard?" Amelia quickly asked, she knew she was on thin ice right now with these questions.

"Peter Pettigrew, Igor Karkaroff, Severus Snape, Fenrir Grayback, Lucius Malfoy," When Sirius started naming people Lucius had already, quietly made his way out of the courtroom and was in the ministry atrium. Sirius named a few other people before stopping.

Cornelius Fudge hearing Malfoy's name knew he was done for; Malfoy was one of his biggest supporters and council. He looked to where he had seen him earlier but Malfoy was no longer in his seat, which only confirmed the truth.

"Mr. Black, who was in the room when it was decided to switch secret keepers?" this was asked not by Madam Bones but by Dumbledore. Amelia had agreed not to ask the question during her meeting with Mr. Crandall.

Sirius replied. "James and Lily Potter, Peter Pettigrew, myself, and Harry Potter, he was sitting in his mothers lap."

"Who do you think provided the memory we just witnessed?" ask Dumbledore.

"I did not see the memory, I was not yet in the courtroom, so could not tell you." replied Sirius. Madam bones jumped back in before Dumbledore could ask another question.

Madam bones asked a few more questions, and then rested her case. Mr. Crandall was happy that he didn't have to pull Harry out of

hiding; the fact was that he did not have to do much at all. Amelia had taken care of it all.

Within minutes of Madam Bones concluding her case, the Wizengamot was ready to render a verdict. Dumbledore stood up and waited for the room to quiet. "In this case the Wizengamot finds Sirius Black not guilty on all charges and it is with our deepest apologies that we also award Sirius Black one hundred thousand galleons for his unlawful time spent in Azkaban."

The chains fell away from Sirius but he remained sitting in the witness chair. It took a moment but then Sirius finally broke. The two good meals, one night of troubled sleep, and a wash basin could not take away the ten years he spent in Azkaban. The tears started to fall down his face and his body started to shake with uncontrolled subs. It took Mr. Crandall and the Auror that had been guarding him to help Sirius to his feet, then to the back of the chamber where Sirius finally collapsed unconscious.

After all was said and done. Dumbledore was able to get the Wizengamot back on the agenda. The new laws purposed by Fudge got soundly shot down. In a last ditch effort to save his job, Fudge ordered the immediate arrest of everyone that Sirius Black had named. That was until Mr. Crabtree stood up just before Dumbledore could close the meeting.

"Chief Warlock," Called out Crabtree. "I call for a vote of no confidence in Minister Fudge. It is apparent to all here that he is unstable and not fit to lead our community." Fudge sank deeper into his seat. He had almost made it, if only Dumbledore had been a little quicker closing the session. "I call for an interim Minister be appointed until a vote can be called next week, allowing time for discussion and cooler heads."

The proposal was quickly seconded and passed. Many voices were heard for Dumbledore to take up as interim Minister, but he turned it down. To the surprise of Fudge, who always thought Dumbledore was after his job. In the end it was Mr. Crabtree, who was appointed. He accepted under the provision that he would not be forced to run for Minister if the vote was successful. It was still a year or more before a general vote for minister could be held after Fudge got the boot. Dumbledore closed the meeting of the Wizengamot, quickly leaving the chamber to try and intercept Sirius.

Amelia Bones just sat in the courtroom long after it was empty; she had a lot of work ahead of her. She already had a few proposals she wanted to get into law, like forced veritaserum questioning for all accused. She also sat contemplating if she should run for minister. She was also looking forward to the Daily Prophet tomorrow morning.

Minister Fudge went back to his office with his head down. Reporters were yelling questions at him the entire way. When he got back he found Mr. Crabtree already sitting behind his desk. 'HIS DESK' then the reality set in, he was done. He entered the office under careful watch and removed his personal items.

Since the public doors were locked during the Wizengamot session Sirius and Mr. Crandall had to wait. Sirius regained consciousness after the Auror gave him a restorative potion. Mr. Crandall didn't say anything to Sirius as they waited other than to ask for Sirius to accompany him after it was all over. Sirius had nodded his head. Mr. Crandall didn't want to say anything about Harry with so many ears around. It had not surprised Mr. Crandall that Minister Fudge had been removed from his office. He had kind of expected it after Umbridge got tossed. Sirius's case alone would not have done it if Fudge had been smart and taken the credit for seeing justice done. He was after all not the person that had tossed Sirius in Azkaban in the first place that had been Barty Crouch. Crouch had stayed quiet during the proceedings. Mr. Crandall as he was walking toward the atrium with Sirius had reminded the reports of that fact.

Dumbledore managed to intercept Mr. Crandall and Sirius in the atrium. He had a lot of questions and regrets. He first wanted to apologize to Sirius for not believing in him.

"Sirius" Dumbledore called out. Sirius turned and waited for the headmaster. "Sirius, I... I want to apologize for not believing in you. I should have known that you would never betray James. I... I am sorry" Sirius looked Albus in the face, just staring at him for a moment.

"Headmaster, I need time to think. I accept the apology but please give me some time. I would like a nice bath and hot food right now." Sirius turned away from Dumbledore and started to walk away.

"Sirius... Sirius out of the people in the room that night you switched secret keepers, do you have any idea who could have provided a memory of the event." Dumbledore's voice rising as he tried to keep up with Sirius and Mr. Crandall. Sirius stopped again and turned around a thoughtful look on his face. Several reporters gathered around to hear the answer.

"Headmaster... James and Lily are dead along with my godson, only Peter or I could have provided a memory of that night. I did not provide it and I don't think Peter would want to. So no I don't know." Dumbledore got a thoughtful look on his face then replied in a sincere and regretful whisper of a voice.

"Sirius, Harry did not die that night. He is safe."

"WHAT! Where is my godson, Albus? Where is he?" Sirius was agitated and elated. Harry was alive. He had to see him. A camera flashed in his face but he didn't even notice it.

"Harry has been safe Sirius, maybe we should talk about this at Hogwarts. If you could come with me..." Before Dumbledore could finish Mr. Crandall who had been listening stepped up.

"Headmaster Dumbledore, there are a few legal items that must be taken care of by Mr. Black, I need to speak with him for a moment in private?" before either man could reply Mr. Crandall guided Sirius away from Dumbledore.

When they were several meters away Mr. Crandall leaned very close to Sirius and in a whisper. "If you come with me, you will see Harry in a few minutes. If you go with Albus, it will be difficult. He doesn't know where Harry is right now." Sirius was confused to say the least. But this Mr. Crandall had just helped to get him freed when the Headmaster never tried. Sirius nodded his head. Mr. Crandall turned back to Dumbledore.

"Headmaster Dumbledore, Sirius will see you as soon as the legal issues are resolved at Gringotts and he has had time to get cleaned up, fed, and had good nights sleep. When would be a good time for him to come?"

"Mr. Crandall is it, yes I remember you, Ravenclaw class of 41'; I will be available in two days at Hogwarts. Since Sirius will not be

available I will be on a short trip. Two days Sirius." now addressing Sirius directly and sternly. "We have things to discuss." Sirius again just nodded his head. Dumbledore watched as Sirius was guided not to the exit to Diagon Alley, like he was going to Gringotts, but to the ministry apparition point. Just as Sirius placed a hand on Mr. Crandalls arm, Dumbledore realized something was up. He was too late to stop them from leaving as they both disappeared away with a loud 'POP'. Reporters were hounding him with questions at this point, so he quickly made his way to the floo and returned to Hogwarts.

Harry was about half way through the second journal when Tula brought him lunch. Anton Potter had had a peaceful life. There had been no dark wizards to fight. He had been a potions master, having created several original potions, although he never released them to the public. Anton had only one son Harold. Harry put the journal back on the shelf before sitting back down to lunch. Reading always settled Harry's emotions so he was able to eat all of his lunch.

After Lunch Harry talked with his granddad about how the wards worked. They didn't get very far when Biggly popped in to the room. "Harry, Mr. Crandall and Sirius Black are in the..." Before Biggly could finish his announcement Harry was out the door at a full run. Harry ran into the main room, he had only been wearing socks all morning, having taken his shoes off to relax while reading. So when he got to the foyer door which was open he skidded past it on the polished marble floor, landing on his butt. "ooommfff" As he sat back up he could hear laughter coming from behind him.

"A little excited there Har... Harry." Mr. Crandall laughed. Mr. Crandall walked over to him and helped him to stand up. When Harry got to his feet he looked behind Mr. Crandall and could see a man with long dark hair. His deep gray eyes were surrounded with dark sunken circles. Even in the brown robe he was wearing, the man looked too thin. But Harry could see repressed laughter; the corners of his mouth were twitching.

Mr. Crandall got his laughter under control. "Harry let me introduce you to..." Harry ran around Mr. Crandall and jumped at Sirius with a wide smile on his face.

"SIRIUS, PADFOOT." All the good memories about Sirius, from when Harry was a baby, flew to the front of Harry's mind. Harry ran

right into Sirius's arms and wrapping his own around him. He couldn't hold back the tears as he held onto Sirius.

Sirius held onto Harry, the spitting image of his friend James. When he had arrived at Potter Manor, he was at first stunned. He had been here a lot after leaving home. The Potter's had taken him in after his second year in Hogwarts, living with them every summer and on the holidays. Just as he was remembering all the fond times a blur skidded past the foyer door and he heard an "oommff" of someone falling on their back side. Mr. Crandall, who had side-alone apperated him here, ran out the door and started laughing at whatever the blur had been. Sirius followed him out the door and could see him helping someone off the floor. "A little excited there Har... Harry." Mr. Crandall was still laughing. When he realized what the Blur had been he wanted to laugh too, but didn't want Harry's first impression of him to be that of someone laughing at him. So with great difficulty he held it in. That was when Harry looked at him from around Mr. Crandall and yelled not only his name but his nickname just before launching himself at him.

That was when the tears started for Sirius, his own emotions overwhelming him. "Harrrry..." then the world went dark.

Harry was holding on to Sirius like his life depended on it. "Harry..." Sirius spoke and then collapsed. Mr. Crandall and Harry just managed to keep Sirius from falling hard to the floor. "SIRIUS... what's going on Mr. Crandall is Sirius ok" Now the tears in Harry's eye came from worry not happiness. Harry tried to shake Sirius awake but he only moaned.

"Harry, Sirius has had a very hard day, plus he was just brought from Azkaban last night. Two good meals and a night's sleep will not undue ten years in that place, he needs rest." replied Mr. Crandall with worry in his voice. "We should have a healer look at him. Is there someplace we can put him, I have a healer friend at St. Mungo's that I can have come out."

"Biggly!" cried Harry. With a soft pop the elf was standing next to him. "Yes Lord Potter. Biggly has already a room prepared, please follow me."

"Thank you Biggly. How did you know?" Harry's voice carried all the worry he was feeling.

"It is Biggily job to know Lord Potter." the house elf said. Mr. Crandall started to pull his wand out of his pocket, but before he could Harry flicked his hand and Sirius started to float up in the air. After placing Sirius into bed in one of the family suites, Mr. Crandall returned down stairs. "Harry I am going to go call my friend. She will need to be added to the access list, her name is Lynn Stuart. I will be back in a few minutes."

"Tula" called out Harry. A moment later Tula appeared next to Harry. "Please bring me the manor access book." asked Harry. Tula disappeared and a moment later reappeared with the book. She had also brought ink and quill with her. Harry added Lynn Stuart to the list then turned back to watching over Sirius. Harry sat in a chair next to the bed his face full of worry. Sirius was moaning and mumbling. Harry was almost in a panic, he didn't want to lose his godfather just after getting him back. Harry took his godfather's hand in his and waited for Mr. Crandall to return with tears rolling down his face.

Several Minutes later or maybe longer Harry didn't know, Mr. Crandall returned with a young lady following him. Harry was barely aware that they had entered the room. The young lady hurried to the bed, pulling her wand out. She started whispering incantations and waving her wand over Sirius. After a few minutes she stopped and looked at Harry. He didn't look to well either so she waved her wand over him as well. Harry was fine just emotionally drained.

"Scott" She addressed Mr. Crandall. "Mr. Black is mentally, emotionally and physically drained. He is not in any danger at the moment but he is under nourished, suffering from the after affects of the Dementors, and needs to rest for a few days." She then walked around the bed and knelt next to Harry.

"Hello, young man. My name is Lynn, you must be Mr. Potter." Harry finally acknowledged seeing the two people in the room. Harry looked at the lady next to him. She was young maybe in her late twenties, with dark almost black hair that was up in a neat bun on the top of her head. She had deep blue eyes that were full of caring and concern. She was about average weight and Harry couldn't tell how tall she was. "Harry, Mr. Black will be just fine. He needs rest, some restorative and nutrition potions. I would like to give him a potion to make him sleep better also but I have to go get the other

potions first. Do you understand?" Harry nodded his head and turned back to looking at Sirius. Miss Stuart stood back up and started walking toward the door.

"Miss Stuart." Harry called out in a subdued voice. She turned back around. "There is a full potions lab in the research wing and there are hundreds of finished potions in a storage closet there. I don't know what they all are, I didn't really look but maybe you can find what Sirius needs there. Tula." Tula popped in. "show Miss Stuart the potions lab please." Tula nodded her head and walked out the door.

"Okay Harry I'll have a look." Replied Lynn as she followed the elf out. Mr. Crandall pulled up a chair next to Harry and put his hand on his shoulder.

"It will be okay Harry. Sirius will be fine in a few days. Like Lynn said he just needs a few days rest." Mr. Crandall waited with Harry until Miss Stuart returned.

Lynn Stuart followed the elf through the amazing manor. Everywhere she looked there was some sight to behold. On the way in she had not paid a lot of attention she had a patient waiting but now she looked. They walked down a long, wide hallway that had many portraits hanging on the walls. She had never been in an ancient wizarding's family home before being a half blood, her mother being a muggle. As they walked down the hall one off the portraits stopped her. "Who are you Miss?" the portrait asked.

"Lynn Stuart, St. Mungo's healer, I was called to attend Mr. Black. He is in need of some potions and Mr. Potter directed me to the potions lab storage." replied Lynn.

"Very well Miss Stuart, I shall meet you there." The figure in the portrait exited the frame. When Lynn entered the potions lab she thought that she had found heaven. She was close to getting her potion mastery and this lab was the best she had ever seen, even at St. Mungo's. The elf Tula directed her to a door inside the lab. In the portrait on the far wall was the same person who had questioned her in the hall. He was keeping an eye on her. She reached the door and opened it. Lynn had been expecting a potions cabinet or small closet with shelves, not a three meter by five meter deep room full of shelves, all stocked with finished potions. "All the potions are

labeled young lady" called out the portrait "and each shelf is labeled for what's on its shelves."

Lynn entered the room and started looking for what she needed. As she entered the room she could feel the powerful preservation charms all over. The way the room was set up she quickly found what she needed. The labels on the potions had the potion name and a number. When she left the room she asked the portrait what the number meant.

"That young lady is how many days the potion is good for outside of that room. Inside that room they will never go bad." The portrait gave as an explanation. With potions in hand Lynn followed the elf back to Sirius. The elf never said a word.

An hour later Harry, along with Mr. Crandall and Lynn Stuart, left Sirius to sleep with Rasa looking after him. Harry escorted them both to the master study. "Would you both join me for dinner?" Harry asked, he was still worried about Sirius but after being given the potions by Miss Stuart he had fallen into a sound sleep. Both accepted. After they were in the study Harry walked behind his desk to bring his granddad up to date. Lynn had given Harry a calming draught she called it and he was feeling much better. While he was talking to his granddad, Mr. Crandall and Lynn looked around the study then sat in the lounge. "Scott this house is amazing, have you ever seen anything like it?" asked Lynn.

"Yes a few times but nothing this big. Lynn listen you cannot tell anyone about what you have seen here. You can't tell anyone you have seen Harry Potter. Harry's in hiding and it needs to stay that way until next year. I'm glad I caught you while you were off duty; St. Mungo's won't have any record of this visit."

In a whisper Lynn replied. "Dad you told me you had a new client, but Harry Potter, this is big. What's going on?" just at that moment Harry walked over to them.

"That is a long story Miss Stuart." Looking at Mr. Crandall Harry asked. "This is your daughter? I guess I never asked about your family did I."

"Yes, Harry I would like you to meet Lynn Stuart, my daughter. She took her mother's maiden name. I get the bad client once in a while

and it was to protect her." Harry nodded his head in understanding. The three talked until dinner was announced by Tula. During dinner in the family dinning room Lynn talked about herself a little. She was a fully qualified healer and a year away from getting her potion mastery. She had not attended Hogwarts instead going to a school in the colonies, The Salem Institute. Harry listened to everything and made few comments. His mind was still on Sirius sleeping upstairs. He did have a few questions about how potions were brewed, just to get a basic understanding. Lynn was all too happy to answer his questions. She did warn him not to try to brew anything without supervision because some potions had a tendency to blow up.

"Maybe I could hire you to come teach me potions a few time a week." Harry asked Lynn.

"I don't know Harry, I have a full schedule working for St. Mungo's and doing research for an original potion so I can get my mastery since having finished my apprenticeship. The offer is tempting though, I would love to work in a world class potions lab like you have here."

"One of the things my granddad told me a couple days ago was to find people I could trust to teach me. If you are willing I'll pay you what you make at St. Mungo's and you can have one of the guest suites here, plus unlimited use of the lab." Harry was looking forward to spending time with his godfather but he still had the need to learn. He was also feeling lonely in the big Manor.

"Tell you what Harry, let me think it over and talk with my father about it. I want to come by tomorrow to check on Mr. Black anyway so I will let you know by then okay?" Harry agreed and talk turned to the family tree ritual that still needed to be done. Lynn excused herself to go check on Sirius and then said her goodbyes; she had a shift at St. Mungo's in a few hours and wanted to get some sleep.

Mr. Crandall and Harry returned to the study to do the ritual. Mr. Crandall pulled a small potion vial from his robes and then from his bag he pulled out a large roll of parchment. The parchment was at least a meter wide. "All right Harry you are going to have to drink this potion. Then we wait for five minutes. The potion is going to make you feel a little sick while it mixes with your blood, please fight that feeling. After the five minutes we need to make a small cut in your finger and the potion that has mixed with your blood will come out of

the cut. You will have to hold your finger on the bottom edge of the parchment until it is finished."

Mr. Crandall continued. "This parchment is heavily enchanted, the potion will react with it and the family tree will be written out. It will also show other information about each person on the tree, like special abilities, power levels, and other vital information. You will see what I mean after we are done." Mr. Crandall handed the potion vial to Harry after answering some questions that Harry had.

"Okay Mr. Crandall, thank you for everything you have done for me so far." Harry tipped the vial back into his mouth and swallowed it all in one go. Almost as soon as Harry put the vial down the feeling of wanting to be sick started. There was also a small amount of pain. He could feel his blood coursing through his body and it burned a little. Mr. Crandall told him that was normal, that some people had that kind of reaction and there was nothing to be afraid of. To Harry the five minutes seemed like an hour. When time was up he was surprised. Mr. Crandall unrolled a few inches of the parchment roll then pulled out a small knife, not unlike the one Griphook had had at Gringotts three days ago. Harry held out his hand and Mr. Crandall made a small cut in his index finger. Harry then put his finger on the parchment. It surprised Harry that his finger didn't start to bleed until he pressed it to the parchment.

"How will we know when it is finished?" asked Harry as he held his finger against the parchment. "You'll know when it's done Harry." Mr. Crandall smiled at him. It was another couple minutes when Harry pulled his finger away quickly; it had felt like he put his finger in an electric outlet, he had done that once at the Dursleys just like most kids do.

"I guess that means it's done uh?" Harry gave Mr. Crandall a dirty look for not warning him.

Mr. Crandall chuckled a little. "Yes Harry that means it is done. Sorry I didn't tell you, it's always fun to see how people react to that." He was still chuckling. Mr. Crandall then started to unroll the parchment. Harry could see his name at the bottom written in blue, then His parent's names also written in blue. Mr. Crandall started to explain.

"Okay, magical people will be in blue, squibs in red, and muggles in black." He continued to unroll the parchment; it looked to Harry like the parchment roll would never end.

Chapter 8

Aftermath and Vaults

The next morning Tula awoke Harry from his dreams. He had been dreaming of both his parents living there with him in the manor. He was dreaming of his father flying him around on a broom and his mum reading to him while he sat in her lap. Harry remembered all his dreams and his nightmares. When he was a baby his dreams were of the love he received from his parents, uncle Sirius and uncle Remus. After his parents death his nightmares, the Dursleys and the night his parents were killed took over. Since locking away those memories and nightmares in his minds library, the good dreams had returned. Harry had had another revelation dropped on him last night. Before going to bed he sorted it in with his other memories. He still had not fully come to terms with the information and he was sure that it would be quite a while before he did. His Granddad had been upset by some of what they had found but was also intrigued by it.

Harry sat up in bed. Tula had already laid out some clothes for him. "Harry, Tula is to inform you that Mr. Black is awake and asking for you." Harry didn't even wait. He jumped out of bed and ran still in his night clothes to the suite where Sirius was staying. He stopped outside the bedroom door and knocked. Rasa opened the door for him. Sitting up in bed was his godfather Sirius Black. He was looking much better this morning. The dark circles under his eyes were almost gone. When Harry entered the room he looked up at Harry and his entire face lit up. Sirius started to get out of bed but Rasa ran back over to the bed and gave him a look that said do it and you will be in trouble.

"Harry will you please tell this, this tyrant to let me get out of bed." Sirius indicated to Rasa.

"Mr.'s Black not to get out of bed, Rasa has orders that you get rested. Rasa will make sure Mr.'s Black gets his rest." Rasa said sternly crossing her arms across her chest, it just didn't sound right coming out of her squeaky voice. Harry started laughing at the defeated and chastised look on Sirius's face. Harry while still laughing ran to the bed jump up on it right into Sirius's open arms.

"Sirius I've missed you so much" said Harry in a soft but excited voice. Before Sirius could reply, Harry sat up and started hitting Sirius. "Why did you go and leave me, why did you go after him and get locked up, I needed you that night, why?" Harry had started crying again. Sirius grabbed Harry's arms and pulled him back into a hug. Sirius just held on to Harry as the sobbing rocked his body. Sirius had tears rolling down his face. He didn't know what to say to Harry. That night he was so angry and hurt that, he wasn't thinking when he went after Peter. If only he had stopped to think about his friends and Harry before going after Peter, Harry would have been with him all this time. He still didn't know where Harry had been staying it was possible that Harry had been here the entire time. Where was Dumbledore, surely he was looking after Harry?

After Harry had calmed down a bit, Sirius took a deep breath and tried to answer Harry. "I'm sorry, I...I was so upset that night I wasn't thinking." Sirius pulled Harry tighter into the hug and just held him. "It will never happen again, I will always be here for you from now on." Harry nodded his head against Sirius's chest. The two just held each other for what felt like hours.

They were interrupted some time later by Tula. "It is time for Mr.'s Black to take potions and have breakfast!" Harry let go of Sirius and sat up. "Harry is having breakfast too." Tula held up the first of three potions for Sirius to take. Sirius took the potions making faces at the foul tastes. Harry laughed at him.

"Thank you Tula, we can eat breakfast in here please." Harry spoke to the elf. "Oh yes Harry, Mr.'s Black not getting out of bed for three days. Expects for washing." Tula crossed her arms the same way that Rasa had and stared at Sirius with a stern look on her face. Sirius was actually a little frightened.

"Harry, I don't know where you found the house elves but they're crazy. I tried to come find you this morning, I got as far as the door before I found myself floating back into bed and getting berated by, what was her name Rasa?" Harry started laughing again.

"I'll tell you about it later." replied Harry. "Ok Tula breakfast for two in bed please." asked Harry. Tula snapped her fingers and two trays full of food appeared and floated in to each of their laps. Both Sirius and Harry ate in silence neither knowing how to start. Harry didn't have a lot of questions, the questions he did have were mostly

personal questions about his parents. He was just happy to have Sirius back in his life and wanted to move forward. Sirius on the other hand had a lot of questions. As they both sat eating breakfast in silence it dawned on Sirius that Harry had called him Padfoot. It was Sirius that broke the silence first.

"Harry, how did you know my nickname, who told you, was it the same person that gave the memory of the night we switched secret keepers?" Harry looked up from his breakfast.

"Yes and No," Harry smiled mischievously. Sirius looked at Harry waiting for an explanation. Just as he put a bit of eggs in his mouth, Harry clarified. "I was the person that gave the memory of that night." Sirius sprayed egg all over the bed. "WHAT! How? You were only an infant Harry, it's not possible." Harry was wiping egg of the front of his night shirt, laughing.

"I remember everything, from the moment I was born. I remember my Mum and Da, Remus, Peter the real traitor, you, and the big black dog that would play with me on the floor, paddyfooot." Now that the silence had been broken Harry started telling Sirius about himself and everything that had happened since that night. Harry didn't get as upset telling the story, it was the third time this week and he had cried enough over it. Both had finished their breakfast and Tula had cleared it away. Harry just kept talking, Sirius didn't interrupt him. By the time Harry was finished, Sirius was upset to say the least. He was already planning the world's biggest prank to play on Dumbledore. When Harry got to the part about coming to the Manor and finding all the house elves, except Biggly gone, and what Mr. Crandall, his granddad and he suspected, Sirius was in a right state of anger.

"I AM GOING TO HURT THAT OLD MAN...." Sirius started yelling. He stopped his yelling when he noticed that Harry was backing away from him with some fear in his eyes. "I sorry Harry, I wasn't yelling at you, I was just yelling. Come here, you never have to fear me little prongs." Sirius used the nickname he had come up with for Harry after he had been born. Harry moved back over to Sirius and hugged him.

Some time later Harry was shaken awake. "Harry you need to wake up." He opened his eyes to see his godfather looking down on him. "Don't wanna" replied Harry closing his eyes again. "Well Mr.

Crandall and Miss Stuart are waiting for you down stairs; it would not be nice to keep them waiting." Harry opened his eyes again and groaned. "Ok I'm awake." Harry climbed out of the bed stretching. Sirius just laughed.

"I'll send Lynn up to check YOU out." This time it was Sirius that groaned. "I hate healers." replied Sirius under his breath. Harry walk out of the suite toward his room. He could hear Sirius grumble, Rasa had appeared to give him his potions. Harry asked Tula to let Mr. Crandall know he would be down shortly and to have Miss Stuart brought to Sirius's room. Harry took a quick shower then got dressed in what Tula had laid out for him that morning. He wasn't sure what time it was but figured it was close to noon if Rasa was giving Sirius potions.

Harry walked down stairs to the guest lounge to find Mr. Crandall waiting for him. "Hello Mr. Crandall how was your morning?"

"Good Harry, the wizarding community is still in shock after what happened yesterday. Here I figured you would want to see this." Mr. Crandall handed Harry what looked like a news paper. "Sirius will want to see that as well."

Harry opened the rolled up paper to the front page. At the top was the name of the paper, The Daily Prophet, under that was four headlines all fighting for top billing.

Mysterious Evidence Exonerates Sirius Black

Ministry Espionage Scandal, Under-secretary Implicated

Wizengamot and Ministry Official Named as a Death Eater

Fudge Out, Crabtree New Interim Minister

Mixed into the article were several moving pictures. The first Harry had no idea who the person was, a short balding man that was acting like a bully had just taken away his candy. The second was of Sirius, the chains that tied him to a chair falling away from him. Another was a picture of a room filled with people, all in robes screaming at each other. The last was of a women Harry didn't know standing next to Dumbledore. Harry started to read the article.

In a move usually orchestrated by only the best of Slytherin minds, the Head of the DMLE brought forth evidence implicating the Under-secretary to the Minister of spying on multiple Department Heads within the Ministry. Madame Amelia Bones presented the evidence, through her own office's surveillance charm, of Delores Umbridge entering her office and re-enabling the listening charms previously disabled. The evidence continued to show Madame Umbridge reading an undisclosed document on Madame Bones' desk. Upon Madame Umbridge's arrest, Madame Bones provided even more damaging evidence by swearing a magical oath stating that her surveillance charm was true and accurate. The ruling of the Wizengamot was swift and just. Dolores Umbridge was fined the maximum 10,000 galleon penalty, stripped of her seat on the Wizengamot, and terminated from her position in the Ministry as the Under-secretary to the Minister. Umbridge was then placed into custody and questioned under Veritaserum. The questioning was quick, and revealed that Umbridge had placed listening charms in the offices of all the Department Heads within the Ministry, as well as revealing at least one accomplice, Frenz Kealler, whose whereabouts are unknown at this time.(more on page five) Throughout the entire proceeding, witnesses could see the unease and apprehension of the Minister. Could it be that our own Minister was aware of his Under-secretary's underhanded and illegal activities in order to benefit from them? Only questioning our esteemed Minister under Veritaserum will ease our suspicions and reveal the truth.

Another Wiz Bang (Zonke's trademark firework) was dropped on members of the Wizengamot when Madame Amelia Bones and Gringotts solicitor Scott Crandall presented evidence of the Potter's true secret keeper, in the form a mysterious pensive memory. As the memory played out, it was obvious that the long thought infamous convict and mass murder Sirius Black pleaded his case with his childhood friends that Peter Pettigrew would be a better and less obvious candidate to be their secret keeper. As the memory finished, the Potters stated their agreement, and Pettigrew's agreement to inform Albus Dumbledore. When questioned why this evidence was never presented during Black's trial, Madame Bones stated that no trial had ever taken place. Minister Fudge was then witnessed as becoming enraged, stating that Sirius Black would be staying in Azkaban prison, and should have received the Dementors Kiss. As Black was brought before the Wizengamot, Minister Fudge became flustered and immediately ordered that Black received the

Dementors Kiss. Chief Warlock Dumbledore suspended that order stating that such an order executed on anybody without the benefit of a trial was tantamount to murder, causing Minister Fudge to grudgingly take his seat. Sirius Black was then questioned under the influence of Veritaserum, revealing the truth almost Ten years after that fateful night He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was vanquished. In addition to proving his innocence, Sirius Black also revealed the name of numerous Death Eaters as stated from his neighboring Azkaban inmate and cousin Bellatrix Lestrange. Upon the conclusion of his questioning, Sirius Black was declared innocent and was seen leaving the courtroom with Gringotts solicitor Scott Crandall.

During his questioning under Veritaserum, Sirius Black named multiple people as followers of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Of those named, the most prominent was Lucius Malfoy, a member of the Wizengamot, Ministry Official, and Confidant of the Minister of Magic Cornelius Fudge. Other names include Peter Pettigrew, Drumstrang Headmaster Igor Karkaroff, Potion Master and Hogwarts Professor Severus Snape, and the most notorious werewolf in history Fenrir Greyback. Other minor Ministry and Wizengamot officials were named before the questioning was completed. It is reported that Sirius Black received his information from his cousin and long time Azkaban inmate Bellatrix Lestrange. Recently, an order from the office of the Head of the DMLE authorized moving inmate Lestrange from Azkaban to the Ministry holding cells for follow up questioning. Lucius Malfoy, Severus Snape, and Igor Karkaroff were not available for comment. The DMLE are currently seeking Peter Pettigrew and Fenrir Greyback (see wanted photos on page two) to answer questions regarding their alleged crimes.

Just before the closing of the fall session of the Wizengamot, minor Ministry official and Wizengamot member Newton Crabtree call for a vote of no confidence to be held next week in current Minister of Magic Cornelius Fudge, a move that came as no surprise to the other members in the gallery. With the events that played out throughout this session of the Wizengamot, and the impression the other members had of Fudge's dealings as Minister, a vote of no confidence was quickly scheduled. In the ensuing scramble to appoint an Interim Minister, many prominent names were nominated including Albus Dumbledore, which declined the honor. In the end, Newton Crabtree was nominated and voted in as the New Interim

Minister under the provision that he not be forced or pressured to run for Minister of Magic during the next general election (see the full page biography on Minister Crabtree page eight).

Former Minister Cornelius Fudge was seen collecting his personal possessions from the Ministry, and then being escorted from the premises. He was not available for comment. Speculation is the Department of Magic Law Enforcement may open an investigation to follow up on Fudge's rein as Minister and the events that led to his disgraceful departure.

Albus Dumbledore also had no comment after. Though this reported did witness a strange altercation between our esteemed Chief Warlock and Headmaster of Hogwarts and Sirius Black were the name Harry Potter was mentioned, at the end Albus Dumbledore was heard ordering Sirius Black to meet with him at Hogwarts.

BY Phntm-Phnx (reader challenge winner)

Harry finished reading the article with a frown on his face. "All this because I gave you a memory to get my godfather out of prison, if anyone finds out it was me I'm going to be in big trouble. I'm going to be famous enough as it is."

"Don't worry Harry, your covered. No one can find out, Ragnok, Sirius, and I are the only people that know for sure. Oh, here I figured you would want this back." Mr. Crandall pulled a small vile that contained a silvery liquid from his pocket. "I figured you would want this memory back."

"I still have the memory Mr. Crandall; will I lose my copy if I don't put it back?" Mr. Crandall got a perplexed look on his face.

"What do you mean you still have the memory Harry?"

"I made a copy of it before I gave it to you, was that the wrong thing to do?" replies Harry with a little bit of concern.

"Harry, to my knowledge no one can make copies of memories. When a memory is extracted, the person losses it until they put it back. Are you telling me you can make copies?"

"Ya." Harry looked up at Mr. Crandall awkwardly. .

"Don't worry about it Harry, just because I've never heard of it doesn't mean it's not possible. I'm a good Occlumens, and I know legilimency which is the art of entering someone else's mind. May I take a look at your mind Harry to see how good your occlumency is?"

"I don't know Mr. Crandall; I really don't like the idea of someone in my head. I mean I trust you; you have been more help to me than any adult ever has been since my parents died. Let me think about it?"

"Don't worry Harry, I completely understand; I wouldn't want anyone in my head either, now how about you put this somewhere safe." Mr. Crandall indicated the vile with the memory in it. "And we can move on to something else." Harry took the vile from Mr. Crandall and put it in his pocket. The conversation switched to plans for visiting the four other vaults later that day. Mr. Crandall informed Harry that he would have to go alone and that Griphook would help him if he needed it. Mr. Crandall was going out of town for a few days to finish up other matters and would contact him when he gets back.

"Oh, Harry before I forget, the Gringotts ward breaker we send back out, confirmed that the elf ward was placed on the house. He was not able to get the spell signature of the caster though. So we don't have any proof it was Dumbledore."

Mr. Crandall got up to leave just as Miss Stuart came into the room. "Hello Miss Stuart, how is Sirius doing?"

"He will be fine by tomorrow Harry, he will still need rest for a week or two, no magic, but he can get out of bed starting tomorrow." Miss Stuart informed Harry.

"Thank you for looking after him. Have you given any thought to my offer?" inquired Harry. Lynn sat down in one of the offered chairs. She had a neutral look on her face.

"Yes Harry I have, I just can't give up my position at St. Mungo's right now. Being a healer is what I've always wanted to be. So I can not accept your great offer. You can still call on me if you need a healer." Harry looked down at his shoes and quietly thanked Miss Stuart.

"Thank you Miss. Stuart for thinking about it, I understand. I just know I need help, this is a new world to me." Lynn stood up, walked over to Harry and gave him a small hug.

"Don't worry Harry; Sirius will take good care of you. I have to get back, my shift starts in an hour. Remember if you need anything just call." Harry walked Miss. Stuart to the floo and she disappeared into the green flames.

Harry returned up stairs to let Sirius know that he was going to Gringotts but when he entered the bed room Sirius was asleep. Harry left the Daily Prophet news paper on the stand next to Sirius's bed and wrote a quick note that he would be back later. Harry returned down stairs to let his granddad know he was going to Gringotts and then activated his portkey to the family vault.

Harry appeared in the family vault, landing on his butt again. After shaking the dizzy feeling out of his head, Harry walked to the vault door, pulling the call rope then opening the doors. Several minutes later Griphook appeared in a mining cart. "Lord Potter, how may I help you today?"

"Good afternoon Griphook, I want to visit the other vaults today." replied Harry as he gave a slight bow to Griphook. Griphook bowed back to Harry and motioned him to the cart. Harry closed the doors to the vault and jumped into the cart with the goblin. As they sped down the tunnel, Harry contemplated the events of the previous night.

"Okay, magical people will be in blue, squibs in red, and muggles in black." He continued to unroll the parchment; it looked to Harry like the parchment roll would never end. At the bottom edge of the parchment roll Harry could see his name. Right above his name was James Potter and Lily Potter. Both Harry and Mr. Crandall traced his maternal line up the parchment. Above the blue Lily Potter was her parent's names, Tim Evens in black and Rose Evens in red, there it was, proof that Lily came from a squib line. Both Mr. Crandall and Harry followed the tree back through the generations. When they got to the top of the parchment one name stood out Hufflepuff, now Harry knew he had three of the four founders in his bloodline. He still didn't know who the last vault belonged to.

It took another hour and following several branches but they finally found it. Several generations down from Helga Hufflepuff a Slytherin branch line had married in to the direct Hufflepuff line. Mr. Crandall then found something else on the parchment that put everything into question, the Peverell family. The daughter of Ignotus Peverell had married into the Potter line. Mr. Crandall explained to Harry that they were another old family, as old as the Potters, that was thought to have died out. So in the end the last vault was a toss up. It could be the Peverell family vault or Salazar Slytherin's vault. But it was now true that Harry was a descendant of all four founders even if one was from a branch line. Mr. Crandall explained that if all other branches had died off then he was now the Heir of Slytherin as well, but they could not tell until Harry opened the last vault.

Harry's granddad had been upset that the Potters now had Slytherin blood. He was happy that they now knew where at least one of the vaults came from. He had not known about the Peverell daughter, however Harold did know of someone that descended from the Peverells, Albus Dumbledore.

After talking about it for a few minutes Mr. Crandall pulled out his wand, tapping it on the parchment over Harry's name. "Harry you can do this with any name on the parchment and it will give you some vital information about them." On the Parchment Harry's name glowed for a second then additional writing appeared.

Harry James Potter.

Born: 31 July 1980

Death: unknown

Magical abilities: Charms prodigy, Occlumency/legilimency Prodigy, Arithmancy Prodigy, Transfiguration Master, Potions Master, Rune Master, Parselmouth, Parcel Magic, Wandless/Wordless Magic, Light Magic, Enchanter.

Patronus: Changing

Animagus Form: Unknown

Wand: Redwood and Griffon Crest feather, twelve inches

Mr. Crandall let out a gasp of shock when the parchment wrote out Parselmouth, he turned to look at Harry. "What does all that mean?" Harry asked Mr. Crandall.

"It means Harry that you are going to be a very powerful man someday. But the thing that has me worried is the Parselmouth, everyone today looks at that as a sign of an evil wizard." Mr. Crandall then looked up at Harold's portrait. "It must come from the Slytherin line. He was known to be a Parselmouth."

"What's Parselmouth?" asked Harry.

"It is the ability to talk to and understand snakes. You need to keep that under your hat Harry; people will get the wrong idea about you." Harry nodded his head. He asked about the other things listed.

The cart came to a stop; Harry didn't remember the ride at all, so caught in his own thoughts. "Well that's a first" thought Harry. Griphook stepped out of the cart followed by Harry.

"Vault five; place your hand on the door." Harry exited the cart and looked at the vault door it had a very detailed lion that looked like it was ready to leap after some mysterious pray depicted on it. Harry put his hand on the center of the ornate door. Feeling something prick his hand, Harry pulled it away to see a small cut in the palm of his hand that was already healing. The vault didn't open as any normal door would; it just seemed to fade away. Harry entered the vault. It was small compared even to his trust vault. The only thing in the vault was a pedestal, on which lay large book. Harry walked to the pedestal and found that there was also a ring and letter. Harry picked up the letter and opened it not knowing what to expect.

To My Heir,

What you see before you is the Gryffindor family ring and the original copy of Hogwarts: A History created by me. Use it wisely as it can give you great knowledge. It is self updating so for however long it sits in this vault it will be accurate to your time. Hogwarts hears and sees everything that happens within her walls or grounds. It is all recorded within this tome. All you need do is ask it for what you want. Wear my ring with pride and courage, it will allow you to enter my personal chambers within the castle.

Godric Gryffindor

After reading the letter Harry picked up the ring slipping it on his index finger opposite his Potter Family ring. "Tula" Harry called out. With a small pop Tula appeared next to Harry. "Tula, please take this book and letter. Place the book in the Manor Library on a pedestal and the letter in the Master Study please." Harry handed the letter to the elf.

"Okay Harry" And with a small pop Tula, the book, and even the pedestal disappeared. Harry turned walking out of the vault. Instead of the door returning, a solid stone wall appeared. "Griphook, where did the door go? And when I was shown the ledger for this vault it was huge, where is everything else?"

"Lord Potter this vault is now closed, that is the reason that the door did not reappear." Griphook then pulled the large ledger from a pocket and opened it to the last page. "The entirety of the vaults contents was transferred to the Potter Family vault, nine hundred years ago. Before that, there was a lot of activity on the vault." Well that explained the why to both Harry's questions. Harry joined Griphook back in the cart and they sped away.

It was a very short trip to the next vault. "Vault four." stated Griphook as he climbed out of the cart again. "Same as the last vault Lord Potter."

"Griphook, please stop calling me Lord Potter, just call me Harry." Replied Harry as he exited the cart. Griphook nodded to him as Harry walked up to the vault door placing his hand on it. This vault door had a depiction of a large eagle on it, poised as if to take flight. Harry braced himself, waiting for the pain in his hand as it was cut but instead his hand began to glow blue for a moment. The door faded away like the last time. Harry stepped into the vault, it was not much bigger then the Gryffindor vault. Again there was no gold or silver, just a single shelf filled with books and a small table with a ring on it. Harry had been half expecting to find another letter but there wasn't any. Harry picked up the ring and slipped it on his right ring finger then walked to the book shelf. All the books looked old. Pulling one from the shelf Harry found that it was authored by Rowena Ravenclaw. Checking more of the books he found all were written by Rowena, Harry called for Tula again.

"Tula, please have everything taken to the Potter Manor Library." Tula snapped her fingers and everything disappeared. For Harry finding books was like finding gold so he was not disappointed in the least. Reading was his thing, his escape from the real world of the Dursleys, but now he found that with Dursleys gone he still had a thirst to read everything he could get his hands on. In the past week he had not had the time to read as much as he would like to, he now had libraries full of books on magic to dive into and that was what he intended to do.

The cart ride to the next vault only took a few minutes. Rowena's vault had disappeared just like Godric's. The ledger, that Griphook had confirmed that everything else had been transferred to the Potter vault at around the same time as Godric's vault. "Vault three, Harry." Griphook called out. Harry walked to the door of the third vault that had some animal depicted on it. He wasn't sure what it was at first then remembered from a book called Natures Animals that it was a badger. He placed his hand on it. Nothing happened at first and then the door just faded from view. This vault was much larger than the last two. Inside he found gold and silver, lots of gold and silver. Harry turned to Griphook. "Griphook, could you please have an accounting of the gold and silver, then transfer it all to the Potter Vault?"

"Yes Harry we can have that done for you, Ragnok has waived all fees for any services you require. It will be done before the end of the day and an account sheet sent to you."

"Thank you, Griphook." Harry investigated the vault some more, he found some more books; several of them were on House elves. There was a small selection on cooking charms, and a rather large selection on magical and mundane plants. The books he had Tula take away to the manor, He found the Hufflepuff Family ring on a small pedestal at the back of the vault, he slipped it on. There were many other things in the vault, several closed chests. Harry asked that they be inventoried and place in the Potter family vault. He really didn't want to have five vaults so the fact that he was closing the founder's vaults never even crossed his mind. When Harry exited the vault the door reappeared as he climbed into the cart for the ride to the last vault.

This was the question, whose vault it would be. When the cart came to a stop, Harry didn't have any doubt whose vault it was. A large

snake was depicted on the vault door as if ready to strike. "Vault two." Harry nervously climbed out of the cart. His Granddad had warned him to be careful, if it did turn out to be the Slytherin vault. Slytherin, according to his granddad had been the darkest of dark wizards and any number of dark or cursed items could be in his vault. Harry wasn't even sure if he wanted to enter this vault, it took a few minutes with Harry just staring at the doors to get the nerve to touch it. Harry approached the door and like the other three placed his hand on it, as soon as he placed his hand on the door the snake depicted there started moving, The head of the snake coming off the door and hovering over Harry's hand with its fangs out.

"ssstate your name." came a voice from the door.

"Harry Jamessss Potter" Harry replied. He tried to remove his hand from the door to get it away from the snake. As soon as he tried the snake sunk its fangs into Harry. Harry let out a scream but didn't try and pull away.

"You will be judged, ifssss you aressss the heirsss of Ssssslytherin you willssss enterssss. Ifssss you aressss not youssss willssss die." Harry stood there stock still not wanting to chance interrupting whatever was judging him. A moment later the snake pulled its fangs from Harry's hand, the two wholes healing themselves. "Hierssss of Ssssslytherin you mayssss enter." The door faded away. Harry almost collapsed, if it was not for Griphook. Griphook had moved up beside Harry and was holding him up.

"Young Lord Potter, it is not wise to speak the snake language, we had been informed by Mr. Crandall that you had the talent. I would suggest that when in the presence of snake that you not speak if others are around." Harry was shocked again, he had not know he was speaking in Parselmouth.

"Thank... thank you Griphook." Harry looked at the goblin. "Has anyone else ever tried to enter this vault?" Harry wasn't sure if he wanted to know the answer.

"Oh yes Harry, we get the occasional wizard or witch that claims to be of Slytherin decent and tries to access the vault." Harry had cleared his head and was listening to Griphook. "What happened to them?" asked Harry.

"They all died Harry." Harry again felt like his legs would fall out from under him, he could have been killed. Harry sat down hard on the cold stone floor of the tunnel and put his hands to his face. It took him a moment to realize that he had entered his own mind. He looked for the memory of what just happened to him and locked it away in one of the rooms on the third floor where he kept his other unpleasant memories. After locking it away he felt much better and opened his eyes. Harry turned to Griphook, who for a goblin looked worried. "I'm fine now Griphook." Harry stood back up and looked into the vault. Within the vault he found two items, the Slytherin ring and a journal. Harry walked in and retrieved both items. He didn't slip the ring on his finger though, taking his granddad's advice he put the ring in his pocket until he could have it looked at.

When he exited the vault the door did not return, the vault was closed a solid wall appeared instead. "Thank you Griphook for coming with me." Griphook having watched Harry put the ring in his pocket instead of wearing it asked.

"Why do you not wear the ring like the others?"

"My granddad told me to have it checked for curses before wearing the ring." replied Harry as they climbed back into the cart.

"We goblins can tell if an object has a curse on it. May I please see the ring?" Harry pulled the ring out and handed it to Griphook. Griphook waved his hand over the ring making it glow for a moment. "There are no curses on the ring Harry, it is enchanted however, much like the other rings you wear." Harry took the ring back from Griphook, after looking at it for a moment he slipped it on his finger.

Chapter 9

Dursleys and Lords

The moderately sized house had only been on the market for a few days. Located in a small suburb outside the rather large city of Minneapolis St. Paul, the realtor had received a strange call. The caller inquired about the home, whoever it was hadn't asked a lot of questions. By the end of the call the realtor was to draw up the papers for the house and deliver them personally to a bank branch. By the end of that day, the caller was willing to pay the full asking price. Not looking a gift horse in the mouth the realtor did what was asked in what she considered the fastest real estate transaction of her life. In only a few hours she was holding a cashers check and the signed papers, the sellers would be very happy.

The house had been quiet and empty for a few days when the front door opened; several large men and a couple of women entered the house. Furniture, personal items, kitchen appliances, everything that a home would need was brought into the house and put in its proper place. Not long after the movers left, a small 'pop' would have been heard in the living room of the house if anyone had been there.

Scott Crandall appeared in the living room of the house with a look of disgust on his face. After leaving Harry at Potter Manor the day before, Mr. Crandall had used a portkey from his office in Gringotts to Washington DC in America. Since he was going to be having a long day due to the time difference, he got started on arrangements. First he had checked in with Gringotts USA to set things in motion, then he made contact with a couple of associates, he had in the American Department of Magic.

Now standing in this house, he was still not overly confident of what Harry wanted done, he much preferred the way the Goblins had wanted to handle this problem. It was a sign of the kind of person Harry was and would be when he grew up despite what Harry had gone through with his relatives. Mr. Crandall pulled a small box from his pocket and placed it on the floor and then enlarged it with his wand. Opening the trunk, Mr. Crandall used his wand to levitate the three Dursleys out, placing them in front of the sofa. After shrinking and placing his trunk in his pocket, Mr. Crandall pulled out three small vials. After pouring one vial of potion each over the three Dursleys making sure to get some on each of their lips, he sat down

in a plushy chair on the other side of the room to wait. He placed his wand on the arm of the chair pointed toward the Dursleys, holding his hand over it and drumming his fingers.

It wasn't long until the first of the three started to move again. Dudley, being the smallest shook himself as if shaking of the cold, like he had just come in from the snow. Dudley looked around trying to find the little freak until his eyes came to rest on the older man sitting on the other side of the room. It was at that point that Dudley realized he was not in his own living room even though it had his parents stuff in it. He started to panic until a beam of red light hit him and everything went dark.

Petunia Dursley was the next to wake up in a similar fashion to Dudley. "FREAK, WHERE ARE YOU?" she screamed. Mr. Crandall was now glad that he had put silencing charms around the house. Petunia finally notice Mr. Crandall sitting across the room and froze, her eyes getting bigger and bigger as she could see the stick under the man's drumming fingers. "Wh... What do you want?"

"For you to sit down and keep quiet." replied the man. "We are waiting for your fat whale of a husband here to wake up." The man pointed at Vernon. Petunia looked around the room, the last thing she remembered was being in the kitchen, now she was in a strange living room but all of her stuff was here. The man indicated with his hand for her to sit. That was when she noticed Dudley laying on the sofa like he was dead. She rushed to him to find that he was breathing. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY SON?"

"He is just stunned; I'll wake him up when I'm ready. Now sit down and stay quiet." It was at that moment that Vernon Dursley started to show signs of coming too. It took a little while longer then the rest because of his size. When Vernon unfroze he actually finished the swing that he had started but hit nothing but air with enough force to spin him self around to face away.

"Mr. Vernon Dursley," Vernon spun back around to find a man casually sitting in HIS chair. The man was dressed like some kind of freak and was impatiently drumming his fingers over what looked like a stick. "Sit down and stay quiet or you will not like the consequences." The man finished saying.

"WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOME!" roared Vernon as he started to make his way toward the man. The man casually picked up the stick, pointed it at him, and said some gibberish. Vernon found himself falling backwards, unable to move. Thankfully for him he landed on the sofa. Petunia looked about to scream again, but was able to keep quiet.

"Mr. Vernon Dursley, Petunia Dursley, who I am, is not important. What has happened to you and what is going to happen to you is. Mr. Dursley I am afraid that I will leave you the way you are until I am finished." Petunia watched as the man put the wand back down, she knew what it was, having seen her sister use one. She was scared now; this man looked decidedly pissed off and was an adult wizard.

Petunia walked down the strange alley with her parents and sister. Her sister had received a letter from some school and got all excited about it showing it to her parents. The next day an older looking lady had shown up at the house. That was when Petunia had found out what all the fuss was about. Her sister could do magic, she got so jealous of her sister. Then to find out that she didn't have the ability and never would drove Petunia over the edge. Now here she was walking down an alley with the freak and their 'so proud' parents. Shop after shop they got what Lily would need for the 'freak school' as Petunia was now calling it. Then the last stop was to get a wand, Petunia had seen people all morning holding them. She was so sick of it, but she kept her mouth shut. Then Lily got her wand, the shop keeper was so happy when the sparks shot out of Lily's stick. Petunia vowed to break that stick in half one day. She had never gotten the chance though; Lily always kept it with her.

After looking her in the eyes the man continued on. "What happened to the three of you is simple, Vernon you decided to and I will quote you, 'to beat the freak out of your nephew or kill him trying.' That was little more than two weeks ago." Petunia gasped. "Since then the three of you have been petrified, turned to stone. It was an accident on Mr. Potter's part but it was in self defense." Petunia just watched the man as she listened; she knew nothing good was coming. Vernon, though he could hear what was being said was staring up at the ceiling of the room, for the first time in his life he was well and truly scared.

"Now then, that is what happened and this is what is going to happen. You should feel very lucky right now, because if it was up to me and my primary employers, the three of you would be left the way you were and put on display in a goblin mine somewhere. But it is not up to me; Lord Potter has made that decision." Now Petunia was very afraid and confused, there were no Potters left as far as she knew, so who was this Lord Potter and the way that they had treated the boy, she was feeling regret for what she had done. Vernon, if he could, he would have pissed himself at that moment.

Mr. Crandall was talking in a calm and professional manner, even though he was feeling anything but.

Mr. Crandall's father had been abusive to him, not on the scale that Vernon Dursley was to Harry but he had his fair share of bruises when he was a kid. He didn't like child abuse in any form. He had been involved in a couple of cases since becoming a solicitor where the child was taken away from the family by the ministry on his recommendation.

He wanted to just; well he wasn't going to think about what he wanted to do, so he continued.

"Lord Potter will not be returning to your care, but in his haste over what he did to you, he did several things. Firstly, both he and your son are no longer enrolled in their school. Mr. Dursley you have resigned your job in favor of a new position in the colonies. That is where you find yourselves now. Here is the deal, you are all American citizens now, and your British citizenship has been revoked permanently, if you try to return to Britain anyways, I will be notified and we go back to my employer's other idea. This house is paid for, you have a new job at a respectfully large company here as an executive. Dudley has been enrolled in a select school and lastly one hundred thousand dollars has been deposited in a bank account for you."

Mr. Crandall pulled a large envelope from his pocket and tossed it on the coffee table. "Everything is in there, bank cards, title to the house, identification cards, and your car is out in the garage. Now I am going to unfreeze you Mr. Vernon Dursley, if you raise your voice or try to attack me again, well it becomes my decision then." Mr. Crandall picked up his wand and pointed it at Vernon. Vernon heard him say gibberish and then felt his body relax. He sat back

into the sofa and looked at the man sitting across from him. Oh Vernon was mad, seeing red really, but he was also scared to death at the same time, so he kept his mouth shut for the moment.

"Now Mr. Vernon Dursley let me summarize this for you and then I'll be going. You are in the colonies, you are no longer British citizens, and you have been set up with a better life than you had. You will have no more contact with our world unless you break the rules. You may get a visit from Dumbledore, I can not stop him, but if he does show up just tell him you dumped Harry on the street in London. If he tries to get you to return with him tell him no. Now I will let you have two questions, then I will be going."

Vernon was finally getting his fear under control; he was still seeing red but did not want to end up frozen again. "Who-who is paying for all this and what has happened to our home?" Vernon's voice was slightly raised but not yelling.

"Your home in Surrey was purchased by Lord Potter and he is paying for all this, for the life of me I don't understand why he is doing this after the way you treated him, next question?" Before Vernon could ask anything else Petunia jumped in with her question.

"Why, do you keep calling that boy Lord Potter, how can he pay to do all this if his parents were nobodies?" Mr. Crandall got a smirk on his face; this was just the question he was hoping for to rub some salt in. "Mrs. Petunia Dursley, if you had at least opened the letters that your sister sent to you, you would know that the Potters are an ancient and noble house in our world. Harry, now Lord Potter, is one of the richest people in not just our world but in 'the' world. His family goes back over 800 years. Maybe you should have treated him better." Petunia gasped, putting her hand to her mouth. Vernon paled at hearing that, 'rich, the kid is rich?' Vernon lost all his anger.

Mr. Crandall had a grin on his face and just shrugged his shoulders. Standing up Mr. Crandall pointed his wand at Dudley muttering something under his breath. Petunia tried to jump in the way but didn't manage to in time. Dudley started to wake up.

"Now I will be going, remember no coming back, and you have no claim on Harry." Mr. Crandall started to walk toward the door, just as he got to the living room door he stopped and turned back. "One last thing before I go, Mrs. Petunia Dursley." Petunia looked up from

fussing over Dudley to listen. "Magic runs in families and Lily wasn't the first." Mr. Crandall gave a pointed look at Dudley. "Maybe him, or his children, it can skip a generation or two sometimes." With that Mr. Crandall gave a little half turn and disappeared in a soft 'POP'. The Dursleys sat there in shocked silence.

-oo00oo-

Albus Dumbledore was slowly going into a depression. He had been to the storage place in Oregon and found out that yes, a delivery was expected in the next few weeks from Britain but they did not yet have a forwarding address. He was told that the name of the shipping company delivering it and had gone to check, only to find out that no one at the company had ever heard of the Dursleys or a delivery going to the states. Albus was back in Hogwarts pacing again. The devices that he had used to monitor Harry had all gone silent, even the one that monitored Harry's health. According to the device Harry was dead, but that couldn't be true, he really was desperately hoping that it was not true. It had been three days since the Wizengamot session; Sirius had not appeared as he had been requested to, this led Dumbledore to think that something foul was going on but could not prove anything. He had sent an Owl letter to Sirius, but he had not heard back as of yet.

The new term at Hogwarts was starting in a few days; this was leading to more and more of his time being taken up with preparations. "Dumbledore" Albus looked to the fireplace to see his friend Alastor Moody's scarred face in the green flames.

"Alastor, have you found something?" Dumbledore asked as he walked over to the office fireplace.

"I may have, I checked the archives at the Ministry, Mr. Potter's file had been taken to the Minister yesterday, and the clerk informed me that something had happened. Even though Fudge is not in office anymore there is still a standing order that any changes to that file are to be brought to the attention of the minister." Before Alastor could finish what he was saying Albus jumped up and ran to his desk. How could he have forgotten his own copy of that file? He was going to check it the other day before more pressing events had unfolded. "Albus, what is going on?" Dumbledore heard Alastor asking. Reaching his desk Albus pulled out the bottom drawer, in his haste he pulled a little too hard and the drawer came all the way out

and skidded across the floor. After chasing the vile drawer down, Albus pulled the last file on the bottom out.

Albus looked at the name across the top of the file, drawing in a deep breath. That was all he needed to see to know what had happened to Harry or at the least get an idea of what had happened. Lord Harry James Potter was written across the top. Harry had somehow found out about his heritage and claimed it. Opening the file Albus looked at the top sheet of parchment, he stared at the sheet for several moments not even realizing that he was holding his breath.

Lord Harry James Potter

Status: Unknown

Location: Unknown

Age: 10

Magical Guardian: Harry James Potter.

Albus let out his breath and turned back to the fireplace, where Moody was waiting, impatiently. "Harry's alive Alastor, that much I now know. I think I have an idea of where he is. Thank you for checking up on this for me. I'll call if I need anymore help."

"Very well Albus, I still don't understand what is so important about this kid. Next time you need to tell me everything." Moody's face disappeared from fireplace. Albus turned back to the file. 'Well Harry, I think I know where you are now, I can return you to your aunt after I find her.' Albus floo called his Deputy Headmistress, Minerva McGonagall, letting her know that he would be out of the castle for a short time.

Albus Dumbledore apparated directly from his office, where he ended up was a complete surprise to him. Instead of appearing in Potter Manor like he had intended, it looked like he was in some sort of cell. The room was one by two meters in size; all the walls were hard stone with an empty portrait frame hanging from the far wall that he was facing. What really surprised him was that he could not move. It was like being in a full body bind.

-oo00oo-

Inside Potter Manor Harry was sitting with his godfather in the master study. Sirius was still recovering but was able to move around the manor. Sirius and Harry had just finished lunch. Harry was sitting down to start reading the next journal when a high pitched noise sounded through the Manor. Seven house elves appeared in the study a second later all surrounding Harry with varied looks of determination on their faces. "What is that noise?" yelled out Harry. Harold who had been asleep in his portrait woke with a start and yelled over the noise that someone had just tried to breach the wards on the manor and was now in the dungeon waiting cell. Sirius was up out of his seat with his wand drawn watching the door to the study.

"Harry" yelled Harold over the noise of the alarm. "Tell the shield to silence the alarm, and then say lockdown. I'll go check to see who we captured out in the dungeon."

Harry ran over to the shield hanging above the fireplace mantel. "SILENCE" The alarm stopped immediately. "Lockdown" Harry said to the shield. Through out the Manor all open doors slammed shut. The glass walls in the ballroom and main room of the house turned black and then to stone. All the windows in the Manor turned black and stone covered them. An iron grate appeared in front of every fireplace in the Manor. Even out on the ground things were happening. The greenhouses went into lockdown; several deadly wards sprang in to active mode. Anyone trying to cross the grounds would get one warning before getting electrocuted, or burnt, or worse.

Harry turned to Sirius. "Nothing can get in here now. Relax until Granddad finds out what is going on."

-oo00oo-

Down in the dungeon, Albus was starting to get worried. The 'dungeon' as the Potters called it was not under the Manor house. It was a mile away and a hundred feet below ground. The only way out was to be let out. If he tried to apparate out he would leave some vital body part behind. Portkeys didn't work and blasting the walls would only bring a hundred feet of earth down on his head. He knew all this because he had helped his friend Harold Potter to upgrade

some of the wards around it. He was not privy to all the defenses that Potter Manor had but he knew it was not a good idea to try anything. Being in a full body bind didn't help matters and it was one of those defenses he didn't know about.

"Well, well, look what the cat dragged in." Albus could see someone entering the portrait frame. Albus's eyes widened in surprise to see his long time friend Harold Potter appear in the frame. He couldn't reply because of the body bind. "Albus, I will release the body bind, but please don't pull your wand or try to escape; it would be hazardous to your health." Albus felt the body bind release him.

"I was not aware that you had a portrait Harold, does Ester have one as well?" Albus had a smile on his face at seeing his old friend.

"Yes, she is in the Manor. Albus why are you here?" Harold replied with a neutral tone.

"I thought to come by and check on the Manor."

"Albus, all the elves have left, the bond has been broken. The Manor is in lockdown, along with all the other properties. Only the next Lord Potter will be allowed to enter. All names have been erased from the access list. One of our distant relatives will have become the new Lord since James and Harry are both gone, if there are any distant relations left."

Albus wasn't getting anywhere; he would have to tell Harold about Harry.

"I'm Sorry Harold that I did not inform you earlier. Your Grandson Harry is alive."

"WHAT! NOW you tell me what it is you have done with him. Why is he missing? Where is Sirius, his godfather? Why did the house elves leave if he is still alive?"

Albus was taken aback by the venom in Harold's voice. He couldn't tell him the truth because that was out of the question. Harry was already Lord Potter, he could show up at anytime in the Manor and Harold would tell him.

"I placed Harry in a loving home after Sirius was tossed in Azkaban. He has been safe, he ran away for some reason and I am looking for him. I had to protect the boy from any remaining Death Eaters, so I put up wards to protect him, one of which was an elf ward. They could have been used to get to Harry."

"Albus, I have known you for a long time, NOW tell me what is going on. I know about that stupid prophecy, James told me before going into hiding. I can tell Albus that you are plotting something, now come clean or I'll leave you here." After everything that Harry had told him, he was in no mood for games. He wasn't going to let on that he knew where Harry was, but he was going to get the truth.

"I...I am afraid..." Albus wasn't sure what to do. He could try to break the wards to get out but he helped upgrade some of them and knew that would take days. Making up his mind Albus continued. "Harold... Harry has a destiny, Voldemort is not dead. When Harry was attacked by him, Harry was protected somehow and the curse rebounded back at Voldemort but it didn't kill him. He is a shade, a wondering soul, he will get his body back someday and Harry is the only one that can defeat him. If you see Harry you can not tell him this, he is too young to have this burden."

"Albus you old fool, what are you thinking believing in a prophecy, you, yourself told me once that divination is a crock. That prophecy that my son told me is so vague. And for you to shatter an elf bond that has lasted centuries is unforgivable. You are responsible for the deaths of some or all of my friends."

"Please Harold; it was for the greater good..."

"YOUR greater good, you are playing with other peoples lives Albus, to me you are no better then Voldemort. You are willing to sacrifice others for your Greater Good. Be gone; do not ever set foot here again."

Albus felt the tell tale pull behind his navel, a portkey. When he landed he was in some wooded area. Not knowing where he was Albus apparated back to Hogwarts. He walked to his office and sat behind his desk. Steepling his hands in front of him, Albus became lost in thought. 'Am I placing too much faith in a prophecy? Is what I'm doing the right thing or just the easy thing?' Fawkes, sensing his friend's distress sang out. Albus relaxed but he had so much to think

about. 'Harry is still lost, even if I didn't follow the prophecy, I still need to make sure he is safe.'

-oo00oo-

Harold returned to his frame in the study, after telling Sirius and Harry what happened, the three of them sat around discussing it. Harry took the Manor out of lockdown. Dumbledore would end up back in the cell if he tried to come back. Harold didn't believe he would try. Harry had not heard from Mr. Crandall yet so after dinner Harry went back to reading. The fact that Voldemort was still out there somewhere was troubling but it was someone else's problem now. If somehow he ran into Voldemort he knew he would want vengeance for his parents, but he was willing to let someone else deal with it for now.

-oo00oo-

In the Office of the Minister of Magic, Newton Crabtree was going over the file that had been brought to him from the archives. What he was seeing disturbed him greatly; it was not so much that Harry had taken up the role of Lord Potter. It was what was in the rest of the file. Albus Dumbledore had sealed the Potter Will, which was now open and he had disregarded it completely even after telling the wizarding world that he knew what it contained. Something was up. Newton's parents had been good friends of the Potter's. He had been almost twenty years out of Hogwarts before James Potter had even started, so he didn't know them as well as his parents did. He still felt his family owed the Potter family its loyalty. They had helped his family many times over the centuries.

He got up from his desk, walking over to the office fireplace. Tossing in some special floo powder he called out "Amelia Bones". A few moments later Amelia's head appeared in the floo. "Yes Minister?"

"Could you come to my office please, Amelia? I have something to discuss."

-oo00oo-

Remus Lupin, since the end of the war had been living in muggle London. He had taken himself out of the magical world, not wanting anything else to do with it. The deaths of his long time friend James

and his wife Lily had been hard on him. The betrayal of them by Sirius Black had been even harder for him. Sirius was like a brother to Remus, even after nine years Remus still wanted his revenge on the traitor.

Remus had been getting by working as a tutor for muggle children. It was a small living but he was getting by ok. He would teach any student from primary school up to secondary. He knew a lot about the muggle world now. He had a one bedroom flat in downtown and would travel to his student's homes.

It was the end of summer, Remus had just returned from a student home. The kid was in primary school but was failing math so the parents had hired him. As he was walking down the street toward his flat when he noticed a gentleman standing on the corner reading a news paper. The problem was that it was not the London Times or any of the other muggle news papers. The guy was reading the Daily Prophet right out in the open and the look on the guys face was that of someone stunned by what he was reading. He wasn't even paying attention to the strange looks the muggles were giving him and his news paper.

Remus walked up to the guy. "You are attracting the attention of the muggles." Remus whispered to the guy. Whoever the guy was gave a start and dropped the paper. "Oh, oh, thank you. Just this Sirius Black issue and the minister getting sacked caught me off guard." The man leaned down to pick up the paper. When he stood back up, he looked at the stranger that had helped him. Remus was looking at the newspaper in his hand with a horrified look on his face.

"Here you can have it." he held out the paper to Remus. Remus nodded his head in thanks taking the paper from the gentleman. Remus rushed home before reading the article under the headline that had him just as stunned. Mysterious Evidence Exonerates Sirius Black

After reading the article Remus dropped down on his sofa. Sirius wasn't the secret keeper, he was innocent. 'How am I ever going to face him?'

It was several hours later when Remus heard tapping at the window. He had just been sitting on the sofa staring up at the ceiling. Looking over at the window he could see an owl there trying to get his

attention. After letting the owl in, Remus removed the letter that was attached to its leg. The owl flew back out the window as Remus opened the letter.

Remus,

Don't kick yourself for thinking I was guilty; I know everyone was thinking the same thing. I don't hold it against you. Well you do deserve to get pranked but we can talk about that later. I want to meet with you, can you come to the Leaky Cauldron on Monday. I'm still not up to traveling anywhere until then. We have a lot to talk about.

Sirius

Remus reread the letter several times. Yes he would be there; he had to face what he had believed and apologize.

A/N I would like give a special thanks too my new editor Atrrer Potter, he has put up with my spelling and grammar mistakes and helped me with a few ideas to make this a better story.

Chapter 10

Old and New

Lily had just picked Harry up from a nap, she was cooing at him while rocking him back and forth in her arms, Harry was laughing, Lily started singing. Harry got caught in her voice and her beautiful green eyes. "Lily" His Da called out. "I'm home!" Lily didn't stop singing to reply. Harry was still lost in her beautiful green eyes and voice. When Lily finished her song, there was clapping. Harry turned his head to the sound of the noise to find his Da standing in the doorway with a smile. Da walked over to Harry and his mum giving both of them a kiss. His mum got a kiss on the lips; he got kissed on the forehead. Harry felt all warm inside. He was happy and giggling.

Harry woke in his bed feeling loved. His mum and Da may not be around to sing to him, hold him, or kiss him but he did have his memories. Harry felt like he was still in his mum's arms being sung to. With a smile on his face and a spring in his step, Harry climbed out of bed, heading for the bath.

When he came out, Tula was waiting for him. She had laid out some clothes for him for the day. Harry was finding that Tula didn't say much but she was always around. "Tula, you don't talk much like Biggly or Rasa. Even Livi talks to herself or whoever is in the kitchen with her while she cooks."

"Tula is getting to know her new family. Tula also misses her old family. They did not treat Tula badly." Harry gave Tula a surprised and sad look.

"I don't treat you badly, do I Tula?" Tula held her hand to her mouth, realizing what she said sounded bad.

"NO... NO... Lord Potter treats Tula better than old family, much better." Tula was now pulling down on both her ears. "Tula was not allowed to speak unless spoken to by old family."

"Well that explains it then." Harry knew that unless he made it sound like a command, Tula would not take it seriously, so he said in a more commanding voice, "Tula, you are allowed to speak to me anytime you wish to. We are friends, not owner and slave, so please tell me what's on your mind and ask any questions you have. Deal?"

That set the flood gates open. Tula started rattling off question after question. Personal questions like favorite food, clothing choices, things that Tula wanted to know to better care for Harry. This carried on through breakfast; Harry could see Sirius trying to hold in his laughter at the little house elves enthusiasm.

Sirius was feeling much better this morning, Lynn had been by twice more to check on him and had declared him to be fit, his use of magic was still restricted to only minor spells though. Over the weekend Sirius had had several long talks with Harry. He wanted to know everything about his godson. Harry in turn had asked Sirius to tell him about his life before Azkaban and about Harry's parents before he was born. The talks were far from over, you could only learn so much about a person in a few days but the two had a great time.

When not having long conversations with Sirius, Harry had his nose in the Potter journals during the day. At night he would read the Occlumency books that he brought from the Potter vault before going to sleep. He was currently reading Traps for the Occlumens, having finished Sorting the Mind: A Beginners Guide to Occlumency and Defend your Mind. He was already well advanced of the first book and the second book Harry had absorbed, adding and changing things in his mind. Harry's library was still there in his mind, the difference was that now you could not get into it through the front door. Harry had sealed the inner obsidian glass doors; there was now solid stone in its place. He left the main doors, antechamber, and the two doors that led to the empty rooms. The empty rooms were not so empty now; both were set up as reading parlors with a fake fireplace, settees, chairs, tables, and bookshelves. Harry had filled the first room with copies of the fantasy books he had read over the years. The second room had copies of all the science fiction books he had read. Behind the fine wood paneling in both rooms was three inches of solid steel and behind that was five feet of solid stone.

The new entrance to his library was through a concealed door at the back. The door looked like the rest of the solid stone around it and with a thought from Harry a door handle appeared allowing him to open it and walk in. It was not to say that this entrance was not protected but it was the only way into the library. The multi colored door the Harry had found in the basement of the library turned out to be the way to his subconscious. He still could not open it but it was

protected as well in case someone tried to come in though his dreams. Outside the library, Harry had thickened the mist around the library; it now served two purposes, one to detect an intruder and second to confuse them. There was a lot more to do in Harry's opinion, he liked building things in his mind, to come up with more elaborate ways to protect his library. Sirius had noticed the books that Harry was reading at night and told Harry he would get some more from the Black family library.

Mr. Crandall had returned Sunday night, informing Harry that the Dursleys had been taken care of. Harry desperately hoped that he would never see them again. With the Dursley issue resolved, Mr. Crandall let Harry know that he would always be available if he was needed. Harry had thanked Mr. Crandall for everything that he had done for Harry and that he and his wife had an open invitation to dinner whenever he wanted.

Sirius had owed a subscription to the Daily Prophet on Saturday so when Harry came down to breakfast Monday morning the paper was sitting on the table waiting. Harry quickly read the paper while having breakfast. Sirius shuffled into the room some time later. He never woke up at the same time Harry did, Harry was lucky to see him before breakfast was finished. The paper that morning had some follow up stories about the Wizengamot session. Bellatrix Lestrange was due to be questioned that morning. Someone named Malfoy was being sought for questioning. The Wizengamot was due to make a decision regarding Minister Fudge tomorrow, Fudge was still not available for comment, and in fact he had not been seen since Thursday.

"So what time are you meeting with Remus?" Harry asked Sirius just as he was about to shovel some eggs into his mouth. Sirius stopped the fork halfway to his mouth and looked up questionably at Harry.

"Ummm, oh crap I didn't give him a time." Sirius jumped up, running from the room. He returned moments later with parchment and ink. After writing a quick note asking Remus to be there at noon for lunch, he asked Tula to deliver it. Harry just smirked at him; he had known that Sirius had not set a time.

After breakfast was over, both Sirius and Harry got ready to leave. Sirius had some business to take care of at Gringotts and Harry wanted to have a look around Diagon Alley. He wanted to go

shopping later for new clothes, Tula had been altering the clothes she found in the master suite to fit Harry but they were not Harry's. They belonged to his granddad and grandmum. All of his grandparent's personal things needed to be packed away and sent to the Potter family vault just like the possessions of the past lords and ladies, it was tradition.

With Harry wearing his ball cap, Sirius explained how to use the floo.

"Just through the powder into the fireplace, step in, and then call out your destination. We are going to go to the Leaky Cauldron first and walk from there."

"So I say Leaky Cauldron?" Harry asked.

"That's right kiddo." replied Sirius. Harry went first calling out and disappearing into the flames. For a first ride through the floo, Harry was disappointed. With all the twists and turns, ups and downs, it was nothing like the mining carts at Gringotts. It didn't make him feel sick like a portkey did. As he traveled down the floo, grate after grate passed by, he could see into other places. With his ability to remember everything, all it took was a glimpse for him to tell you everything about what was behind each of those grates. After landing, almost face first at his destination, Harry immediately filed away all the images he saw in his mind. For a ten year old, one of those images was very disturbing and very captivating, the naked girl was very pretty, Harry thought.

Still lying on the floor of the Leaky Cauldron, Harry was suddenly hoisted to his feet. When he looked up, Sirius was trying desperately to hold in his laugh. "Not bad for a first timer, at least you didn't break anything." Sirius started laughing.

"Laugh it up." Harry flicked his hand. Sirius found himself floating in the air upside down. Harry stepped around him and started walking to the back entrance to Diagon Alley. "I'll get you for this." Sirius yelled after Harry. As soon as Harry walked out the back door Sirius fell. He managed to land on his back and not his head. He could hear laughter coming from the back courtyard. There were only a few people in the tavern at the time and all of them were looking at Sirius, some were smirking and others had a hint of fear in their eyes at seeing the notorious mass murderer. Sirius just gave his best smile and proceeded to chase his mischievous godson down.

Harry had tapped the bricks to the archway in the correct order with his hand hoping that it would work, however, it didn't. Before he could pull his wand out of the inside of his jacket, Sirius caught up with him. Sirius pulled his wand out and started tapping the bricks. "Don't pull your wand out in public Harry. You're not old enough to have one yet and it will raise questions." Sirius explained. Harry just shrugged; he was having a hard time keeping himself from laughing more.

After entering Diagon Alley, Harry and Sirius walked toward Gringotts. Sirius was pointing out different shops, he also pointed out to Harry the entrances to Knockturn Alley. "Harry, you do not want to go down to Knockturn. It's full of dark wizards, witches, and shops. There are a few good shops down there but please don't go there without me." People were stopping and pointing to Sirius as they walked down the alley, some were muttering. Sirius paid little attention to the witches and wizards. He just kept a bright smile on his face. Harry was less than happy about the attention Sirius was receiving.

As they approached Gringotts Sirius asked. "What are you planning today?"

"I want to go get new clothes, both wizard and muggle. I haven't had my eyes checked since I started primary school, so that's on the list. I want to check the book store to see if they have anything on Occlumency that isn't in the Potter Vault or Manor. Ummm, I want to see about a broom, I remember flying with Da a couple times, I really enjoyed that." Sirius interrupted him.

"I remember those times too Harry. Your father love to fly and couldn't wait to get you on a broom. Lily on the other hand hated flying; she got so mad at James the first time he took you on his broom. I think he slept on the couch for a week after that." Sirius was smirking as he remembered that time.

"I remember, I didn't know why Da was down stairs every morning before mum and I, he had never been down before us." Harry was laughing now at the memory of his Da sulking that entire week.

They reached the doors to Gringotts, the Goblin guards bowed deeply to Harry as he walked up the steps. Harry returned the bows

garnering the attention of a few passers by. Sirius and Harry entered the bank, Harry going to a door on the side while Sirius approached one of the tellers while giving Harry a quizzical look.

Harry entered the door to a surprised Griphook who was jumping from his chair. When Griphook noticed who had entered his office the goblin smirked, then bowed deeply to Harry. "You surprise me Lord Potter, not many would just enter a goblin office without notice."

"It would be a waste of your time for me to knock." replied Harry as he sat down in one of the chairs in front of the desk. Harry had taken an hour to read through the book on goblin customs. The goblins valued their time, time was money. "I have business with Gringotts. Is there a way for me to withdraw funds from the vault without having to travel to it each time?"

Griphook retook his seat behind the desk. "Yes Lord Potter, if you will give me a moment." Harry just nodded his head. Griphook opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out a pouch and a wallet. "Just speak the amount you want to withdraw into the bag and it will appear. There is a one percent charge per transaction. The same for the wallet except it will produce muggle cash; there is a five percent conversion fee and a one percent per transaction fee." Harry raised his hand to stop Griphook.

"Griphook I will pay no more than a half percent per transaction and two percent conversion." It was another goblin custom to never settle for the first terms stated in business. Griphook was finding a new level of respect for the young lord. He had obviously taken the time to study goblin tradition and customs.

"Three quarters of a percent and three percent." Griphook counter offered.

"Half a percent and three percent are acceptable." Harry countered again. Griphook nodded his head in acceptance.

"For security Lord Potter I will need you to place a drop of blood in the pouch and wallet. It will bind them to you so only you can use them." Griphook slid the small silver knife over the desk to Harry. Harry sliced his finger allowing a drop of blood to fall into each item. With his business complete Harry stood, picking up both items. "May

your vaults overflow with riches Griphook." Harry bowed, turned and left the office. Griphook just grinned as the young Potter left.

When Harry looked around the hall he could not see Sirius. He didn't expect to see him; he knew he had a lot to do this morning. Sirius had had Mr. Crandall look into the status of the Black family. Sirius's mother had passed away not long after Sirius was sent to Azkaban. She had disowned him a long time ago, but Sirius's grandfather Arcturus Black who is still alive and was the current Lord Black had not made the disownment official. From what Sirius told Harry, Arcturus was a pureblood but never subscribed to Voldemort's view. Arcturus was not one of the bad sheep in the Black family. Sirius was going to see him later in the week since Sirius was now the heir apparent to the Black family.

Harry walked up the Alley to Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions. He entered the store to find that he was the only customer, an older lady walked up to him. "How can I help you today young man?"

"I need to get a new wardrobe, several sets of everyday robes, some dress robes, and some work robes." The lady looked at Harry with a grin.

"Certainly young man, as soon as your parents show up, we can get started." Harry didn't like the condescending tone in the woman's voice.

"My parent's are dead madam, now if you do not wish to make some money today." Harry pulled out his money pouch. "I will be forced to take my business elsewhere." When he pulled out his pouch he made sure that the lady could see the Lords ring on his finger. Harry had found out that the five rings he wore could turn invisible on his fingers if he wanted them to. At present he was only showing the Potter ring. It would take a close inspection for someone to see that it was the Lord Potter ring but it was easy to tell that it was a lord's ring for some family.

It took a moment for the lady to find her voice again after seeing the ring. "I... My apologies to you Lord. I am Madam Malkin. I will be happy to help you in any way." Harry forced a smile to his face. He would not be recommending this shop to anyone in the future but he was willing to give the lady a chance to redeem herself. It took over

an hour to pick out and get fitted for all the robes Harry wanted, Madam Malkin's magic tape measure going the entire time. He got ten sets of everyday robes in different colors. He took the advice of Madam Malkin on what looked good on him for the most part, there were a few suggestions that Harry just didn't like. He got five sets of dress robes, all of the finest material. The five work robes were made of a heavy material; Madam Malkin explained that they were charmed to resist potion spills, stains, rips and tares.

After the fitting was done Harry walked to the counter. "The robes will be ready tomorrow morning my Lord. I apologize again for the start. If there is anything I can do for you in the future please just let me know."

"Thank you Madam, I will have my house elf pick up the robes in the morning. Tula!" Tula appeared next to Harry.

"Yes My Lord." Harry had instructed Tula not to call him Lord Potter in public. As much as he didn't like it he had to keep up appearances and keep his identity secret for now.

"Tula, the Madam here will have new robes ready to be picked up tomorrow morning please see to it."

"Yes my Lord." Tula then popped away. Harry looked back at Madam Malkin.

"That will be two hundred seventy eight galleons and ten sickles, I gave you a five percent discount my Lord, for your troubles." Harry pulled out his pouch and asked it for the required payment. After dumping the gold and silver on the counter, Harry bid the lady a fare well and left the store. She had redeemed herself, she had been very attentive and was good at her trade, Harry thought. As he stepped out of the shop Harry realized he had not seen a shop for eyewear. Turning back, Harry reentered Madam Malkin's.

"Madam!" Harry called out.

"Yes, my Lord?" answered Madam Malkin as she rushed to the front of the store.

"Could you tell me, is there a shop in Diagon Alley that sells eyewear?" Harry pointed to his glasses.

"Oh yes, a little past Gringotts there is a small shop that can help you. It's called Gem's Eyes, and is very highly recommended."

Harry thanked the Madam again and started walking down the alley. Harry had not been in this part of the alley before so he took his time to look at the shops as he past. There were more people in the alley now, the street vendors were out in force. Harry pulled his ball cap further down over his forehead uncomfortably. As he passed the vendors they would step out trying to sell their wares. It didn't take him long to find the shop. The window displayed frames for glasses and strange looking lenses, some of the lenses even looked like real gem stones.

Harry entered the shop, a bell ringing above the door to announce a customer. An older looking man came out from the back room. The shop keeper had on a pair of ornate glasses; he had a long black beard with hints of white. He had on what Harry would call doctors robes and they were all white with multiple pockets. He looked at Harry over the top of his glasses. "How can I help you young man, are you in need of some new glasses?"

"Yes sir, I need to have my eyes checked and see if my prescription has changed." replied Harry.

"Well come in and have a seat, let me take a look. I'm Mr. Gem, eyewear extraordinaire, been in business for one hundred fifty years." Harry walked deeper into the shop looking at all the frames displayed on the walls. He could see everything from plain looking frames to the gaudiest things he had ever seen. In one display case Harry could see entire eyeballs made of glass staring back at him, as he moved the eyeballs would turn following his movement.

Harry sat down in the chair that the old wizard indicated. "You're going to have to remove the hat, young man." Harry reached up and removed his ball cap. The wizard never even looked at Harry's forehead; he had seen the lord's ring on Harry's finger as he removed the hat. "So let me take a look at your eyes my lord; please remove your muggle glasses." Harry pulled his glasses off. Mr. Gem pulled out his wand, pointing it at Harry's eyes he started mumbling things under his breath. After a few minutes of flashing a white light from his wand in Harry's eyes, Mr. Gem stepped back. He then took Harry's glasses from him and ran his wand over them.

"Well your prescription has changed my lord, I can adjust your current muggle glasses for you or would you like to look around the shop and get something new?" inquired Mr. Gem.

"I would like to get new glasses Mr. Gem, I also wonder if you have anything like what the muggles call contact lenses. I would like to be able to change my eye color from time to time." Harry returned the inquiry.

"Oh yes, I have everything. I have contacts that will change your eye color to whatever you want; all you have to do is think what you want. All of my eyewear is charmed to be indestructible, self adjusting if your eyes change, and I have a number of other optional charms that I can apply. Please have a look around and let me know what you want." Mr. Gem indicated to his store.

"Could we start with a set of contacts that will allow me to change my eye color? What else can you do to them?" asked Harry.

"Well I'm limited on contacts, they come with indestructible, comfort, and impervious charms, along with the eye color charm. That's all I've been able to squeeze into them. If you want any of the other optional charms you will have to go with glasses."

"Ok I'll take a pair of the contacts. Do you have a list of the options that you can add to glasses I can look at while you get my order ready?"

"Of course, My Lord." Mr. Gem reached behind the counter pulling out a parchment for Harry to look at, and then disappeared into the back of the office. Harry looked at the parchment reading the optional charms that he could get put on a pair of glasses. After scanning the page Harry had to chuckle, 'I love magic' he thought. Mr. Gem returned a few minutes later with a small box.

"Here are the contacts my lord; do you need help inserting them?" asked Mr. Gem as he handed over the box.

"Yes sir, I have never worn contacts before. Will I need to take them out for cleaning? How long can I keep them in?" Harry had read about them in a pamphlet when Petunia had taken him to get his

eyes check five years ago for school. Well he didn't read the pamphlet then but he did look through it and remembered.

"Ah muggle contacts do need to be taken out for cleaning and can not be worn all the time. These, my lord never have to come out. Once they are inserted they will bond with your eyes. They will automatically adjust as your eyes change prescription. With the contacts you will not need glasses unless you are looking for additional options, any glasses you get will not have any eye correction on them just the options." Harry was thinking that Mr. Gem was very long winded.

"I would like a pair of glass with everything on them, just let me pick out the frames." replied Harry. Harry looked around the shop and after ten minutes or so found what he was looking for, a pair of simple circular brass wire frames. Harry handed the frames to Mr. Gem. The shop keeper disappeared into the back again saying he would be right back. Harry opened the box with the contacts and looked inside. They were nothing like what Harry remembered seeing in the pamphlet. The contacts were much thicker and looked to be made of glass.

Mr. Gem returned a few minutes later with the glasses, handing them to Harry. "Please allow me to help you with those, my lord." Harry handed the box back over. It only took a moment to get both the lenses in. As soon as the second lens was placed against his eye Harry felt a sharp pain in both eyes. "Ouch" Harry reached to cover his eyes. As soon as the pain appeared it was gone again. When he looked up at the shop owner, he found he could see with crystal clarity.

"I'm sorry, my lord, I don't tell people about that part. It makes it harder to get them in." Harry nodded his head then turned to look around the shop. Everything was much more vibrant, colors seemed to pop out, and little details were easy to see. Mr. Gem guided Harry to a mirror. Harry looked into the mirror barely recognizing him self. Without his glasses he looked so much different.

"How do I change the eye color?" asked Harry.

"Ah yes, just think of the color you want them to be, any color, then think the word change." Harry followed the instructions. Looking back into the mirror he now had bright blue eyes. He thought again

and his eyes changed to dark brown. Harry tried several other colors, red made him look evil, silver was cool looking, yellow, orange, and even pure black. Harry was thinking again, 'I really love magic'. Mr. Gem explained the glasses to Harry and how they worked. The glasses would allow him to see magic, a mage sight, he could see invisible people, and see through objects. The glasses did have a limit to them. You could only use one function at a time and they worked by drawing a small amount of power from the user. There were a few other functions to the glasses, like faster reading, they could even record and play back any moment the user wanted. Harry wasn't too impressed with those functions since he could already do that in his mind.

It took a little less than an hour in the shop; he paid for his purchases then left, thanking Mr. Gem. Harry started walking back up the alley, he wasn't sure what time it was, and so that was what he looked for next, a watch. Harry found a small shop that sold jewelry after a few minutes of walking. He remembered seeing several watches in the family vault on one of the shelves but he didn't want to take the time to go back there. He was having fun shopping for himself and just looking around the now crowded alley.

Harry entered the shop, finding the sales clerk. He looked around for a few minutes before selecting a simple wrist watch. The clerk told him it had an indestructible charm on it and would keep perfect time. At that point Harry realized that he wasn't being questioned by the shop keeper about his age. After making the purchase Harry had to ask why.

"Why is it that you didn't ask about why I'm shopping on my own at my age?" Harry was curious and a little afraid.

"Do not worry yourself, my lord, Madam Malkins informed all the shop keepers that a young lord was in the alley shopping and to make sure he was treated correctly." Harry's opinion of Madam Malkin went up a notch at hearing that. It was just after ten when Harry left the shop, his new watch around his wrist. With nothing more to do until lunch Harry explored Diagon Alley, he stopped by all the street vendors and looked in all the shop windows. Finally Harry found himself outside of the book store, Flourish & Blotts. Harry entered the shop and started looking around. The store was not well organized, yes there were sections for the different subjects

but within each section of the store it was all just shoved onto the shelves.

Harry just finished looking through the charms section of Flourish & Blotts when he found a book that had his name on it, literally, The Adventures of Harry Potter. Harry picked up the book and looked at the cover, there he found a very good rendering of himself when he was around five years old. Harry looked back up at the shelf and found that there was an entire series of books on him there. 'How did someone know what I look like? Who gave them permission to use my name?' Harry was getting very upset the more he looked at the books. After taking a deep breath, Harry pulled a copy of each of the eight books from the shelf and walked up to the counter.

"Excuse me!" Harry called out to the clerk behind the counter. When the clerk turned around Harry didn't give him a chance to speak. "Can you tell me are there any other books, besides these, that mention Harry Potter?" The clerk looked at the stack of books Harry had laid on the counter before replying.

"Yes, there are three more books that mention him, Greatest Wizards of our Time, Top One Hundred Wizards of the Millennium, and Harry Potter: A History. Can I get those for you?" replied the clerk.

"Yes please" Harry was getting a even more upset and you could here it in his voice. The clerk ran to the back of the store. While the clerk was getting the books Harry looked at the covers of the other eight books he had already picked up. There was one for each year since his parents died. On each cover was a very good likeness of what Harry looked like at those ages. 'Someone has been getting pictures of me or something.' Harry was thinking. 'It's the only way everyone has been recognizing me. There was no one else at the house the night my Mum and Da were killed. I was asleep from just after the attack until Aunt Petunia picked me up from the front door step. How did I get there? Who has been watching me all these years? And who has made up all these stories, passing them off as fact?'

The clerk returned, interrupting Harry's musing. "Will that be all, my lord?"

"Yes, how much, and could you tell me who the author of all these books is?" The clerk looked up with a smile on her face from tallying the total.

"Oh yes, I'm told that Mr. Potter has had Roy Gild writing his adventures for him. Mr. Gild is supposedly Mr. Potter's trainer as well. Your total comes to thirteen galleons, five sickles."

Harry paid for the books while the clerk put them in a bag for him. It was getting close to noon so Harry made his way toward the Leaky Cauldron. As he approached the gateway that separated Magic and Muggle, it started opening. He had his ball cap on and his eyes were a light brown color. He was about fifteen meters away when he spotted the white beard of Albus Dumbledore walking through the archway. Dumbledore was looking around himself with a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes. Harry was startled to see the man but kept it from showing on his face. Harry lowered his head a little to hide his face behind the bill of his ball cap and kept on walking toward the archway. Harry had remembered to hide the Potter ring when he left the book store, so it was not visible on his finger but he was ready to call out 'vault' if he needed to.

Dumbledore continued walking down the Alley with his hands behind his back; he was looking around as if looking over his subjects. Harry could tell he was looking at each person that he passed. He was definitely looking for someone and Harry had a good idea who that person was.

Harry got next to an older woman that was heading in the same direction he was, toward the arch. He fell into step next to her, putting the woman between him and Dumbledore. The woman didn't even notice Harry; she was busy looking at Dumbledore.

"Ah, Headmaster, it is good to see you out of that castle." The woman started saying as Dumbledore was about to pass her. Harry kept on walking and made it to the arch. He could hear Dumbledore's reply as the arch started to close. "Ah yes, Madam Longbottom a pleasu..."

-oo00oo-

Dumbledore had been working in his office, the new term was starting the following Monday and the students would be arriving this

coming Saturday. His deputy headmistress Minerva McGonagall had just left his office; she had been trying to get a head start on next years new students and had come across something strange, when she had last checked the book Harry Potter was listed for the 1991 term. Instead of Harry Potter in now read Lord Harry James Potter and there were four unknowns below his name. Of course she had brought it (to) Albus's attention right away. The unknowns were just as much a mystery to him as they were to Minerva.

Albus had just set his tea cup down when his name was called from the fireplace. "Headmaster Dumbledore!" Albus walked over to the fireplace and put his head in.

"Ah, Tom, how are things at the Leaky Cauldron today?" Albus greeted the man.

"Good, good, I understand you were asking that the shop keepers keep a lookout for a young Lord that may come to Diagon Alley to shop. Well, I just heard that there is young man in the alley now that bears a Lords ring. He has been to several shops already this morning. I am just hearing about it now."

"I'll be right over Tom, there have been rumors of a new young Lord in Britain and I have been endeavoring to meet him. Thank you Tom." Albus pulled his head from the fire and grabbed a hand full of floo powder. After stepping through to the Leaky Cauldron, Albus headed directly for the back courtyard and the entrance to Diagon Alley. He didn't notice Sirius Black sitting in one of the back corner booths talking with another gentleman, Remus Lupin.

He passed through the arch sweeping the area with his eyes. Albus started walking deeper into the alley when his eyes fell on a young man wearing some kind of red hat and appeared to be trying to catch up with Augusta Longbottom. Albus started scanning the crowd again when he was approached by the same Madam Longbottom. "Ah, Headmaster it is good to see you out of that castle." He turned his full attention to the matron of the Longbottom family.

"Ah yes, Madam Longbottom a pleasure to see you again, it has been many years. How is young Neville doing?" Albus looked for the young man that he had just seen with Augusta. "Was he not just with you?" Augusta looked around her self.

"I am doing well Albus, Neville is back at Longbottom Manor, and we are looking forward to receiving his Hogwarts letter next summer." Albus looked around again.

"So that was not Neville that I saw walking next to you a moment ago?" Augusta gave Albus an 'Are you losing what's left of your marbles look' "Ah, I suppose I was mistaken." Albus looked back over his shoulder to see the last of the bricks in the arch move back in to place. "If you will excuse me Augusta, I just remembered I have an appointment for lunch." Albus turned to walk away without waiting for a response.

"Certainly Albus, we must get together again soon." Augusta called after him, her voice showing her displeasure in his departure. Albus reached the archway and tapped the bricks in order with his wand as fast as he could. When the archway finished opening, he quickly strode into the main dining area of the Leaky Cauldron. He looked around to find the young man wearing the red hat. He spotted the boy in the far corner of the room speaking with two gentlemen, one was obscured by the boy, the other had the hood of their cloak up. He started walking in their direction.

-oo00oo-

Sirius had been a half hour early to his meeting with Remus. He wanted to get a good booth in a back corner so they could have some privacy. The looks he had been getting all day from different people were starting to get to him. 'Didn't these people get the paper, I was found innocent.' It didn't seem that way to Sirius. Some people just stared at him with what could be described as pity, others with loathing, but a few gave him a warm smile, that included Tom the proprietor of the Leaky Cauldron. "Tom I need a back booth, meeting an old friend today." Sirius called out. Tom waved his hand in the direction of an empty booth in the back corner.

As Sirius figured would happen he not so much as sat down when the front door to the tavern opened and in walked Remus. Sirius stood up and waved him over. When Remus got close to the table Sirius moved forward and the two old friends embraced in a hearty, back slapping embrace. "Remus, look at you, you old wolf. How have you been?" Remus stepped back a little to get a look at Sirius.

"I..." Sirius cut him off.

"You don't need to apologize, it was logical for me to be the keeper, that's why I talked them into switching to the rat." Remus looked at his shoes for a moment then back up into the eyes of the last of his best friends.

"I...I still should have trusted in you. James and you were like brothers, and you could never betray your godson Harry. I'm sorry Sirius I should have tried to get you a trial, talked to Dumbledore or something." Sirius let out a soft growl at the mention of Dumbledore, Remus heard it.

"Come over here and sit, there is a lot going on that you need to know about." Sirius turned back to the table and sat down. Tom came over just as Remus was sitting down. "Get ya lunch gentlemen?"

"Yes, thank you Tom, whatever you have ready is fine." replied Sirius. Remus and Sirius stared back at each other, neither knowing where to start. Sirius finally broke the silence with the one question that he had, it would make or break their friendship. "Why have you not looked in on Harry?" Remus blinked, that was not the question he had been expecting.

"I'm sorry? I was told that Harry was safe. Dumbledore asked me to stay away; he didn't want to confuse Harry between the muggle world and ours. He told me he was going to take care of Harry. Plus with my problem I could never get guardianship over Harry, no matter what James and Lily's Will said. Is there a problem with Harry?" Sirius seemed to consider Remus's words for a moment before replying.

"Yeah..., a whole lot of problems, Dumbledore put Harry with Lily's sister Petunia. She and that git husband of hers have been beating, starving, and demoralizing Harry for the last eight years. All with Dumbledore turning a blind eye to it and there is more..." Sirius didn't get to finish his sentence.

"What... do... you... mean? Where is Harry... now? Is he still with Petunia...? What's going on Sirius?" Remus was keeping his voice down but you could tell that he was getting angry, he was growling

between each word. In the back of Remus's mind the werewolf was not happy; its cub was in danger.

"Calm down Remus, Harry got himself out of it. Then he got me out of Azkaban. He is a remarkable kid; I'll let him tell you his story. He is in Diagon Alley right now doing some shopping. He should be here any minute now." Remus looked like he wanted to run into the alley right then and there but Sirius put his hand out to stop him. "If he gets in trouble he has the Potter ring, he can portkey out of anything with a word."

At that moment Tom returned with their lunch. They were both about to tuck in to it when Sirius spotted Harry running in their direction. Harry stopped in front of there table slightly out of breath. "Dumbledore is here, we need to go!"

"What? Where?" asked Sirius.

"Just pull up your hood Sirius, have you paid for the meal yet?" asked Harry as he pulled out his money pouch. Harry tossed three galleons on the table before Sirius could even reply. "Hi Remus, touch my ring both of you, quick." Harry smiled at Remus, who looked like a deer caught in the headlights of a car.

"I thought that only worked for you, Harry?" Sirius replied as he put a finger on Harry's Potter ring. Remus not knowing what was going on followed along. This was Harry; he looked at the boy standing in front of him. He was short for a ten year old and he looked underweight. The wolf side of Remus could smell the fear coming from Harry; he was even starting to get a fear scent from Sirius. He placed a finger on the ring Harry was wearing. "Harry, Sirius, what's going on?" With what little Sirius had had the chance to tell him, Remus asked. At that moment he looked up to see Albus Dumbledore start to head in their direction.

"Potter Manor, Activate." He heard Harry say. He then felt the familiar pull of a portkey behind his navel.

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Albus Dumbledore was a troubled man. He had just taken a step in the direction of who he hoped was Harry, when the boy and the two people he was with disappeared. He had caught a glimpse of one of

the men but not enough to identify him. He would review it in his pensieve later. Tom the barman came up to him.

"Headmaster is there something I could help you with?" asked Tom who could see the troubled look on Albus's face.

"Tom, yes could you tell me who was just sitting over there in the booth?" Albus pointed to the corner. Tom looked, not seeing Sirius or Remus Lupin sitting there anymore, but he did see the three galleons on the table.

"I'm sorry headmaster; I did not recognize either of the men that were sitting there." Tom replied as he walked over to the table pocketing the money. Albus nodded his head to Tom and strode back over to the archway to Diagon Alley, there was a chance that the young lord Tom told him about was still there and he could get a description from the shop keepers.

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Harry managed to land on his feet for the first time, it wasn't the most graceful of landings but he was happy with it. Remus and Sirius on the other hand had landed on their butts. Harry figured it was because they were both sitting when the portkey activated. Harry started laughing at the two men. "Now I see even you can't land on your feet every time Sirius." Sirius was just picking himself up off the floor and offering a hand to Remus.

"Shouldn't he be in the Manor dungeon?" Sirius asked pointing to Remus.

"Nah, I added him to the access list this morning, figured he would be coming back with us." replied Harry. Harry turned to Remus and looked him up and down. "Well you're not what I remember; the Remus I remember would never look this scruffy. Da always liked the way you dressed." Remus looked even more confused now. He was still sitting on the floor, having refused the hand up from Sirius, who was smirking at him now.

Harry had stopped laughing, He remembered Remus as one of his Da's best friends. Remus was supposed to take care of him if anything happened to his parents and Sirius. Dumbledore had been the last resort in the Will. Harry was getting upset; it was just now

hitting him that Remus didn't have the excuse that Sirius did. Ya, Sirius getting tossed in Azkaban was stupid on his part but what was Remus's excuse.

"Why did you leave me?" Harry asked with a hostile tone in his voice. "Why didn't you take me in, you knew my parents wishes, Sirius, you, then Dumbledore." Harry turned and walked in the house not waiting for a reply. Remus sat there first with surprise and then hurt and shame on his face. He looked down at his hands.

"Sirius... what's going on... you know I couldn't take him, I can barely support myself with my problem, and the ministry would never have given me custody." This day was turning out harder then he thought it would. Remus never expected to meet Harry today, never mind Harry asking that question. Even the wolf side of him was feeling ashamed.

"He has been through a lot Remus." replied Sirius. "He knew what happened to me, I still have a couple bruises on my arms where he was pounding on me. He wanted to know why I went after Peter that night instead of staying with him. He cried himself to sleep in my arms when I couldn't answer that question. You will have to face him, I have forgiven you and he will forgive you. Guess the question is will you forgive yourself?" Sirius offered Remus his hand again to help him up, Remus took it this time.

"I'll talk to him." Sirius told him. Remus finally took the time to look around. He was in a foyer with a large old fireplace that had a large shield hanging over it. Emblazed on the shield was the Potter crest. Remus realized where he was.

"How are we at Potter Manor?" Remus was as confused as ever, none of this was possible. His emotions were all over the place. He was happy that he had Sirius back and was with Harry, but he was upset with what Sirius had told him so far, ashamed that he didn't look out for Harry, and confused about how all this was happening.

"Harry enacted the end of line clause in the family law; he is the new Lord Potter. He is an adult in the eyes of the law. You need to get him to tell you his story." Sirius turned and entered the Manor leaving Remus standing there. A moment later a house elf appeared in the foyer.

"Mr. Lupin, I is Biggly, the head house elf. Lord Potter has asked that we prepare a room for you in the family wing. If you will follow, I will show you the way." Biggly bowed to Remus.

"Thank you Biggly, I don't know if I should stay, I may not be welcome." Remus replies with a deep sadness in his voice.

"Lord Potter has just informed me that you will always be welcome." Biggly lowered his voice to a whisper. "Mr. Lupin just needs to give young Harry a little time, he is very smart, if you explain, he will forgive you." In a normal voice Biggly continued. "Please follow me." Remus nodded to the elf, he was deep in thought as he followed Biggly up the stairs.

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Sirius walked into the study to find Harry sitting behind the desk writing a note. Sirius walked to the fireplace and sat in one of the leather chairs. He was getting tired, it had been a long and stressful day so far. When Harry was done with whatever he was writing he called Tula, giving her the note. She disappeared a moment later. Harry walked over and plopped down in the other chair. He just stared into the empty fireplace for a long moment before speaking.

"I'm sorry Sirius; I shouldn't have gone off on him like that. All the emotions just burst out of me!" I should go and apologize to him." Harry said with a far-off look on his face.

"You did nothing wrong Harry, it was a harsh question to ask but it was also the right question to ask. You need to know the answer; you have the right to know the answer. I have already forgiven him for everything but you need to do that for yourself. I can tell you this; he did have a reason, more then one really." Sirius sat back into the chair and closed his eyes. "Go talk to him, he is feeling as bad as you are. Hang him upside down from the chandelier, a good prank will make you both feel better." Harry smiled even though you could still see the hurt in his eyes.

"I may just do that; I'll make sure you get a front row seat." Harry replied with a smirk. Sirius returned the grin then closed his eyes again. Harry got up and walked out of the study. After Harry left Sirius turned and looked at the portrait over the desk, Harold just smiled and nodded to him in approval.

Harry took his time going up to the suite that Biggly had assigned to Remus. When he got to the door he found Biggly standing outside it. Biggly just nodded to Harry as he approached then popped away. Harry stopped outside the door; he had his head down in thought. After a moment he looked up at the door, squared his shoulders and knocked. He didn't have to wait, almost as soon as his hand hit the door it opened. He was immediately pulled in to a hug by the man he had come to talk to.

With tears in his eyes Remus hugged Harry. "I'm sorry cub; I should have been there for you. I let my problems get in the way and I listened to an old man tell me that he would take care of you." Remus blurted out his voice all choked up. Harry returned the hug also with tears in his eyes. The two of them stayed like that for a long time. Remus finally pushed Harry away to arms distance. "Harry, I'm so sorry."

With the tears still in his eyes Harry nodded his head and forgave him, but he still had questions, and he was still going to hang Remus from the chandelier. "What problems, Remus?" Harry asked. Remus didn't know if he should tell Harry about his furry problem but Harry had a right to know.

"I'm... well... ummm... ok, I'm a werewolf." There he got it out, now Remus waited for the rejection that he knew was coming. Harry looked at Remus, tilting his head slightly to the side.

"You don't look like a werewolf; shouldn't you have fur and fangs? And howl at the moon?" Harry had read plenty of fantasy books that had werewolves in them and Remus didn't fit any of the descriptions he had read.

"ummm... I only change on the night of the full moon. You don't know anything about real werewolves do you Harry?"

"No, only what I have read in fantasy novels. Is that why Da always called you Moony?" Remus wasn't sure if it was being called Moony by Harry or that Harry remembered James calling him that that surprised him more.

"How..." Harry cut him off.

"Let's go sit down and I'll tell you all about myself." Harry led Remus back into the suite and took a seat in the sitting area. When they were both comfortable Harry called Tula and asked for lunch. Over lunch and several hours after that Harry told Remus everything about himself. As many times as he had told his story in the past couple weeks he was seriously thinking about just writing it down for new people to read if he wanted them to. He did have to start the writing his Lord journal anyway.

Remus and Harry talked until dinner was called, at which point they both went downstairs and joined Sirius. The conversation continued well into the night with Sirius tossing in his two Knuts here and there. Remus had explained that the laws in the wizarding world would not let him take Harry, Will or not.

By the end of the night all three were happy and laughing at some of the pranks the Marauders had pulled while at Hogwarts. Sirius was severely embellishing the tales, while Remus was setting the record straight. That just made Harry laugh harder. It was this happiness that led Harry to his final thought as he lay in bed that night, both Sirius and Remus had tucked him in, his old life was over, no more Dursleys, and his new life was starting with his godfather and uncle Moony.

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Dumbledore was again pacing his office. After talking to several shop owners, he was sure that the young lord they had seen and helped was indeed Harry. He had talked to several people that had seen the young lad, who had been walking up and down Diagon Alley, looking in shops, talking to street vendors. Albus had talked to a Mr. Gem in one of the shops who would only confirm that the lad had been in the shop, but refused to tell him if the lad had purchased anything, something about patient confidentiality.

He had also overheard a group of shoppers talking about having seen Sirius Black in the Alley that morning. Again he could not confirm it, or confirm that either of the men he saw disappear with the lad was Sirius. He had looked at the memory of the tavern in his pensieve and still could not tell who the man he glimpsed was; all he could tell was that he was older and scruffy looking. Albus returned to his desk, again looking over Harry's file. Unknown, unknown, unknown, everything that would be of use to Albus was unknown in

the file. Someone was helping Harry, that much he was sure of, but who?

The knock on his office door surprised him. He had been so engrossed in finding the wayward Mr. Potter that Albus had actually missed the signal of who was at his door more than once now. The staff was starting to think he was losing his touch. "Enter" he called out. He looked down at his desk to see if he had an appointment scheduled. 'Staff meeting – three pm' He groaned as the four heads of the Hogwarts houses entered his office.

Chapter 11

A Year with the Marauders Part 1

Both Sirius and Remus woke up to the sound of soft giggling and a sense that something was not right with the world. Remus was the first to open his eyes. Harry was sure that they could hear Remus scream in the village that was several miles away. Hearing Remus scream, Sirius opened his eyes to find himself and Remus hanging upside down from the chandelier in the main room of Potter Manor. As he looked down at the floor his scream turned the giggling into full-blown laughter. Harry was on the second floor balcony rolling on the floor laughing. Standing next to him was Tula; she had her hand over her mouth trying desperately not to join Harry on the floor.

"HARRY JAMES POTTER" screamed Remus and Sirius at the same time. "GET US DOWN FROM HERE!" It just made Harry laugh even harder and it took Harry a good five minutes to stop. Once he had himself under enough control to stand back up, Harry looked at his two victims.

"I told you I would give you front row seats Sirius." Harry walked along the balcony to the stairs, Tula following along behind him. Harry could see portraits of several of his ancestors peeking around the edges of the various paintings that hung in the main room, all of them with smirks on their faces.

"Harry, when I told you to hang him from the chandelier..." he said, cringed at the murderous look Remus was now giving him. 'Me and my big mouth' Sirius thought as he clamped his mouth shut and folded his arms across his chest.

"WHAT do you mean you told him to hang me from the chandelier? SIRIUS?" This of course set Harry off again, laughing as he walked down the stairs. "Harry...cub... please let us down?" Remus asked in a soft voice. "SO I CAN KILL YOUR GODFATHER" Remus continued in a not-so-soft voice. Harry was rolling on the floor laughing again while looking up at his godfather's scared face. Remus was shooting daggers at Sirius with his eyes. Harry finally pulled himself together and walked toward the door to get to the family dining room. Harry could see out of the corner of his eye Biggly peeking around the side of the staircase and holding his hand

to his stomach, trying not to laugh. Harry opened the door and was about to walk through when Remus stopped him.

"Are you going to let us down from here, Harry?" Harry stopped and turned back to his two victims.

"Maybe, when you both learn not to leave people hanging." Harry replied with a straight face and walked through the door, Tula followed, closing it behind her. Sirius and Remus could both hear the giggles coming from the room.

"Tula, wait about five minutes, then go let them down, gently. When will breakfast be ready?" Harry instructed Tula.

"Tula will have your breakfast in a moment, oh Master of laughter." Harry stop dead in his tracks with a look of disbelief on his face, he turned to Tula to find her trying to stifle a giggling fit.

"Master of laughter... .." That finished off Tula who was now openly laughing. Harry was surprised; the sound of Tula laughing was almost musical because it was the first time he had ever heard a house elf laugh. It was at the moment that the rest of the house elves appeared in the dining room, all of them smirking and clapping, Harry and Tula both took a bow. From the main room Harry heard Sirius yell out, "THIS MEANS WAR, HHHAAARRRRYYYY"

"Better make that ten minutes, Tula." Harry deadpanned.

After more than twenty minutes of hanging upside down from the chandelier in the main room of Potter Manor, Sirius and Remus joined Harry at the breakfast table. Both of them were sporting headaches, and the look on Remus's face was priceless. "I understand you needed to do that Harry." Remus said as he sat down. Remus had already issued his threats to Sirius while hanging upside down. Sirius, on the other hand, looked like the cat that caught the canary, the smile on his face stretched from ear to ear. "You're just like your dad, Harry. A better executed prank I have never seen or been the victim of. James would be proud of you."

"Oh, I don't know Sirius, Da turning Remus's hair green was pretty funny, scared me when I first saw him." Harry smirked in Remus's direction just as Remus spluttered pumpkin juice all over the table.

"Harry, I am never going to get used to you remembering everything. I had that green hair for a week, even your mum couldn't undo it. Not to mention it was a full moon a couple days later." replied Remus.

"Yeah, I have never seen a green werewolf until that night." laughed Sirius. "This still means prank war though, Harry." Harry looked down at his plate of food. He still couldn't hide the smirk that was plastered on his face. He was so looking forward to it.

"So Harry what are you planning to do for school, you still have another year before you start at Hogwarts?" asked Remus.

"I don't know, I can't go back to my primary school, besides being bored to death, they think I'm in the United States. I tried to hire Mr. Crandall's daughter Lynn to tutor me in potions, but she declined. I guess I could try and find a couple tutors to come here but that has its own problems. I guess I could just self study, I feel like I've been doing that for years now anyway." answered Harry.

"What about you Remus, you have been teaching or tutoring kids for years, Harry could hire you." suggested Sirius. "It's about time you came back to our world anyway, you've been with the muggles for too long."

"I don't know Sirius, what about my furry little problem and I don't know if I would be able to keep up with Harry. I don't even have a floo connection in my flat." Sirius held up his hand.

"Just stop Remus; you know we don't care about the furry problem. You can direct Harry's studies, what he studies and when. You can also just live here, assuming Harry wants you to." Sirius looked over at Harry.

"Yeah, Uncle Remus, I didn't have your room set up for nothing, you know. Besides, are you going to leave me here in his hands?" Harry pointed to Sirius with a smirk on his face.

"HEY" yelled Sirius indignantly. Both Remus and Harry laughed. After several minutes of silence while Harry and Sirius finished their breakfast, Remus finally made up his mind. He wanted to be here

for Prong's son and he definitely didn't trust Sirius to be with Harry alone for any length of time, Harry would never grow up.

"Okay...you convinced me, I'll have to let my other students know that I can't continue with them and pack up my flat and give due notice. I'll want to test you Harry to see where you are in your studies. So give me a few days to get everything done. Let's say next Monday I'll have you sit some tests."

"Thank you, uncle Remus!" Harry got up and hugged Remus. Sirius was smiling from ear to ear again, he wasn't fooling himself he knew he needed help with Harry and Remus was the best possible person for the job, he had always been the most levelheaded of the marauders. Even after Harry was born James still didn't match Remus for his maturity.

After breakfast, Remus left to go start taking care of his business. Sirius decided to go see his grandfather early to get the visit over with; he wasn't looking forward to it. Not that Lord Black was a bad guy. According to Sirius; he was just old and set in his ways. Harry went to the master study to pick up where he left off in the journals. He had figured that each Lord Potter had only one journal and any other stuff like Great Granddad Anton Potter's potion recipes and notes were in the books in the Potter library. That had turned out to be a misconception; some of his ancestors had one or two journals while others had as many as ten. Fredric Potter, Harry's Great Grandfather six generations removed, loved to write. He had ten journals that covered everything happening in the Potter family. Every political move made, every business investment, anything that happened in the Potter family. His brother Brian Potter had a daughter named Stacy who went on to become a spell crafter; it was her work that created the index book which kept track of the Potter library now. Fredric wrote in his journal everyday even if the day had been nothing but breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Harry found all of the journals captivating; he learned the Potter secrets, even finding a few metaphorical skeletons in the closet. Not all the Potter Lords were firmly in the light, a good few of them were gray, though none ever crossed the line to the dark arts. The Potters that fought on the front lines against the Dark Arts could all be called leaders of the light, the rest liked to work behind the curtains, pushing their own agendas. Those agendas were always for the better of the wizarding world as a whole and the Potters in general.

As Harry read back through the journals, back though time he was becoming more and more accustomed to the writing styles of whatever time period the journal came from. He would get help from the portrait of the Potter who had written the journal if he got stuck on the meaning of a word, making it much easier. He figured he had another couple weeks of reading to get through the rest of the journals barring any distraction. If there was the one thing he missed, it was the quiet of the Surrey Library, although it was only Sirius and him, and now Remus. But ever since coming to the wizarding world he had been for a lack of a better word 'hunted' by Dumbledore, taken on the mantle of Lord Potter, freed Sirius from prison, and become one of the richest people in Britain.

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Madam Bones entered the London branch of Gringotts with a lot of things running around in her normally ordered mind. Almost a week after the fall session of the Wizengamot and she was still trying to understand the ramifications. The Wizarding world had been turned upside down and shaken, what fell out would take years to clean up. Right now her Aurors were in search of over a dozen witches and wizards, most of which had held seats of power within the Ministry until last Thursday. The new Minister of Magic, Newton Crabtree, was doing everything he could to support her and run the Ministry at the same time. The Wizengamot vote of no confidence against former minister Fudge had been successful that morning; the man didn't even show up for it. The Daily Prophet had speculated that the DMLE was going to open a case on Fudge's dealings; they were not far from the truth.

The questioning of Bellatrix Lestrange was ongoing and so far they had the names of every one of Voldemort's inner circle. Some were known to be dead or in Azkaban already and some like Lucius Malfoy were now on the run.

'Madam Bones walked into the interrogation room. Strapped and chained to the chair was Bellatrix Lestrange. She looked haggard and feeble. Her hair was falling out, her eyes sunken and lifeless, and her face was grimy, all covered in dirt. Obviously no one had bothered to try getting her cleaned up, she looked pathetic. "Hello, Lestrange, it has been a long time. How are the Dementors treating you, I understand they have taken a liking to you?" There was an empty chair a few feet in front of Bella, Amelia sat down in it and

crossed her legs. She was not allowing anyone to enter this room with a wand and two of the biggest Aurors she had stood behind the prisoner. Bellatrix spat at Amelia's feet. "That wasn't very nice Lestrage, but it doesn't matter. I am here to inform you that the laws preventing the use of Veritaserum on prisoners is temporarily no longer in effect. You will answer all our questions, whether you like it or not. Have a good day, Lestrage." The screams coming from the room as Amelia left were heard echoing deep into the heart of the DMLE.'

Malfoy Manor had been searched from top to bottom and despite the discovery of several Dark Arts and cursed items, Lucius was not found. His wife Narcissa and ten year old son Draco had been at the Manor but didn't even know where he was. Peter Pettigrew was still in the wind, the Aurors didn't even know where to start looking for him, they had a picture of him from eleven years ago, and a description of his illegal animagus rat form from Sirius Black's trial. She wasn't yet willing to release that description to the public or she would have people delivering rats to the ministry in droves.

On top of everything else on her already overflowing plate, the name Harry Potter had popped up, although at least in this case it was not a bad thing. It seemed that while the wizarding world was being turned upside down Harry Potter had become Lord Potter, Lord of the Ancient and Noble House of Potter. His file had turned up on the Minister's desk because of some general orders left behind by Fudge. After going through the file Minister Crabtree had called her to his office. They had found out that Sirius Black was Harry's godfather. A copy of the Potter Will had also appeared in the file, which they had several questions about. With that in mind it was not too far of a jump to realize that Harry may now be with the infamous Sirius Black. The Minister wanted an interview with the new Lord Potter and it was her job to find him, she wanted an interview with Sirius Black as well.

"Madam Bones, how can Gringotts help the Ministry of Magic today?" asked a goblin sitting at one of the desks.

"I would like to speak with Mr. Scott Crandall, if I may?" replied Amelia politely. The goblin looked over his shoulder at one of the goblin runners, who immediately turned and entered a door along the wall.

"Have a seat Madam Bones; someone will be right with you." Amelia walked to the waiting area and sat in one of the waiting chairs.

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Sirius returned later that afternoon to the Manor and when he entered the master study, Harry could see that he looked troubled. Harry waited for him to sit by the fireplace across from him. He didn't look ready to talk about whatever it was that was troubling him so Harry returned to his reading. After some time, Sirius turned to Harry. "Well looks like we are both going to get our feet wet in the world of running an Ancient and Noble House." Harry looked up questioningly, and then spotted a new ring on Sirius's hand.

"What happened at your grandfathers?" ask Harry.

"He's getting old and he has been in seclusion for the last nine years within Black Manor. With me in Azkaban, the House of Black would have fallen to Narcissa's son Draco if Arcturus had passed away or was killed. Arcturus wants to spend whatever remaining years he has enjoying his life, so he officially passed control to me." Sirius slumped back into the chair. "You're looking at the new Lord Black. Arcturus is writing a public statement for the press, it will be in tomorrows Prophet." Sirius sighed. "He gave me some advice about what I should do, finished the last entry in his Black family journal and retired. He's going to live in one of the Black family chateaus in France until he passes away. I have put all of the Black properties on lockdown until I figure this all out."

Harry got a worried look on his face. "You're... going to stay here with me though, right?" Harry asked desperately. Sirius jumped up from his chair and knelt down in front of Harry taking him in his arms. "I'm never going to leave you again pup, that's a promise." Remus walked in at that moment, he stopped at the door and watched a single tear rolled down his cheek. Remus backed out of the room while mentally making the same promise. He walked up to his new rooms leaving the two to their time together.

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The next morning, Harry and Remus were sitting down to breakfast and Sirius was still asleep, when Biggly popped into the dinning room. "Harry, Mr. Crandall is here."

"Biggly, show him in please." Biggly nodded his head and popped away. A minute later Mr. Crandall entered the dinning room.

"Join us for breakfast Mr. Crandall? This is my Uncle Remus Lupin, no blood relation." Harry offered, introducing Remus. Remus stood up to greet the man that had been helping Harry for the past few weeks.

"Thank you Harry and it's nice to meet you Mr. Lupin. Harry and Sirius told me that they were going to try and find you." Mr. Crandall shook the hand that Remus was extending to him.

"It's nice to meet you as well Mr. Crandall, I can't thank you enough for everything you have done for Harry and Sirius." Remus sat back down while Mr. Crandall took a seat across from Harry.

"I got your letter Harry and I had a visit from Madam Bones yesterday." Harry looked at Mr. Crandall, waiting for him to continue. "I had Gringotts look into it and the author is using a pseudonym. Whoever it is, is writing anonymously, so it's going to take some time to find out the persons name. We could file against the publisher but I'm going to recommend that we wait on this."

"Why is that Mr. Crandall? The idea that someone has been making money off my name and spreading lies about my life is driving me nuts. I skimmed through all the books and they are all complete fabrications. Even the supposed history books paint me as some kind of super wizard with no facts to back them up." Mr. Crandall held up his hand to stop Harry, he could tell he was getting worked up over this.

"First of all, Harry, you need to calm down. The reason I think we should wait is so we can find the author first, the other reason is that you would have to come out in the open, which would let Dumbledore know for sure where you are. I think we should wait until you are on your way to Hogwarts, and then file the lawsuit that day; this is going to be big news." Scott could see that Harry was thinking it over.

"You're right, we should wait. I was also thinking this over last night, with all this fame that I have because of these books, shouldn't I be getting fan mail by the truck loads? Gringotts told me they have

been sending out my statements all these years; I never received any of them." Mr. Crandall looked lost in thought.

After a few minutes of thinking he pulled a piece of parchment from his robes. Tula appeared at that moment with an ink well and quill. "Thank you Tula, you do Harry proud with your attentiveness." The little house elf beamed a smile at Mr. Crandall and disappeared. "I'm going to write a note to you Harry and have it sent by Owl post; I'll place a tracking charm on it to see where it goes." After finishing the note and placing the charm on it, Tula appeared again holding out her hand. Mr. Crandall smiled and handed her the note, she then popped away. "Wish I had a house elf like that one Harry." Scott commented.

Sirius strolled into the dinning room just as Tula popped away. "Good morning all, nice to see you again Scott. So what's going on today?"

"We are just going over a few things, namely the books I found and the fact I don't get mail from all this fame." replied Harry. Mr. Crandall nodded his head in greeting to Sirius. At that moment Tula popped back into the dinning room. "I has sent the letter from Diagon Alley Owl Post." She then handed Harry the Daily Prophet.

"Tula I set up a subscription to the Prophet, it should be delivered by post?" questioned Sirius.

"Nasty news paper is delivered to Manor owlery, addressed to Mr.'s Black." Sirius nodded as he dug in to his breakfast. Remus had finished his breakfast and excused himself, he had more to do today, his flat needed to be packed up and moved here to be put in storage. Harry looked at the front page of the newspaper, finding what Sirius had told him earlier.

New Lord of The Ancient and Noble House of Black

In a move seldom seen within the Ancient and Noble houses, Arcturus Black has passed control of the Ancient and Noble House of Black to none other then the recently found innocent and still infamous Sirius Black. It is normal for the Lordship to be passed on after the death of the current Lord to his heir apparent. In a letter received last night by the Daily Prophet from then Lord Arcturus Black, he stated that he is tired of hiding away from his Death Eater

relatives that hoped to gain control of the Black family fortune by his untimely demise. By passing the Lordship to his now exonerated grandson Sirius Black, he could live his remaining years in peace.

Many believed that Sirius Black had been disowned by the Black Family, however, this rumor has been proven untrue. As a last act Lord Arcturus Black signed papers disowning Bellatrix Lestrange after annulling her marriage to Rodolphus Lestrange. The now nameless Bellatrix is still being questioned by the DMLE. Lord Arcturus Black also annulled the marriage of Narcissa Malfoy to Lucius Malfoy, who is now wanted for questioning for his dealings with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Lord Arcturus Black did not disown Narcissa, leaving that decision up to now Lord Sirius Black.

The article went on to give a short history of the Black family and Sirius's history in general. Harry passed the paper over to Sirius who groaned at having to deal with all these problems. Harry turned back to Mr. Crandall who was enjoying a small meal. "You mentioned a visit yesterday?"

"Oh yes, Madam Bones stopped by Gringotts yesterday, it seems your Ministry file turned up on the desk of Minister Crabtree. It updated itself when you took over as Lord Potter. After reading the file and finding out that Sirius here is your godfather, the Minister and Madam Bones have passed on a request for a meeting." Harry remembered that there was a Crabtree listed in the access book for the Manor. Harry excused himself from the table saying he would be right back; he needed to talk to his granddad.

Mr. Crandall sat finishing the delicious breakfast as he waited for Harry to return. Sirius had other issues on his mind. He turned to Mr. Crandall. "Could you have papers drawn up for the reinstatement of Andromeda Tonks to the Black family and disownment papers for Draco Malfoy? I'm not yet sure what I'm going to do about Narcissa." Mr. Crandall nodded his head as he currently had a mouth full of pancakes.

When Harry didn't return before Sirius and Mr. Crandall finished breakfast they both decided to look for him. They found Harry in the Master Study talking with his Granddad's portrait. Harry turned around when the two entered. "Ok, Granddad says that the Crabtree's and Potter's have been aligned for several generations. He's met Newton several times and says he's a good guy. So, ya, I

guess I can meet with him. Granddad says it would be best if we do it here though, can that be arranged? Say a couple weeks from now so Remus, Sirius, and I have some time to get settled?"

After another hour of talking Mr. Crandall departed, heading back to Gringotts. Harry returned to his books while Sirius decided to take care of some of his family business. Which in his case was finding out what the family business was, Sirius had never before paid attention to what was going on in the Black Family other than what was happening in his own little corner of it. Sirius had a lot of catching up to do, more so than Harry in some cases, because Sirius still had family, even if they were just cousins.

The rest of the week proceeded mostly the same way, Harry would spend his days reading the family journals, Sirius and Remus would spend a couple hours in the morning with him then run off to take care of whatever they had to take care of. Then after dinner the three would sit down in the family lounge to talk and spend time together. Most nights Sirius and Remus would trade off telling stories about Harry's parents, stories about their time at Hogwarts and before Harry was born. They both avoided stories about the war and what Harry's parents went through.

Harry found out that his mum had become a Spell Crafter. She wanted to add to all the wonder that was the Potter library. Sirius called her the fiery bookworm. "The first time your mum..."

"And this is the library" James swept his hand around the room. Sirius watched as Lily's eyes went as wide as saucers at the sight of thousands of books. "Oh... James, can we just move in to this room?" Lily asked as if she was a kid in a candy store. "Now...now Lils, if we did that I would never get you out of it and I still want to see my new bride from time to time." replied James. Sirius had laughed at the look on Lily's face as she locked eyes with James. He could see the start of one of their rants.'

Remus said his mum had been the best researcher he had ever met. She could go through the index book faster than anyone else. They both told him that up until his parents went into hiding that Lily would spend at least a couple hours a day in the library.

By the weekend Remus was finally moved in, all of his belongings were either in storage in one of the Manor storerooms or in his suite. Sirius had been out to see his cousin Andromeda Tonks. He reinstated her to the Black Family and blessed her marriage to Ted Tonks, who was a muggle-born wizard. He had also met Andromeda's daughter Nymphadora, who was starting her sixth year at Hogwarts on Saturday. She had almost decked Sirius when he called her Nymphadora; she preferred to be called Tonks. Harry told Sirius that if he wanted he could invite them over for dinner some night.

Sirius had also received a letter from his other cousin Narcissa, the former wife of Lucius Malfoy. She had requested to speak to him about what had happened. Sirius had replied that he was still considering the issue and would get back to her, but that there was no saving her son, he had sent the disownment papers along with his reply. The reply howler from Narcissa had rocked the entire manor. It started out with her calling Sirius every name in the book, which Sirius was laughing hysterically about, and ended with her begging him to reconsider, which also had Sirius laughing. Sirius then replied back telling her that he would meet with her in one year's time to discuss it, that he would reconsider her son if he was sorted into any other house except Slytherin when he started there next year.

Come Saturday, Harry asked Sirius to teach him how to fly on a broom. He had asked Remus to join them but was told that Remus was preparing his tests for Monday. So on Saturday morning Harry got up early and had his breakfast. When Sirius had not shown up by the end of breakfast Harry decided to wake him up. Having someone jumping up and down on your bed will wake anyone up and Sirius was none too happy about the early hour as he chased a laughing Harry around the Manor complaining about the time.

An hour later Sirius and Harry were standing outside the front of the Manor. It was the first time Harry had been outside the walls of the Manor, before he had only looked through windows, and spent a couple hours one day sitting on the stairs in the main hall looking out over the cliffs down at the ocean at the back of the Manor. Looking around, he could tell that the front was meticulously cared for. Biggly had told Harry that Roper, who was the new groundskeeper elf, had been working day and night to get it all cleaned up. The front garden had new flower beds growing and would soon be in fall bloom. The

green grass was perfectly cut and trimmed; around the walkways were several park benches. All of this surrounded a moderately sized fish pond that had a fountain in its center.

Sirius had shown Harry where the broom closet was, just off the main hall. There had been about a dozen brooms in the closet; Sirius told him they were Cleansweep 6 brooms, which had been the latest model ten years ago. "Okay Harry, these are full power brooms. So I want you to take it slow." Sirius walked into a grassy area and placed the broom on the ground, Harry then copied him. "Hold your hand over it like this and say up."

Harry held his hand over the broom just like Sirius was doing. "Up." The broom shot into his hand like it was meant to be there. Sirius watched and smiled that Harry was able to get it on his first try.

'James and Sirius walked out of the Manor, following Harold. Harold put the three brooms on the ground and stood next to one, instructing James and Sirius to do the same. "Now hold your hand over it and say up just like this." Harold's broom jumped up into his hand. James copied his father and the broom jumped into his hand on command. Sirius had to try twice before it would do as he told it.' Sirius remembered that day many years ago, the look on Harry's face was the same one Prong's had had.

"Okay you mount the broom like this." Sirius showed Harry. Harry again copied him. "Now all brooms today have a cushioning charm on them so you feel like you're sitting on a chair..." Sirius explained how to go up, down, forward, and back. "Okay, go ahead and kick off lightly." As soon as he said it Harry was a blur heading into the sky.

"WOOOOHOOOOO" was all that Sirius could hear as Harry turned the broom and buzzed around his head. "Prongs, he's a natural just like you." Sirius said, with his head up watching Harry. Sirius jumped on his broom and took off after Harry, following him around as he sped back and forth around the gardens. They played follow the leader for twenty minutes or so then landed back where they started. "So what do you think of your first solo flight?" asked Sirius.

"Brilliant, absolutely brilliant, I remember Da flying me around a couple times but this was so much better." Harry replied with a smile stretching across his face.

"Okay, no flying without me or Remus until we are sure you will be okay by yourself. Now what do you want to do?" Sirius replied sternly.

"I want to take a look around the property and go see the greenhouses." Harry was already getting back on his broom. Sirius mounted his broom again and took off after Harry. They spent another two hours flying back and forth over the Manor grounds. The forest that started about two hundred meters from the front of the Manor and surrounded it on all sides except the back went for at least a mile or more in each direction. As they flew out over the forest Harry could see a town off in the distance and slowed so Sirius could pull up next to him. "What town is that? Do they know that there is a manor out here?" asked Harry.

"You know I don't think James ever told me, I've never been there." replied Sirius. "This entire area is what we call unplotable, kind of like it doesn't exist, the muggles don't see the forest, and they think the town is on the edge of the cliff. And if any of them get the idea to go for a walk on the edge of the cliff or the beach below they suddenly find they have something else they need to do, it's part of the wards." Harry nodded in a sort of understanding.

They flew low around the forest until they came around back toward the Manor when Harry spotted a clearing about a hundred meters north of the Manor. A stone path lead from the Manor gardens through the forest to the clearing. In the clearing Harry could see five buildings, which were all made of glass. Harry turned in that direction, landing on the path to the greenhouses. As soon as his feet touched the ground he heard a soft 'pop'. Klisk, the house elf he had bonded with to take care of the green houses, stood waiting for him. Harry hadn't had much contact with Klisk since the bonding other than the day he had to put the Manor in lockdown. Biggly had told him that the greenhouses were in bad shape and Klisk was only able to do so much.

"Master Harry, you has come to see the greenhouses?" asked Klisk, as he bowed. Harry dismounted his broom, Sirius doing the same.

"Klisk, I've asked you to just call me Harry." Klisk shook his head.

"I like to use your proper title Master Harry." Klisk replied. Harry walked to the house elf and put his hand on the house elf's shoulder.

"It's okay; you can use the title if you like." Harry could see in the house elf's eyes that it was his wish to do so. Klisk stood up a little taller and gestured to the greenhouses.

"Welcome to the Potter Greenhouses. Klisk has been working hard to get them in order but it is difficult. They are very overgrown and Klisk is not recognizing some of the plants. Some of them are very aggressive." Klisk was looking upset again. "Klisk is finished in greenhouse one but Master Harry should not enter the rest. Klisk is not a Herbologist; Klisk is needing the help of Herbology master to get the other greenhouses in order."

"Klisk is right Harry; the Potters had some very rare plants in the greenhouses. There was even a couple that the rest of the wizarding world thought to be extinct. How bad are the other greenhouses, Klisk?" Sirius explained to Harry, before turning back to the house elf.

"Very bad, Devil's snare has taken over entire night greenhouse. There is another vine in greenhouse four that Klisk has never seen before and it is choking out all the other plants. Klisk needs help!" Harry nodded his head, another thing that he was going to have to see to, then an idea came to him.

"Sirius, do you know if any of the Potters was Herbology Master? I haven't finished reading all the journals yet; maybe one of the portraits can at least direct Klisk." Harry questioned.

"I don't know, but we can ask Harold when we get back." Harry nodded. Klisk gave Harry and Sirius a tour of greenhouse one, and the inside was much bigger than it looked on the outside. It looked like Klisk had been very busy just in that greenhouse, all the plants were lined up neatly, seedlings were growing, and everything seemed to have had a fresh trim. Klisk explained that all the trimming he had done was ready to be processed for potion ingredients and had been taken to the lab under a stasis charm he had been taught. He went on to explain that most of the plants in the greenhouse were mundane but had magical properties. The tour lasted half an hour, Harry learned quite a bit in that short amount of

time. Harry was even intrigued by all the plants, so he added it to his list of things to learn more about.

The two explorers returned to the manor for lunch, after which Harry returned to his reading. Sirius wandered off to find Remus and see what he was doing. He found him in the research wing of the Manor in one of the study rooms working on Harry's tests. Remus had contacts in the muggle world; teachers he could go to, to get their standardized tests. He had tests for all muggle subjects, including math, science, reading and writing, social studies, geography, and a dozen others. The most difficult exams he had were university entry level. He was currently working out a schedule for the exams and in what order to give them in. When Sirius walked in, he looked up. "Harry is going to have a very busy week, maybe even two." Remus told Sirius who sat down next to him.

"Have you included any Magical courses?" asked Sirius. Remus shook his head.

"No, I will include them in his studies after I get an idea of where he is in all of this. I have a feeling that he is well beyond where any other magical kid would be at his age, since they would have stopped studying beyond the basics." Sirius nodded.

"He's a smart kid, James was brilliant and Lily could outsmart James. You know, he added Herbology to his list today after seeing the greenhouses. Have you seen the results of his family tree ritual?" Remus looked up from his writing. He knew about Harry being Heir to the four founders but hadn't been told that they did a Family ritual.

"No, I didn't know he had one done. That would really help in setting up what he should concentrate on." Remus replied.

"I'll get it for you; Harry didn't tell me what magical abilities got listed on it. Scott Crandall hinted at them, but I'm getting the impression that something was on it that Harry didn't want me to see." The two friends talked for another hour before Sirius went off to find Harry. He found him in the master study; sound asleep on the couch, with a book hanging open from his hands. Sirius gently took the book, putting it on the table and then covered Harry with a blanket which he found under the couch.

At dinner that night Sirius asked Harry about the ritual parchment. "Harry, it would be good if you let Remus see the parchment so that he can focus on your abilities."

"I know, I'm just... it's a lot to take in... there was something on it that Mr. Crandall told me I should keep to myself." Harry managed to finally say. Harry thought about it for a minute as his godfather and uncle waited. "I'm... a Parselmouth. I can talk to snakes..." Harry finally just blurted it out. If he couldn't trust his Da's two best friends and his guardians who could he trust? Mr. Crandall was under oaths keeping him from saying anything. Harry watched as Sirius's mouth opened and closed a few times with nothing coming out. Remus didn't even try to say anything but he didn't look disgusted or scared, just thoughtful.

Harry continued in a soft voice. "I'll understand if you don't want to be around me anymore... Mr. Crandall told me that everyone thinks it's a sign of evil." He then let his head drop, looking down at the table, a tear running down his cheek.

Sirius's goldfish impression stopped. "Harry, you're not evil! I promised that I would stand by you, no matter what." He walked over to Harry, wrapping him up in a hug. After Harry was settled down the three discussed the implications of this.

"I say let people know about it early, it will eventually blow over and people will forget. That way, you could be seen using it all the time, but keep a good image. You know, take the stigma out of it." This advice came from Remus. "Before you say it Sirius, I know I should follow my own advice." Harry thought about it, while Sirius and Remus debated back and forth. He decided to see what happened, if it came out somehow he would deal with it then.

-oo00oo-

The welcoming feast at Hogwarts went without any surprises. The students had arrived on time and without incident. The Sorting Hat sang its yearly song, then put the first year students in their respective houses. Dumbledore listened without much interest. He had other things on his mind. As he watched the first years come up one at a time to have the hat placed on their young heads he would see Harry Potter sitting on the stool. Every time a student was sorted into Slytherin he would cringe, but he would give a small

smile for each new Gryffindor. Students sorted into the other houses got no reaction, just indifference. After the feast he gave out his normal 'welcome back' speech, introduced the new defense against the Dark Arts teacher, then sent the students off to bed, because classes would be starting on Monday.

His time now would be limited as far as the search for young Harry went. He had many ideas as to where Harry was but no way to prove any of them. He wasn't going to test the defenses around Potter Manor, which would be a futile effort and draw too much attention from the Ministry and rest of the wizarding world. He was certain that Harry was with Sirius Black at this point, the timing of Harry disappearing, Sirius getting released and then disappearing also, Harry taking up the title of Lord Potter, Sirius getting appointed Lord Black, all within a few short weeks, was just too much to be a coincidence. Albus was also certain that, if the young man he had seen the other day was Harry and that the man in the hooded cloak had been Sirius, the other man could only have been Remus Lupin.

All of this was speculation at this point; he had no proof to show otherwise, except that Harry was now indeed Lord Potter, his file had confirmed that. Albus had also sent out several letters to Harry, Sirius, and Remus. He had at this point received no replies and the tracking charms he placed on the letters disappeared after entering someplace in North Wales. Albus knew the Potters were from Wales and he had been to the Potter Manor many, many times but he did not know where it was actually located. Wherever the letters were going, it was unplotable.

Albus also concluded that Harry was still getting help from some unknown person. Harry's disappearance had been the first in the chain of events. The Dursleys disappearance was still a mystery and they had just dropped off the face of the planet, he no leads to follow in tracking them down. He had tried sending them a letter with a tracking charm on it as well; the poor owl had circled the owlery for five minutes before returning to its perch. Albus had even gone so far as to ask Fawkes to take him either to the Dursleys or to Harry, but the phoenix, his long time friend, had refused. That at least helped settle his fears a little, Fawkes would not refuse if Harry was truly in danger.

All of Albus's plans for getting rid of Voldemort once and for all were going down the tubes. The words of Harold Potter's portrait were still

ringing in his ears. 'YOUR greater good, you are playing with other peoples lives Albus, to me you are no better then Voldemort. You are willing to sacrifice others for your Greater Good.' Was he himself turning Dark? Fawkes, still sitting on his perch in Albus's office, negated that possibility; Fawkes would never stay with him if he was Dark. The other thing troubling Albus Dumbledore was the new prophecy.

The Heir of the FOUR comes

Found as the EIGHTH moon rises new

Lord of family he has LOST.

TAUGHT by moon and grim

Remembers ALL placed before him

Friends he will have BEFORE.

Enemies he will find NEW

Troubled will he be with the PHOENIX companion

The HEIR comes.

He had been thinking about this prophecy for over a week now and was no closer to figuring out. It seemed to be a prophecy within a prophecy, to all outward appearances it looked to be about Harry. But how could it? Albus was aware of the link the Potters had to Gryffindor and Ravenclaw, but as far as he was aware, there was no Hufflepuff heir and Tom Riddle had been the last Slytherin Heir. FOUR, EIGHTH, LOST, TAUGHT, ALL, BEFORE, NEW, PHOENIX, HEIR, Sybil had emphasized all of these words. It had taken him three viewings of the memory before he became aware of the significance of those words. "What does it all mean?" Albus asked the room. An answer was not forthcoming. Albus Dumbledore fell asleep that Saturday night with those nine words circling around in his mind.

-oo00oo-

On Sunday, Harry spent some time studying. Not that anyone could see him doing it though. He sat in the library all day with his eyes closed, going through his mind and reading through the information stored there. Remus had informed him that he would start with math, reading and writing on Monday morning. Mr. Crandall stopped by in the afternoon; it was mostly a social call to inform everyone that the Minister was looking forward to meeting Harry in two weeks. He had tracked the letter sent to Harry to Hogwarts, more specifically, the Headmaster's office. This was just another thing to add to Harry's list of grievances with the old man. Mr. Crandall asked Harry to come to Gringotts with him so they could check him for hidden charms masking Harry's magical signature. It was the only way to divert mail; Mr. Crandall told Harry that Dumbledore must have a device in his office giving off the same magical signature as Harry. If Harry's more powerful signature was unmasked then the Owls would start coming to him.

It took only a few minutes for Harry and Mr. Crandall to make their way to Gringotts via the floo network. Again, Harry got glimpses of other people through the grates. Harry was taken to a small office at Gringotts to wait for a curse breaker to come take a look at him. A goblin and a young man entered the office where Harry and Mr. Crandall waited. Mr. Crandall introduced the Goblin as Rockhammer. Rockhammer then introduced the young man as Bill Weasley, a new Gringotts employee that was learning curse-breaking from Rockhammer before being transferred to Egypt. However, Mr. Crandall did not introduce Harry to the two. Rockhammer supervised the young man's spell casting as the curse breaker waved his wand over Harry. It didn't take very long to find the curse masking Harry's magical signature. Mr. Weasley was then directed on how to break the curse. When everything was done Harry felt lighter, a test owl was sent again, then Harry portkeyed back to the Manor. To the excitement of Harry the owl arrived a couple hours later.

On Monday morning, after having a large and very tasty breakfast, Harry found himself in one of the research wing's study rooms. He was sitting at the desk in a straight-backed chair with a pile of papers stacked on the left edge of the desk. Remus told Harry that the test was timed; he had until lunchtime to finish the current stack of papers. He also informed Harry that he had to use ink and quill instead of muggle writing instruments so that he could judge Harry's ability using them.

Harry began scratching away with the quill, this was his math test and it covered everything from basic math to calculus. As Harry finished each sheet of paper on the pile, the test got harder. He was currently in the advanced algebra section and still had at least three hours until lunch. At the moment he was at $\ln(x - 2) + \ln(2x - 3) = 2\ln x$, it only took a minute or two to get the answer so he moved on. In his mind he visualized a representation of himself running around in his mind's library pulling its hair out. As Harry worked on each problem his virtual self was pulling books off shelves trying to find the answer or the steps to find the solution to each new problem. The pages in the index book he created in his mind to manage everything was a blur, flipping one way then back the other way. As Harry finished another sheet of problems, he stopped for a moment. "I'm going to spend all night putting the books back on the shelves in my head." Harry said to himself.

When Tula appeared in the room to announce that his time was up and that lunch was ready, Harry was stressed out. He hadn't finished all the pages in the stack but he was nearly done. Harry had his lunch with Sirius and Remus. Remus already had the test in front of him; he graded it while looking at the answer keys. After lunch Harry returned to the study room to find a new stack of papers waiting for him, along with a stack of books.

Remus explained to him that this was his reading, writing, and comprehension test. Harry had told Remus about his ability to speed read so Remus wanted to test it. "You have until six tomorrow night to finish this test. You can take the books out of the room to read if you want but the test papers have to stay here. After you finish reading each book it will disappear and you can start that book's part of the test." Harry read the titles of the books, they ranged from children's books to 'Beyond Good and Evil' by Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche. He had already read eight of the ten titles so he only needed to read the last two. As soon as he realized that he had read those books they disappeared.

It took Harry until six the next day to get through the test. He was one page into a two thousand word report on the last book when his time ran out. The last book Beyond Good and Evil had given Harry food for thought as he went to sleep that night.

The rest of the week went the same way. By Friday night, he was ready to kill Remus. After math, reading, comprehension, writing, world geography, and British history, Harry was ready for a break. Harry and Sirius spent most of Saturday flying. They checked up on the greenhouses again. Klisk was making a little more headway with the help of Anton Potter's wife, Amber, who had been a Herbology Master, she had provided Anton with all his grown potion ingredients. Klisk now had a small portrait frame that he carried around with him from greenhouse to greenhouse. Even with the help the elf had now, he was still in way over his head. Amber agreed that even she would have a hard time reclaiming all of the greenhouses after nine years of neglect without help. Sirius told Harry he would look into finding someone they could hire to help Klisk.

All three of the Manor residents spent Sunday relaxing. They had all flown down the cliff to take a walk on the beach that Potter Manor overlooked. It had been the first time Harry had been in the ocean, so he didn't go too far out, no deeper than his knees; and it was also the first time he tried swimming. He wasn't very good at it but had a great time trying.

Over the course of the next week, Harry was secluded in the study room again, taking more tests. This time it was world history, basic world politics (muggle), physics, chemistry, and biology. When he finished the tests Harry didn't want to see another test for the rest of his life. He knew that wasn't going to happen though, he hadn't even formally started his magical education, Harry didn't really count his self-studying magic.

On Saturday, Harry slept in. Remus had told him the night before that he would have all his scores by dinner, which he was having with Mr. Crandall, Sirius, Remus, Amelia Bones, and the Minister of Magic Newton Crabtree. Mr. Crandall was the first to arrive, a little after lunch was finished.

"I'm still not entirely sure what is going to be discussed tonight. As far as I can tell, they just want to meet you. I think they are going to have a lot of questions though." Sirius, Remus, Harry, and Harold's portrait all listened while they sat in the study. "It may be best if we let them take the lead, find out what they know, and then see what we want to tell them." finished Scott.

Harold spoke up next from his portrait. "Use the formal dinning room tonight; there are enough portrait frames in there for all the past Lord Potters. I don't know Amelia Bones but the Potters were on good terms with the House of Bones. Just to warn you, Newton is a very blunt person, he'll try to get to the point early on. He doesn't like to beat around the bush and play word games with people."

"I still don't agree with this." Sirius started. "Neither appears to be aligned with Dumbledore, apart from being on the Light side. But can we really take the chance of them telling Manipu-dore?"

"I know he's done a lot of things to Harry, and most of them have been bad, but can we really alienate Dumbledore forever? He is still the recognized Leader of the Light and he's simply got too much sway, too much influence and power for us to just ignore. To be honest, I believe that everything he has done, with the exception of putting Harry with the Dursleys, was to protect Harry, either from remaining Death Eaters or fanatic fans." Remus was trying to be the devil's advocate.

"Remus," Started Sirius who was displaying his anger. "As far as I am concerned, Dumbledore can rot for what happened to Harry because of his manipulations. He is going to need to explain himself a lot better then using the excuse that it's for the greater good because of some prophecy."

"I just wish we had a way to keep an eye on the old man." replied Remus, in an attempt to calm Sirius down. "Someone at Hogwarts to tell us if he is up to something." The moment Remus had the words out of his mouth, Harry shot from his chair, running toward the door of the study. "TULLAAA" was the last thing the three adults heard as Harry got out the door. Tula appeared in the room in time to see Harry running out and followed after him. Sirius started to get up, believing that the conversation had hurt Harry in some way; so he was shooting Remus a dirty look.

Before he could get to the door, Tula appeared back in the study with a pedestal that she placed in front of the sitting area where everyone had been sitting. Sirius looked questioningly at the elf. Before he could ask exactly what was going on, Harry strolled back into the study with a large book in his arms. He was holding it as if it was his most prized possession. Harry walked to the pedestal placing the book there. "Remus, I don't care what I get on those

tests that I just spent two weeks killing myself for, I already know that I'm an idiot. This is the first time I can honestly say that perfect memory isn't perfect. This was on my list and it slipped off the bottom somehow." Harry kept babbling about being dumb and forgetful, Sirius finally had to stop him.

"Harry, what you going on about? We all know you're not dumb or forgetful." Harry looked up like he was just seeing everyone in the room for the first time.

"Whaatt... oh... This..." Harry pointed to the large book. "We don't need anybody to watch the old man at Hogwarts. We already have something better." Again Harry pointed at the large book. "Hogwarts!" While Harry was talking Remus got up and looked at the cover of the book and the title.

"Hogwarts: a History?" he asked.

"Yeah." replied Harry. "Godric Gryffindor's original copy... It is self updating, according to the letter that was with it, everything done or said within the ground or walls of Hogwarts gets recorded in here. The castle itself is watching his every move for us." Everyone in the room just stared at Harry. Harry opened the book and turned to the first blank page. Speaking to the book Harry asked. "What is the Headmaster doing right now?" On the page words started to appear as if someone was writing a story.

"Minerva, how are the Gryffindors settling in?" Headmaster Dumbledore

"Good Albus, a few case of homesickness that the prefects took care of, I have restarted my private lessons with Ms. Tonks, and for some reason after two weeks of lessons Gryffindor house is at the bottom of the points total. While once again Slytherin seems..." Deputy Headmistress McGonagall

"I can't help it if your Gryffindors are behind my Slytherins, you do have the twins which by the way I have assigned to detention with Mr. Filch." Professor Snape

"Stop" Harry told the book. The writing remained. "See..." Sirius and Mr. Crandall had stood up and were looking over Harry's shoulder with Remus.

"It looks like a staff meeting." stated Remus. Harry nodded his head.

"Is Headmaster Dumbledore currently in a staff meeting?" Harry directed the question to the book.

"Yes." The word appeared below the other text.

"Wow... Harry where... how?" Sirius was speechless. "

"Only three things: this, a letter, and the Gryffindor's ring, were in his vault. When Godric died he left everything to his grandson, the first Potter." replied Harry. Harry looked back to the book. "Show me any conversations Headmaster Dumbledore had in his office after 1978 where he mentions any Potter?"

The book started listing hundreds of dates on the page, the first being December 28th 1979 the last being just three weeks ago. "Show me December 28th, 1979." Harry stated.

'December 28th 1979 4:35pm

Headmaster Dumbledore is pacing his office. Only he and the phoenix Fawkes are present.

"Fawkes, that new divination teacher I interviewed today, she made a prophecy. I have to move fast, I can only think of two families that fit, the Potters and the Longbottoms." Headmaster Dumbledore

"Yes." Fawkes

"One of Voldemort's spies heard the first part of it and escaped before I could stop him. He will report it to Riddle." Headmaster Dumbledore

"Yes." Fawkes

"I have to tell James, Lily, Frank, and Alice the prophecy; they will have to go into hiding, they need protection. Their children will need protecting; one of them will defeat Riddle." Headmaster Dumbledore

"Yes" Fawkes

Headmaster Dumbledore then left the castle via the floo in his office. His destination was Potter Manor.

The writing stopped there. All three read the passage, Sirius didn't know what to say, Remus was staring at the book, and Mr. Crandall had his usual thoughtful look. Harry turned away from the book, walked over to the couch and plopped down. Just based on all the dates listed in the book it was obvious that Dumbledore mentioned the Potters quite often. Harry was starting to get the feeling that he would never get out from under Dumbledore's manipulations.

"Harry, I'll go through all of this and find out what is going on." offered Remus. Harry just nodded he was lost in his own thoughts. Sirius sat down next to Harry putting his hand on Harry's shoulder. "Everything will work out; don't worry so much or it will drive you mad." Harry looked up at him and smiled.

"I'm worried about all of this. I just want to be a kid, learn about magic, and live my own life with friends and family. Maybe Remus is right; Dumbledore is not a bad guy, just misguided like granddad has said. He can't see the people; he ignores them in favor of the big picture." Sirius frowned. "I'm not saying I'm going to go running to him and do what he says, just it would be better to have an ally than an enemy. He has a lot to answer for, I can't trust him right now..." Harry trailed off.

Mr. Crandall took up the conversation. "Sirius, Harry, wait until you start at Hogwarts before you make any decisions, you have a way to keep an eye on him but the book doesn't give you all his information, it can't read his mind and it only shows you what he says out loud. Once you get to Hogwarts, watch him, see how he treats you. After tonight you may have more options open to you on how to deal with him."

Remus looked up from the book, he had been quietly asking it questions. "Wow... it has all of our pranks in here Sirius." Remus laughed, he was trying to lighten the mood in the room. Sirius jumped back up and rushed back over to the book.

"LET ME SEE, LET ME SEE." He was acting just like a kid in a candy store.

Harry was in his room, getting ready for his guests to arrive. He had added the names to the access book earlier. Mr. Crandall was going to greet them at the floo. Tula had laid out a set of his formal robes and was helping Harry to put them on. The robes were a nice green color that went with his eyes; they had the Potter Family crest on them with nice gold stitching. Biggly appeared in the room. "Your guests have arrived, Harry."

"Okay, see them to the formal lounge." Bigly bowed and popped away. Harry checked himself in the mirror one last time. Harry had Tula set his Granddad's portrait up in the lounge on an easel after the meeting he had earlier. Sirius had spent the afternoon with his nose in the book reading about his old pranks while Harry had gone back to reading his family journals; he was way behind because of all the testing he had done over the past two weeks. Remus had left to finish grading his papers so he could have Harry's grades done by dinner. Mr. Crandall had returned home for a couple hours, but he had just returned half an hour ago. All that was missing was the guests.

Harry walked into the lounge about five minutes later. He could see Sirius, Remus, and Mr. Crandall standing and talking to his two guests. The lady standing with them looked very formidable to Harry. She had a broad, squared jaw and short gray hair; she was about as tall as Sirius, she was also wearing dark blue dress robes with a monocle hanging from a chain around her neck. The other man in the room was just as tall as the woman; he looked to be about the same age as Mr. Crandall but his brown hair had started to turn gray in places, he had a round face with kind blue eyes. He didn't look very formidable but Harry had been finding out that looks could be deceiving, just take Albus Dumbledore for example. Mr. Crandall had been the only one facing the door to the lounge with a clear view and spotted Harry first.

With a smile Mr. Crandall beckoned Harry to join them. "Minister Crabtree, Madam Bones, I would like to introduce you to the Lord of the Manor, Lord Harry James Potter." Mr. Crandall held out his hand in the direction that Harry was coming from. Harry slowed his pace a little as everyone turned to look at him; He was feeling nervous about all this. He had never been in a formal situation before and didn't know what to do. He tried to smile as he closed the distance but it didn't want to reach his eyes. Sirius and Remus were giving their support with their smiles.

"Welcome to Potter Manor, Minister Crabtree." Harry managed to stammer out the greeting as he held up his hand to the Minister.

"Thank you Lord Potter, it has been a long time since I set foot in your beautiful home." The Minister shook Harry's hand. Pulling up what was left of his courage Harry turned to the woman.

"Welcome Madam Bones, I would like to thank you for all you did to help my godfather. It was very kind of you; Mr. Crandall speaks very highly of you." Harry took the hand that she was holding out to him and shook it.

"No need to thank me Lord Potter, I was just seeing that justice was done. I must say that I am curious for a great many things about you." Through her stern looks a genuine smile appeared, which helped Harry to relax a little.

"Please, let's all sit before my godson falls over. He looks about ready to run for the hills." Sirius said jokingly. Harry gave him a dirty look, then smiled, this time it reached his eyes. Everyone, including the stern looking Madam Bones, chuckled as they found seats.

"It is good to see you again, Newton. Minister, now? Your father would be very proud of you." This came from the portrait of Harold Potter. Minister Crabtree turned to see the portrait sitting there.

"Lord Potter, it is good to see you again, I was not told that you had a portrait created. Father had commissioned one but died before the sitting. I believe he would be happy that I stood up for what is right." replied the Minister.

"You did a good thing Newton, getting that corrupt idiot Fudge out of office." There was more small talk around the room. Introductions had been made while they had been waiting for Harry. Harry was not being left out; Mr. Crandall was helping to keep him involved. It was mostly just the grown ups getting acquainted with each other. Madam Bones was most interested in Sirius's health, having just been released from Azkaban.

Biggily appeared at the door a few moments later. "My Lord, dinner is served." Harry turned to the elf.

"Thank you Biggly." Harry led everyone to the formal dinning room. Out of the corner of his eye Harry could see that Madam Bones was impressed with the Manor. Harry took his seat at the head of the table, he held out his hand to the Minister indicating the chair to his left. Madam Bones took the chair next to the Minister. Sirius sat to Harry's right followed by Remus and Mr. Crandall. The dinner conversation remained light. Madam Bones would ask Harry questions about the Manor which he was very happy and excited to answer. "Oh I love living here; it is so much better then where I was growing up until a little over five weeks ago. It feels like home and with Sirius and Remus here I couldn't be happier." Answered Harry after Madam Bones asked how he liked living here.

That answer set the Minister up for his first real question of the night. "You haven't been here since your parents died, Harry?" Harry shook his head no.

"No sir, I was placed with my mum's muggle sister Petunia and her husband." Harry got a disgusted look on his face. "They did not treat me very well; Aunt Petunia hates everything to do with magic. They moved away somewhere and left me behind." That was the cover story that everyone in the know had agreed upon earlier. Mr. Crandall took up the story from there.

"Harry found some letters mixed in with stuff they left behind; they were from his parents, addressed to his aunt. They were unopened so Harry read them and found out he was a wizard. From there on, following a letter that was left for him in case his parents died, he found his way to Gringotts. He claimed his rights and has been here ever since."

Minister Crabtree looked to Harry. "I believe there is more to the story. I know the Potter Will was sealed by Chief Warlock Dumbledore. Dumbledore has been quietly making inquiries, looking for you. The evidence that helped Sirius Black; now he's here living with you. Harry, our families have been allied for centuries, I would like to know what is going on so that I can help you. You can trust me. Just tell me what's going on."

Harold started laughing from the frame he was currently watching from. "I told you he was to the point." Harry turned to look at his granddad smiling. Everyone was finished with their dinner. "Maybe we can take this conversation someplace more comfortable."

suggested Harry. During dinner Harry had been watching Minister Crabtree and Madam Bones and was getting good vibes from them. Everyone agreed so Harry led them to the family lounge instead of the formal one. Tula appeared in the lounge as everyone was sitting down with Harold's portrait.

"Before we answer those questions Minister Crabtree, we need you to swear not to go to Dumbledore and tell him where Harry is. There are issues that need to be resolved between Harry and Albus Dumbledore, that at the moment we don't want Ministry involvement in." Mr. Crandall began the conversation.

It was Madam Bones that replied. "If there has been a crime committed, the Ministry needs to be involved. It is the responsibility of the government, not vigilantes, to manage any domestic problems if the issue arises." Minister Crabtree held up his hand to stop Amelia.

"You said 'at the moment'. I can agree to that. But I didn't agree to take over as Minister just to trade one corrupt administration for another corrupt one. If this is a family matter then the Ministry need not be involved at all."

Harry was the one to reply. "My granddad said you were an honest person, Minister. It is hard for me to trust people, but I do trust the advice of my friends and family." Harry nodded to Mr. Crandall as he stood up. "I'll be in the study if you need me." The Minister and Amelia looked on as Harry left the room then turned back to the remaining people.

"He doesn't want to go through the story again. It was hard on him the first time and he has had to retell it several times now." explained Sirius with a grim expression. Between Mr. Crandall, Sirius, Remus, and Harry's Granddad, they told Harry's story. They stuck with the story that the Dursleys had abandoned Harry and disappeared. Madam Bones wanted to prosecute the Dursleys under Ministry Law for child abuse and with Harry's memories she was sure she would be able to put them away in Azkaban. Sirius told Amelia that he didn't want to put Harry through a trial; it was bad enough that he would never forget what happened to him. Minister Crabtree agreed that it would not be good for Harry's wellbeing. When the two people were told the prophecy that had started everything in motion, Amelia was appalled at what Dumbledore had

done and believed. Minister Crabtree agreed that Dumbledore did what he did with the right intentions but the wrong methods.

It was a couple hours later when Harry returned to his guests. Amelia couldn't look him in the eyes for the first few minutes. "Harry," started the Minister. "I am sorry you had to go through what you did, I would like to formally renew the family alliance, if we can set up a time next week where we can talk it over will that be okay." Harry shook the hand that the Minister held out to him. "That would be wonderful Minister." Harry replied.

Amelia finally looked at Harry. "If you need anything just ask." Harry thanked her, shaking her hand as well. It was at that point Remus cleared his throat.

"I have your grades here Harry. Do you wish to share them with everyone else?"

"Sure, why not." Remus pulled a sheet of parchment out of his pocket and handed it to Harry. Harry opened the parchment and started reading it.

Test result for one Harry James Potter.

Passing Grades

O = Outstanding

E = Exceed Expectations

A = Acceptable

Failing Grades

P = Poor

D = Dreadful

T = Troll

Subject, Grade, Level

Math, O, level 12

Reading, O, University

Comprehension, E, University

Writing, A, level 8

World Geography, O, level 12

British History, E, level 10

World History, E, level 10

Basic World Politics (muggle), A, level 8

Science (physics), O, level 11

Chemistry, A, level 9

Biology, A, level 9

"The level is where you maintained a passing grade. Yes, in a few cases you went from Outstanding to failing within a grade Level. You are beyond the current education level of all magical students as they stop all primary school studies when entering a magical school." Remus informed Harry.

Harry passed the parchment to Sirius, who read it and proudly clapped him on the shoulder when he finished. Everyone congratulated Harry after reading the grades. Harry was happy; all the recognition was making him feel good.

Harry's guests departed a short time later; Harry gave the Minister and Amelia open invitations to visit. By the time he laid his head on the pillow that night he was feeling better about his life. He fell asleep and dreamed that his parents had been there to see his accomplishments.

A/N thanks again to the best beta reader Atrer Potter. Because of the holidays and visiting family the next update will not be until mid to late January, Happy Holidays to all and to all a good night.

Chapter 12

A Year with the Marauders Part 2

The following week, Harry spent time reading the Potter journals. Remus had told him it would take a couple of weeks to get a lesson plan set up for him. Harry and Remus decided not to continue his muggle education, not that Harry intended to give up reading muggle books, of course. He had a taste for science fiction and fantasy books, but it wasn't limited to that, he also loved Muggle history. As part of his lessons, Remus was going to be giving Harry writing lessons. He explained that Harry needed a lot of practice with penmanship and the use of a quill and ink. They went over Harry's Family Ritual and would be focusing on his abilities with the exception of parsel magic since no one knew about it and there were no known books on it. One of the lessons Remus was planning to give Harry was on wizarding tradition and society so he could get a better understanding of the wizarding world.

Harry spent time flying each day as well as time with Klisk in greenhouse number one learning about the plants in there. He also spent time with Sirius and Remus just talking about his parents. The Monday after his meeting with the Minister of Magic and Madam Bones, he woke up in a good mood, but it didn't last long. When he walked into the bathroom he looked in the mirror to find that all the hair on his head and face was bright red. "SIRIUS!" Harry ended up chasing Sirius around the manor for over half an hour.

Harry played with the marauders, but he couldn't do magic like them, so he enlisted the help of the house elves in the ongoing prank war. On Tuesday, Sirius wouldn't come out of his rooms no matter what because all of his clothes would turn bright pink when he put them on. Later that week, Remus found he could not leave the main room in the manor. He could walk through any door but as soon as he crossed the threshold he would be back in the main room like he had been turned around. He even thought he might end up having to sleep in the main room that night.

On the following Monday, Sirius took Harry to Diagon Alley again, but this time he wasn't going to leave Harry's side. Harry wanted to go through the book store again. He had checked all the titles in the store against the Potter library index book and found a few that the Potter library didn't have. Of course this was all done from memory

of the short time he had spent in the store. Harry was wearing a knitted, wool cap today to hide his scar, the ball cap having been discarded. Remus by going through *Hogwarts: A History* like he said he would found that Dumbledore had people watching out for a kid in a ball cap around the alley. As long as Sirius stayed with him he didn't have to use his Lords status to get things he wanted. It was possible that Dumbledore had people watching for Sirius too, but Remus had not found anything to indicate that he had.

Sirius and Harry entered Flourish & Blotts; there weren't too many customers in the store. However, Harry did recognize one person, the older lady he had used to get by Dumbledore a few weeks ago. Harry had already put two and two together, Dumbledore had called her Madam Longbottom and there had only been a few Longbottoms in the Manor access list. On top of that his father's letter said that another boy named Longbottom could have fit that stupid prophecy. Divination was another subject Harry definitely wanted to look into, if only to find out if the prophecy could be true. Harry got a good look at the lady this time. What really caught his eye, making him do a double take, was her hat; it had a stuffed vulture on top of it. She looked like a very stern woman and Harry was a little frightened of her.

There was a different person behind the counter so Harry wasn't concerned about being recognized, besides, Sirius was taking a lot of the attention away from him, people were staring at Sirius instead of paying attention to Harry. Harry moved towards the book shelves looking for the titles he wanted, two defense books, three on charms, one transfiguration, four herbology, and three on runes. When Harry got to the herbology section he found another kid there browsing the books. He assumed the boy was about his age, blond, a little on the plump side with a round face. He was looking at a book that Harry already had in his library. Harry moved along the shelves pulling down the books he wanted.

"You like Herbology?" asked Harry as he stood next to the kid, who was pulling one of the books off the shelf. The boy turned to him with a shy, timid look on his face.

"It was the only thing my Gran thought I could do for a long time; my family thought I was a squib until a couple years ago." The boy looked down at his shoes.

"Hi, I'm Harry." Harry held out his hand to the boy.

"Nev... Neville Longbottom." Neville stuttered nervously.

"So who got you interested in Herbology then?" asked Harry after shaking Neville's hand.

"One of my cousins is a Herbology Master working at the Ministry of Magic. He's been giving me seedlings for my birthday for a few years and teaching me about them." answered Neville with a lot of joy in his tone. He got excited when he talked about Herbology.

"Really, I have five green houses where I live, but they were neglected for several years. One of my house elves has been trying to set them straight for almost two months; he's very overwhelmed and hasn't gotten very far. Maybe you could introduce me to your cousin?" Harry asked excitedly. Sirius had been looking for someone to come in and help Klisk but it had to be someone they could trust, and so far he had had no luck. The Longbottoms had been on the manor access list and mentioned many times in the Potter journals as friends and allies.

"I can mention it to him if you want; he told me that he would like to leave the Ministry. I'm sure he would like to talk to your parents." Harry looked down at his shoes for a moment.

"I don't have parents anymore; they were killed in the last war. My godfather takes care of me now." Harry looked at Neville with a sad expression.

"I...I'm sorry, my mum and dad are gone too. I live with my Gran now." Harry could see Neville's eyes starting to tear up. He pulled the book off the shelf from his list to give Neville a few moments to compose himself.

"Maybe you could come over to my place sometime and we could hang out. I can show you my greenhouses and stuff." Harry offered. "I'm getting my own owl today so I'll send you a letter with details on how to contact me. Neville's entire face lit up at the idea of having a friend, he didn't have any friends because his Gran was very protective of him. He knew people his own age but wasn't close to any of them.

"I'd like that. Who should I have my cousin contact about the greenhouses?" asked Neville.

"Have him send a letter to..." Harry whispered. "Sirius Black." Neville's eyes widened at hearing the name.

"He... he..." Harry interrupted Neville before he could say anything.

"Sirius is a great guy and was wrongly sent to Azkaban. It was just wrong what they did to him. I'm really happy to have him back in my life." This time it was Neville's turn to look at his shoes.

"Sorry... it's just that I grew up thinking he was a Death Eater like his cousin Bel... Bellatrix Lestrange. She was the person that put my parents into St. Mungo's."

"It's ok, he gets that a lot. I better get going; he's waiting for me to get these books. I'll send you an owl later this week." Harry then held out his hand to Neville. Neville shook his hand smiling before turning back to the book he was reading. Harry walked out of the aisle to continue his search.

When Harry finished and Sirius paid for the books, they walked down the alley to the Eeylops Owl Emporium. Sirius and Harry entered the shop, Sirius waiting by the door while Harry looked around. Luckily, this time there were no other customers in the store. Harry walked around the owl cages looking at all the different colors and breeds. For some reason, he was getting a bad feeling about each of the owls he looked at. Harry finally reached the back of the store after passing up some thirty plus birds. At the back was a lone cage with a large, snowy white owl. As Harry looked at it, the owl locked eyes with him and he could feel something from it. He knew right then that this was the one for him.

Both Harry and the owl stared at each other for what felt like several minutes. Harry kept getting this feeling that there was more to this owl than he realized. He broke eye contact with it after a moment and walked up to the cage, he wanted a better look at the beautiful creature. When he got right up to the cage he could see that the owl was not completely white, the edges of its wings were silver in color. Somehow he knew that the owl was female as he looked at her. "Hedwig, I'll call you Hedwig." The owl looked at Harry and nodded its head at him like it was approving the name.

Harry took hold of the cage and walked back to the front of the store. The cage was surprising light considering the owl inside was rather large, a good two feet tall.

"Found one did yah, Harry? Wow, that's a beautiful owl." Sirius commented as he looked at it. They walked up to the counter where the clerk was waiting. When Harry placed the cage on the counter the clerk looked at the owl for a moment. "I don't remember having a snowy owl in the store." The clerk commented off handedly, before shrugging his shoulders and giving Sirius a price. Sirius paid for the owl and some supplies for it before they left the store.

After returning to the Manor, Harry had Tula put the new books away in the library. Placing them on the shelves would automatically add them to the library index. Harry carried Hedwig up to the master suite. When he got there he found a new perch in one corner, by the large bay window in the bedroom. Harry released Hedwig from the cage; she flew to the perch turning around to look at Harry.

"Welcome to your new home Hedwig." The owl bobbed her head; Harry could almost feel the happiness coming from the bird. He was still getting that strange feeling from her. Like she was more than... he didn't know... she was not just an owl.

At dinner that night, Harry told Sirius and Remus about meeting Neville in the book store. Sirius slapped his hand to his forehead. "I should have thought of the Longbottoms. Terence Longbottom is a Master Herbologist working at the Ministry greenhouses. He was a few years ahead of us at Hogwarts." Sirius went on to explain that the House of Longbottom had been allied with the Potters for a long time. Harry thought it would be a good idea to reconnect with the family, and he liked Neville a lot. He had never had a friend his own age before and was hoping that the two of them would be able to get to know each other.

On Wednesday, Harry sent out a letter to Neville.

Neville,

I know I didn't give you my full name when we meet and I'm sorry for that. At the time I couldn't let anyone know I was in Diagon Alley. My name is Harry Potter and our families have been friends and allies

for a long time. I've been told that if there had not been a war we would have grown up together as our parents were close friends. Please don't tell anyone outside of your family that I have been in contact with you. Let them know that my whereabouts is being kept a secret until we go to Hogwarts next year. I have been asked to request a meeting with the Head of the House of Longbottom by my godfather. I sent the formal request along with this letter. It was nice getting to know you at the store and I hope we can become good friends.

Harry Potter

With Remus's help, Harry drafted a formal request for a meeting with the Head of the House of Longbottom. They were not an Ancient and Noble house like the Potter's. Harry also talked with his Granddad about the Longbottoms; Augusta Longbottom was a long time friend of theirs along with her younger brother Algie, who was Terence's father. He didn't know who the current head of House was; he assumed it was Frank Longbottom, Neville's father. Harry told him what he had been told about Neville's parents by Neville, meaning that Augusta was the Head of House until Neville reach his majority at seventeen. Harry sent both the request and the letter out with Hedwig. When he had asked Hedwig if she was up to a little flying he got the impression that Hedwig was happy to deliver the letters.

-oo00oo-

Neville had just sat down to lunch with his Gran when a beautiful white Owl landed on the perch set up in the dinning room for the purpose of receiving owls during meals. His Gran hated it when they landed on the table. Neville got up from the table taking a small piece of meat from his plate. When he got to the perch he could see it was not a normal looking owl, with silver on the edges of its feathers. He retrieved the two letters from the owl and returned to his seat. The first was addressed to the head of the Longbottom family; he handed that one to his Gran. The second was addressed to him, so he opened it. As he read the letter, his eyes got bigger; he had met the famous Harry Potter. He looked up at his Gran, who was reading the second letter. He could see by her expression that she was surprised.

"Well Neville, I would assume that you know something about this?" his Gran was giving him a pointed look.

"I did not know who he was when I met him in the book store the other day, Grandmother." Neville referred to his grandmother as "Gran" to others but always used "Grandmother" when in her presence. "We talked for a few minutes; he saw me looking at the Herbology books and started talking with me. He is having some issues with his greenhouses so is looking for a Master Herbologist to come help with them, I mentioned Cousin Terence, he would like to meet with him as well." It was never a good thing to stutter around his grandmother even though he was very intimidated by her.

"Yes, he has requested a meeting between our two houses. We have been allies with the Potters for a long time. He also requests a meeting with Terence in the letter, I would assume by what you have told me that it is about the Potter greenhouses. I will make arrangements." Augusta then went back to her meal. Neville took that as a sign that the conversation was over and returned to his meal as well. He was excited to meet Harry again; he hoped they could become friends.

-oo00oo-

Hedwig returned later that night with the reply from Augusta Longbottom and a short letter from Neville. He was looking forward to meeting Harry again and seeing the greenhouses. Madam Longbottom's reply was very formal, stating that Tuesday night, the second of October was available to her and her Nephew Terence. She also stated that Neville would be joining them. After reading the letters, Harry handed them to Sirius and then Remus looked them over. Harry called for Bigly and informed him of the arrangements. He would see to a formal dinner that night. Sirius made the suggestion that Harry also invite Minister Crabtree and Madam Bones again. It was a given that Mr. Crandall would be there. Harry really thought of Mr. Crandall as an Uncle, but Mr. Crandall had started to take a more back seat approach giving Sirius and Remus the lead.

By Friday, Harry had heard back from the Minister and Madam Bones, both indicating that they would be happy to have another dinner at the Manor. Madam Bones requested to bring Susan with her. Susan was Madam Bones's niece who she had looked after

ever since Susan's parents had been killed in the first war. Harry replied that it would be fine. He was actually a little frightened about meeting a girl his own age but she was an orphan like him, so he was kind of looking forward to it at the same time.

On Saturday, during lunch, Remus brought up the book, *Hogwarts: A History*. "I have been reading everything I can find regarding the Potters, Harry specifically, as well as the Prophecy, and a few other things." Harry looked up from his lunch with interest, Sirius doing the same but with a scowl on his face.

"What did you find out, Moony?" asked Harry.

"Well that's the thing, there just wasn't a lot. Before the Prophecy was made Dumbledore had a lot of contact with your parents. They were both in the Order of the Phoenix. After the Prophecy was made he helped make arrangements for them to go into hiding. Between the time they went into hiding and that night there is very little, just concerned inquiries from Minerva McGonagall, Hagrid, and Filius Flitwick. They all work at Hogwarts and were close to your parents in one way or another."

"Well that doesn't sound so bad." replied Harry.

"It's not. The night your parents were killed; there was a lot of rushing around. Dumbledore rushed to the house with Hagrid; giving orders for the Order to follow them as soon as possible. Not long after Hagrid returned and he had you with him. Dumbledore spent the night in meetings with the Order and the Minister; most of those were outside of Hogwarts. You spent two nights in the hospital wing." Harry remembered waking up in a strange place for a moment or two. Harry didn't remember his stay there or remember Hagrid taking him from the house. Harry knew Hagrid from his memories of when his parents were still alive. Hagrid had been to visit a few times.

"Apparently Dumbledore got legal guardianship over you sometime during that period. He informed very few people within Hogwarts of his plans to send you to the Dursleys. In fact, only Minerva and Hagrid were told. Minerva disappeared after that, she didn't return to the castle until the night you were placed. Looks like Hagrid was just following orders, he does worship the ground Dumbledore walks on."

"If he had any other plans up to that point he didn't discuss them within the walls of Hogwarts and he wasn't absent all that often. After that night your name gets mentioned only a few more times. In all of those it's either Minerva or Hagrid asking about your wellbeing. Minerva was dead set against you staying there. "Worst kind of Muggles" she told him several times. Each time Dumbledore would just say you were doing fine as it was the safest place for you." 'Not from the Dursleys' Harry thought to himself

"The real fun started on July thirty first of this year, on your birthday. We know he had wards set up around your relative's house. He was just getting ready to start his vacation when one of the wards went off. He rushed to your place but didn't find anything. That's what he told Fawkes and the monitor was back to normal when he returned. He spent several days watching the house before he knocked on the door." Harry didn't want to remember how nervous and afraid he was when that happened.

"From there, things get interesting. Dumbledore left for vacation, he wasn't supposed to return for two weeks. A week later he was back and pulling his hair out. He told Fawkes that you were missing. He even asked Fawkes if he could take him to you. Guess his phoenix didn't want to, because he got more frustrated. He then started a very extensive search for you and the Dursleys. For some reason he was under the impression that you had all moved to America." Harry was feeling very lucky at the moment; he remembered leaving the reply letters in the bin at the Dursleys. Sirius still had a scowl on his face but he hadn't said anything.

Remus continued "A few days later, on a Wednesday, he was contacted by a woman named Arabella, and she informed him that there was a moving truck outside the Dursleys. He took off again, returning shortly after. He had the Wizengamot meeting, and the next day Sirius got released and the Wizard world got turned upside down. I also was doing searches in the book for Prophecies made by Trelawney to see if she is what she seems to be. She hit him with one that morning." Harry just lowered his head, expecting the worst. Sirius wasn't so quiet anymore.

"What did the fraud say this time?" Sirius wasn't shouting, but his voice was raised.

Remus looked at both of them with a sad smile. "She told a prophecy, even got the Department of Mysteries there". Remus told them both the prophecy to their intense curiosity.

Once I read it I knew it was about Harry. It's not much of one in my opinion. Sounds more like something she put together with a little information. We can go over it later. Anyway the old man isn't sure who it is about, except for him. After the Wizengamot meeting, he spent several days away from Hogwarts. From what I can piece together he went to America to find you but came back empty handed." 'Thank Merlin for small favors' thought Sirius. Harry was thinking the same thing. Remus took a bite of his lunch and a drink before continuing.

"There's not much more. He had Mad Eye Moody looking for you too. That's how he found out you are still in Britain. He has a copy of your Ministry file in his desk; he just kept forgetting to check it until Moody reminded him of it." Sirius and Remus took a few minutes to explain who Mad Eye Moody was before Remus finished up what he found out.

"He knows you're still here and have taken up your title as Lord Potter, Tom the Barman at The Leaky Cauldron was asked to keep an ear to the Alley about a young Lord walking around. That's how he found out you were there that day. Now he is trying to figure out where you are and who the people are that he saw you with at the pub that day. I think he suspects you're here but can't confirm it, not without getting the ministry involved and them asking unwanted questions. He doesn't know about your meeting with the Minister or Madam Bones. He is too wrapped up in the new term to do much. I suspect he will intensify the search come the Christmas holiday." Harry felt better hearing the news.

"I'm going to keep an eye on the book, but whatever his plans are he is keeping them close to the vest as they say or he is only talking about it outside of Hogwarts." Remus concluded.

"He has something planned and he knows more than he is saying." Sirius still didn't believe that the old man did what he did for Harry's well being.

"I agree with Sirius, Dumbledore is the Headmaster of Hogwarts with hundreds of students to look after, the Chief Warlock of the

Wizengamot, the Supreme Mugwump of the International Confederation of Wizards and yet he is spending more time looking for me than all his other duties combined at least in the past two months. It's obvious he believes in the prophecy more than anything and he told Granddad that Voldemort is not truly dead, which I don't understand, are there magical ways to cheat death?" Both Remus and Sirius looked at each other contemplating that question.

"I'll look into it cub. There are ways but they're all very Dark magic. I'll see what I can find in the Black library, I'm not looking forward to going back to Grimmauld Place even if it is to strip it clean and torch it." Sirius had a completely disgusted look on his face.

That night, after dinner, Remus handed Harry a timetable for the lessons, starting Monday. Harry had finally finished reading the family journals and now knew more about Potter family history than anyone else ever had. None of the previous lords had taken the time to read all the journals. Harry read over the time table to see what he was going to have.

Monday

8:00 – 9:45 Charms Theory - Remus

10:00 – 11:45 Charms Practice – Remus

12:00 – 1:00 Lunch

1:00 – 2:45 Occlumency/Legilimency Training – Mr. Crandall

3:00 – 4:45 Herbology – Amber Potter/Klisk

Tuesday

8:00 – 9:45 Transfiguration Theory – Sirius

10:00 – 11:45 Transfiguration Practice – Sirius

12:00 – 1:00 Lunch

1:00 – 2:45 Basic Potion Theory – Anton Potter/Remus

Wednesday

8:00 – 9:45 Arithmancy – Remus

10:00 – 11:45 Arithmancy – Remus

12:00 – 1:00 Lunch

1:00 – 2:45 Defense against the Dark Arts. Theory – Remus

3:00 – 4:45 DADA Practice – Remus/Sirius

Thursday

8:00 – 9:45 Ancient Runes – Charles Potter

10:00 – 11:45 Light Magic Theory – Harold Potter

12:00 – 1:00 Lunch

1:00 – 2:45 History of Magic – Several

3:00 – 4:45 Wizard Tradition and Society – Several

Friday

8:00 – 9:45 Astronomy Theory – Remus

10:00 – 11:45 Wandless Magic Practice – Sirius

12:00 – 1:00 Lunch

1:00 – 2:45 Wandless Magic Practice – Sirius

3:00 – 4:45 Enchanter Theory – Christopher Potter

11:00 – 1:00 Astronomy Practice

Breakfast will be at 7:00 each day and dinner at 6:00

Harry handed the schedule back to Remus. He was happy with it the way it was, they had discussed it several times so there were no surprises.

The next morning Harry finally got around to looking over the books he had found in the Founders Vaults. He started with the books from Rowena Ravenclaw. He flipped through them finding they covered many subjects, Charms, Transfiguration, Curses, Hexes, and Jinxes. From what he could tell and he had Sirius and Remus helping him, it was all mostly theory work. Three of the dozens of books were on the Animagus Transformation alone. Remus and Sirius took a great interest in those even though Sirius had completed his Animagus training years ago and Remus couldn't be one because of his furry little problem. Harry wasn't sure if he would follow in Sirius's and his dad's footsteps in that regard, Remus didn't think it was wise for him to try for a few more years or at least not till his second year at Hogwarts.

Remus was the big Theory person in the house, so all of the books intrigued him. Harry would read them all later; Remus told him some of his theory work would come from these after he read them. Helga's books turned out to be mostly on Herbology a dozen or so were on charms mostly used for cooking. There were seven books on House Elves all of which Harry put aside for casual bedtime reading, he was still working though the Occlumency books he had but those would start to get covered in classes now. The Herbology books would get used during Harry's classes but not right away.

Finally Harry got to Salazar's Journal with both Sirius and Remus looking over his shoulder after doing several detection spells on it to make sure it was not cursed in any way. Harry opened the Journal and started reading it to himself. Five minutes later Remus tapped him on the shoulder. "Can you read that Harry? I've never seen that language before." Harry looked up from the book turning to face Remus.

"What are you talking about it's written in plain English." Harry looked confused back to the book. Sirius and Remus both looked at Harry in shock.

"Harry your speaking Parselmouth." Sirius said in a shocked voice. Harry turned back around and looked at his godfather in shock himself.

"I...I didn't know I was. It sounds like English to me. The Journal must be written in Parselmouth but it looks like English to me." Harry replied normally.

"That's ok cub, what does it say, we can't read it?" Remus asked.

Harry turned back to the book and concentrating really hard and started reading it out load in English to his Godfather and Remus.

"The first page looks like a letter to me or rather to Salazar's Heir."

"Descendant,

You have accessed my vault and now wear my ring. All of my other possessions are within The Chamber of Secrets in Hogwarts. This journal will tell you how to access it. My pet Shalshara is guarding the chamber until such time that my heir opens it. She will then return to her original purpose of guarding the school from those who would do the students harm. Shalshara can not harm a speaker so do not worry. She will obey your commands to the best of her ability. There is a compulsion on her to prevent her from harming students, teachers, and guests of Hogwarts but it is not completely fool proof, so keep her in the chamber unless she is needed.

I am not sure how history will look upon me for leaving the school. I would like you to set history straight. I left the school to hunt down one of my own sons. He has taken to the Dark Arts and threatens our way of life. I fear the name of Slytherin will be forever tainted by his actions.

This journal will give you directions to the chamber, I will also write down the basics of Parsel magic here. I have written over a hundred books on the subject, they can be found within my private study in the chamber. The password is Gryffindors Courage. My way of keeping out any Parselmouth that stumbles on the Chamber. Use this and my knowledge for good. Stay away from the Dark Arts they can sway even the purest of heart.

Salazar Slytherin"

Harry finished reading the page and turned back around. Sirius was the first to speak. "The Chamber of Secrets is real? Slytherin was not an evil git; well doesn't that just shatter my view of the world? I wonder what his pet was or is." Remus started chuckling.

"Not just your world Sirius, everyone's view will have to change." Harry said with a bit of conviction. He turned back around and started reading to himself. This journal just jumped to the top of his nightly reading list. A couple minutes later he closed the book again turning around only to find his Godfather and Remus had moved to the other side of the library and were talking. Harry was getting more and more excited about finally getting to learn magic the next day. He picked up the journal and walked out of the library. He made his way to the main room where he had found a spot on the stairs to look out over the ocean below him. He came here a lot when he wanted to think.

Harry had been thinking a lot lately. Until reading this journal he was not sure if he wanted to be a student at Hogwarts. Yes the castle was his by right, but it also belonged to all the witches and wizards that had studied there and would study there. He just didn't want to deal with whatever manipulations Dumbledore had in store for him and he knew the old man had something planned. He had gotten over what the Dursleys had done to him for the most part. He had just stuffed all those memories away in a room and locked it for all time. But Dumbledore had been the one to put him there in the first place against his parent's wishes, illegally. He had the Potter library to learn from, Uncle Remus and his Godfather could teach him. What they couldn't teach he was sure they could find someone trustworthy to help.

But now he had a reason other than just being a student to go there. There were books there that belonged to him and that no one else could read. It wasn't just the books though. He was getting lonely, yeah he never really had any friend at his primary school. Some of the kids would talk to him once in a while as long as Dudley or his gang wasn't around. He missed having kids his own age around. Meeting Neville the other day brought it home for him. Neville would be going to Hogwarts along with all the other kids his age. He wasn't the freak that the Dursleys made him believe he was. Sirius and Remus were great to be around, Sirius was like a big kid himself but it just wasn't the same. He hadn't mentioned any of this to either of them as they were planning on him going. Harry just stared out the window lost in his own thoughts until Tula came and got him for lunch.

Harry woke Monday morning ready to start learning magic. He was really looking forward to the second half of his Charms lesson when

he would finally get to start using his wand. His wand had been sitting on his night stand since the first day he arrived at the Manor. He would hold it each night hoping that the next day would be the day he could start using it. Well today was the day. He took it with him to breakfast carrying it in his back pocket. He ate a full breakfast then headed for the research wing of the Manor. Remus met him in one of the study rooms that he had expanded to give them a little more room.

"Welcome Harry to your first day of magic classes." Remus stated as Harry entered the room. "I would like you to treat me as your teacher when we are in here so no fooling around." Remus directed Harry to a chair that had a table in front of it. The table had a small stack of blank parchment on it with a couple quills and ink bottle. "I want you to take notes during our theory classes to help you get used to writing with a quill. Treat your notes as writing assignments. I'll grade them and help you with penmanship. Your spelling and grammar are fine." Harry pulled a parchment over in front of him and picked up a quill dipping it in the ink. He then looked at Remus waiting for him to start the lesson.

Remus had his own desk and chair in the room with some books and a couple parchments on it. "Charms was my favorite subject in school, I would be a Charms Master if I could get the ministry to acknowledge it. According to your Family tree you are a Charms Prodigy which means Charms should come very easy to you." Harry held up his hand, he had a question that he should have asked a long time ago. "Yes Harry?" Remus acknowledged him.

"What does Master or Prodigy mean?" Harry asked.

"Good question, there are three levels to ability in the wizarding world, normal or basic level, master, and then prodigy. They represent natural ability in a given subject. A normal level means you can cast the spells but you have to work at it and you will have trouble with the more advance stuff. A Master has little or no trouble with the advance spells. A Prodigy doesn't have to think about it, the spells and magic come to him naturally. There are a lot of normal and master level witches and wizards but only a few Prodigies. Prodigies can create new charms on the fly that a normal or Master level could never even cast."

"So I'm a Charms Prodigy."

"Yes, which mean after a few years you will beyond my ability to teach. It still takes hard work and a lot of study even for a Prodigy but you will learn it a lot faster then normal." Remus then handed Harry a book from his desk. "This is the theory book we will be working out of; I know you could read it and remember it all but remembering doesn't mean understanding. So we will go through it together okay?" Harry nodded his head and they got started. It was a fun first lesson, Remus would go over each theory in the book then they would discuss it in detail.

After a fifteen minute break Harry met Remus in the dueling room where he would finally get to use his wand. Remus had a table set up in the center of the room with a few small objects on it. He was waiting when Harry got there. "Ok Harry the first spell we are going to try is the levitation charm, Wingardium Leviosa. I know you can do it wandlessly, I've been on the other end of it but we are going to do it with a wand this time. It may or may not be easier for you to do it this way but we'll find out."

"Okay" replied Harry. Remus went over the wand movement with him and had Harry pronouns the spell a few time.

"Okay, I want you to try and levitate the feather that's on the table." Harry looked at the objects on the table finding the feather. He pointed his wand at it and in a smooth motion performed the incantation and wand movement. "Wingardium Leviosa" The feather shot up into the air almost imbedding itself in the ceiling. "Wow" Harry kept his want pointed it the feather keeping it up against the ceiling.

"Well looks like you can do the charm, but you need to learn control. Let it go and try again, this time only raise it a foot off the table and hold it there." Remus instructed. Harry let the feather fall to the table then performed the spell again. He barely whispered the words this time. Again the feather shot all the way up to the ceiling.

"Harry whispering or shouting a spell will affect how much power you use to a degree but it is not what I'm looking for. You have to concentrate on what you want the magic to do, don't let it rule you." Harry nodded his head in understanding; it was one of the theories of magic that Remus taught him that morning. He released the feather again and again tried the spell saying the word in a normal

voice. Again the feather hit the ceiling. It took the rest of the lesson for Harry to get the feather to rise slowly and to only a foot off the top of the table.

"Good Harry, I see its not going to be so much the spells that I need to teach you, it control." Remus dismissed Harry for lunch.

At one o'clock Mr. Crandall entered the study room, Harry was already there waiting for him. Harry had his head down and looked like he was in deep thought. "What are you thinking about Harry?" ask Mr. Crandall.

"I'm just having trouble with the idea of letting someone try to get into my mind. I don't know I think it's because my mind was the only place I could go to get away. My last..." Mr. Crandall nodded his head as he sat down in the chair across from Harry.

"I understand what you feel Harry. All Occlumens feel the same way; it's why we studied the Mind Arts it the first place. It's not easy to let go of the feeling of safety that it gives us. We have known each other for a couple months Harry I think it is time for you to start calling me Scott. Then I want to go over what books you have read on Occlumency. We don't have to do any practical work today." Harry smiled at that.

"Thank you Mr... errr.. I mean Scott." Harry left to retrieve all the books he had read so far on Occlumency, when he returned he had nine books.

"Well Harry," Scott started to say as he looked at the titles on the books, some of he had never heard of. "Looks like we have a lot to discuss, next week I'll test your mind and don't worry I won't go fishing for anything if I get in." Scott and Harry started with the first book Harry had read and worked through it all, a kind of question and answer session with debate mixed in. They got through the books that Scott was familiar with and he asked Harry if he could borrow the others so he could be on the same page as Harry.

At two forty five Scott let Harry go. Harry took a quick break then ran out to the greenhouses where Klisk was waiting for him. The lesson turned out to be just a little more formal then what Klisk had already been teaching him. The portrait of Amber did the lesson. At the end

she assigned Harry some reading and one foot of parchment on the uses of Grudyrroot.

Scott and Remus had also assigned short assignments to Harry. Scott had him writing a two foot parchment on the effects of Occlumency on the mind. Remus wanted a foot on control. Each assignment was due at the next lesson so Harry had time during the week to write them.

At dinner that night Harry spent the time excitedly telling Sirius all about his day. Sirius had been spending his days getting the Black Family affairs in order. He had months of work ahead of him in that regard he told Harry. There were businesses that needed to be looked into, some of which were not entirely legal. He was trying to find a way to shut those down. It wasn't going to be easy as the people who ran those business for the Blacks didn't like the idea of losing there jobs. Most of those people were still pro Dark and supporters of Voldemort. All the more reason Sirius said to shut them down or cut off funding. Sirius was making some enemies, he didn't really care, anything that would hurt the Pureblood bigots he was all for. He told Harry that if anything should happen to him that Harry would be the next Lord Black. Harry didn't want to think about losing Sirius so told him to be careful.

Tuesday after breakfast, Harry walked into the study room to find Padfoot there. He took his seat and waited. Padfoot then transformed into Sirius. Harry still got a kick out of seeing that. "The Animagi transformation is a form of Transfiguration. We will talk about it in a couple years. Transfiguration is essentially the art of changing the properties of an object." Sirius changed the desk behind him into a chair, then into a rabbit that tried to run away, than back into a desk. "Transfiguration is a theory-based magic with many topics. We will go over each topics theory and then practice it. It could take several classes for each topic but don't worry we will get through them." Harry was taking notes like Remus had told him to do the day before. He didn't need them other then to practice writing.

Sirius was using the standard first year Transfiguration book; he and Harry discussed the Theory for the almost two hours before taking a fifteen minute break then moving to the dueling room. Harry was able to change the small stick into a beautiful needle the first time the only problem was that it was the size of a javelin. Again Harry

was having trouble with power. He was either putting way to much into it or not enough for anything to happen. They worked on the spell for two hours, by the end Harry was still not getting the right amount of power into the spell for what he wanted.

Potions turned out to be a favorite for Harry. His Great Grandfather Anton's portrait started teaching Harry all the basics of potion brewing. He gave Harry a list of books to read all written by him that would cover everything from ingredient preparation, how different ingredients reacted, cauldron preparation, to his own potion recipes. Remus sat in the potions lab during the class only to watch over Harry in case he made a mistake since Anton's portrait would not be able to save Harry if he blew up a cauldron.

After the class Harry went up to his rooms to get ready for his guests that night. He was nervous about meeting Susan Bones, Madam Bones's Niece. He wasn't worried about Neville, he had already met him. Augusta Longbottom didn't worry him either; Sirius said he would entertain her for the most part. With Madam Bones and Minister Crabtree attending tonight as well, there were plenty of people to help shield Harry if needed. Harry got dressed in another new set of dress robes for the evening. Tula was making sure he didn't get seen in the same robes twice by the same people. He was wearing maroon colored robes this time. He had updated the Manor access list that morning during breakfast.

He made his way to the formal lounge to await his guests. He had the first of Anton Potter's books with him to read while he waited. It wasn't long until Scott came in and sat down with him, then Remus. Sirius arrived shortly after with Madam Bones and Susan. Harry stood up at the same time as the others and approached Madam Bones.

"It is good to see you again Madam, you are always welcome in my home." Amelia smiled down at the young boy she felt would one day be a great man. She was still upset over some of the revelations at their first meeting. This boy had been manipulated, abused, and put into slavery for the last eight years by his own relatives and Albus Dumbledore was responsible. She had secretly started a criminal file on Dumbledore that she kept in her desk at the Ministry, not even the Minister knew about it. She would be keeping a much closer eye on Headmaster Dumbledore over the next few years.

"Thank you Lord Potter... Harry, I would like to introduce my niece Susan. She will be attending Hogwarts next year with you as a first year." Harry looked at Susan and held out his hand to her. She was a little shorter than him; she had long brunette hair that was in a long plait down her back and strikingly deep brown eyes.

"Welcome to Potter Manor, I'm Harry Potter, it is very nice to meet you." Harry said with a genuinely shy smile. Susan was not one who would call a fangirl of the Boy-Who-Lived but meeting him in his own home was a little frightening, okay a lot frightening. This was the boy that ended the last war and killed Voldemort. Yes she could think and say his name, her aunt never let her use the stupid acronyms. She looked at Harry Potter standing there holding out his hand to her. It took her a moment to get herself to respond and shyly take his hand.

"Thank you Lord Potter, it is a pleasure to meet you." Susan gave a small curtsy as was custom in the presence of a Lord of an Ancient and Noble House.

"Please none of that Lord stuff, I'm just Harry. I hate all this ceremony they are making me do." Harry grinned over at his Godfather. "Please come and sit," Harry was now addressing both of the ladies. "Refreshments while we wait for the rest of my guests?" Sirius took pity on Harry introducing himself to Susan along with the other men in the room. He guided Amelia and Susan into the room and started a little conversation with them that Harry participated in until the Minister arrived. He welcomed Minister Crabtree like he was an old friend but with respect, then led him over to Amelia and Susan. The conversation continued for a good fifteen minutes before Bigly announced the arrival of the Longbottoms.

Harry and Susan got a little more comfortable around each other and had started talking about Susan's excitement at going to Hogwarts next year. Harry excused himself and walked to the main room Sirius right behind him. It wasn't Harry's first time seeing the formidable Longbottom woman; he had used her to get away from Dumbledore in Diagon Alley. He didn't know who she was at the time but he did now. She was wearing formal black robes with a large witch's hat that had some kind of stuffed creature on it. The three newcomers walked up to Harry. The older gentleman next to her was dressed in black formal robes and looked just like an older

version of Neville except for the hair color and nose. He had dark brown hair and his nose was pointier, Harry assumed this was Terrence. Neville was in formal robes but they were a dark gray instead of black. All three had the House of Longbottom crest on their right breast.

While writing the invitation to the Longbottoms, Remus had explained part of the House system to Harry. Hundreds of years ago there were several hundred Noble Houses or clans. Within each Noble House were junior houses that were allied with one of the Noble Houses. Within the junior houses were, at the time called peasants or the normal everyday witch and wizards. The Lords of the Noble Houses made up a council that was today called the Wizengamot, they were the ruling class. Each head having one vote on the council. Today the system was still in effect though there were only about two dozen Ancient and Noble Houses left. The Wizengamot only had sixty seats of which Harry had one. The other seats not held by Lords of the Noble Houses were bought and sold among the Junior Houses and lower witches and wizards. It was rare for a seat to come up for sale as it got passed down from father to oldest son. If for some reason the house lost its seat due to death of the family or scandal like what happened recently with Malfoy and others, control of the seats transferred to the Minister of Magic to be filled by appointment. They could then be sold by the appointee, which rarely happened.

The Longbottoms were a junior house, like the House of Bones and Crabtree. They had changed alliances several times over the centuries but never to the Dark. They were and had been allied to the Ancient and Noble House of Potter for the last three centuries. They didn't believe in the pureblood agenda though they rarely married outside of purebloods families.

Neville and Terence gave a polite bow to Harry while Augusta Longbottom nodded her head to the young Lord. "It is a pleasure to meet you Lord Potter and be invited to your home."

"Welcome to Potter Manor Madam Longbottom, you and your family are and always will be welcome here, may I introduce Lord Black of the Ancient and Noble House of Black." replied Harry as he returned the head nod and indicated Sirius standing next to him. Sirius nodded as was proper but remained quiet as this was not his house and custom required.

"Thank you, Milord. It is nice to meet you again Lord Black. May I introduce my nephew Terence Longbottom and my Grandson Neville Longbottom Heir to the House of Longbottom." As was custom Augusta then pulled out a small box from her pocket handing it to Harry. It was a small gift that would be opened later. Harry's grandfather had told Harry that Augusta was big on tradition and customs like this.

"Thank you Madam. Now with the formalities out of the way please just call me Harry, I hate the lord title and avoid it where possible." Harry accepted the gift placing it in his pocket.

"It is nice to finally meet you again Harry, your parents, my son and daughter in-law were very close friends, I am sorry for there loss. How have you been Sirius, still the trouble maker?" Augusta never lost her stern look but you could hear the change in her voice.

"I'm still the trouble maker Madam Longbottom and training the next generation." replied Sirius with a smile indicating Harry. Harry and Sirius both shock hands with the Terence and Neville informally.

"Please join us and our other guests in the lounge while we wait for dinner to be served." Harry indicated the direction. The group started in the direction indicated.

"I was not aware there would be others attending tonight Harry." inquired Augusta.

"Yes, it was a small change in plans. I felt it would be good for the people that know about were I am to meet each other. I apologize for not informing you of this but my Godfather here thought it would be a nice surprise." They entered the lounge, Augusta stopping at the door in surprise. The Minister of Magic and the Head of the Department of Law Enforcement were waiting for them. She also recognized Susan Bones from several formal functions her Aunt Amelia had dragged her too. The next person was a friend of the Potters, Remus Lupin; he had been to the house a few times with James and Sirius. The last person she did not recognize.

Introductions were made and everyone settled in to wait for dinner, drinks were offered and accepted. Harry addressed Madam Longbottom. "I must tell you, I have several motives for inviting you

tonight. The first was to see Neville again; I'm hoping we can become friend like our parents, not many people my age around here. And after meeting and talking with him at the book store I wanted to meet Terence. I'm hoping to entice him away from the Ministry to come help with the Potter Greenhouses. They have been neglected since shortly after my parents were killed and the house elf assigned to the greenhouse is not able to set them in order. The last was to see if the long time alliance between our houses could be continued."

Terence looked to Augusta and the Minister who both nodded to him. The Minister had been made aware of Terence's desire to leave the Ministry by his department head. He didn't have a problem with it; there were several more master Herbologist and apprentices. "Lord Potter." Harry held up his hand.

"Just Harry please." Terence nodded.

"Harry, I am intrigued, can you tell me anything about the greenhouses and problems you're having." Even Neville sat a little closer to listen.

"Well, ummm, I don't think I could fully tell you the issues. There are five greenhouses totaling fifteen acres. Greenhouse one and two have been set straight not having very difficult plants to deal with. The other three I'm not allowed to enter. Klisk tells me that it is to dangerous for me right now. I know there are several very rare plants that are thought to be extinct. Klisk and Grandmother Amber's portrait could explain it better. She was a Master Herbologist and took care of the greenhouses when she was alive. Klisk carries a small frame around with him that she goes too to instruct him what to do. Klisk" Harry called at the end. Klisk appeared in the lounge he had the small frame with him. Harry introduced Terence to them and they moved off to talk shop. Augusta, Minister Crabtree, Sirius, and Madam Bones were talking among themselves, Mr. Crandall had been introduced but he was just listening in. Harold Potter's portrait was not in the lounge this time, him wanting Harry to make new friends and not have his influence over Augusta to get in the way.

So Harry introduce Susan to Neville and the three sat talking until dinner was call twenty minutes later. Susan and Harry returned to their earlier conversation just adding Neville into the mix. Neville was not looking forward to going to Hogwarts because he considered

himself to be nearly a Squib. "Neville you could be as powerful as Merlin, you're only holding yourself back with that kind of thinking." Harry told him. That struck Neville to the bone as he looked down at his feet; he would have to do a lot of self evaluation over the next year.

The dinner was formal so Harry as Head of House sat at the head of the table then Sirius, Augusta, Amelia, and the Minister. Harry was as far away from his new friends as could be during dinner. Not that the conversation was boring it was just mature. Harry would add a comment here or there but otherwise stayed quiet. It was mostly political until towards the end when things turned back in his direction. "What plans do you have for the future Harry?" this was Augusta.

"Madam Longbottom at this time I do not know. I have just in the past two months found out about the wizarding world and all of this." Harry indicated the Manor and his other guests.

"But all the books...." Augusta didn't understand. The books were still a sore spot for Harry and before Sirius or one of the others present could speak up, Harry charged ahead with some fire in his words.

"Please tell me Madam Longbottom that you are not one of the simple minded throng that believes everything that you read. That a simple child could fight dragons, kill vampires, and ride the world of any number of other threats. Tell me that you don't believe that I have given a single interview to anyone over the last nine years. I was placed with my mother's sister and her family three nights after my parents died. A family that hates magic, treated me like a slave, belittled me and my parents, thrashed me for the slightest reasons they could think of, starved me half to death, and locked me in a cupboard under the stairs." Madam Longbottom had never had anyone talk to her in this way before but what she was hearing appalled her to the core.

"I was never told of my family history, told that I was magical, or that my parents loved me, my Aunt and her family hated me from the day I was left on their doorstep by Albus bloody Dumbledore who never once checked on my welfare. I have been in the wizarding world for two months; I have only just this past weekend finished reading the family journals and this week started learning about magic. The

person that wrote those books and the person that gave them my picture or likeness will come to hate the name Potter. I do not want the fame that fate has placed on my shoulders. If I am forced to live up to what has been falsely written about me I will leave this country and its idiots to their own ends." Harry then abruptly stood up leaving his dinner and the room in silence.

Sirius looked to Minister Crabtree, Amelia, Remus, and Mr. Crandall getting nods from all of them before getting up and following Harry out.

"I..." Augusta started. Minister Crabtree spoke up.

"Please forgive Harry, he has had a very hard life, he puts on a good face most of the time but some subjects still upset him. Sirius and Remus are both working with him to help him put it behind him but I fear he will never be allowed to do so. Our world will not let him. He is famous for something he had no control over, defeating Voldemort. He has been made more famous for things he has never heard about." Sirius returned shortly after.

"He is in the library doing what he loves, reading. It calms him as it was his only way to get away. He will be fine by morning, Remus and I will talk with him." Sirius smiled.

"I should apologize to Lord Potter. I did not know." replied Augusta.

"He asked you here tonight to make friends with Neville." Sirius gave the boy a smile. Both Neville and Susan looked rather pale after hearing what Harry had been through. "Susan being here was a bonus." Sirius beamed one of his best smiles at her making her smile back. "I can tell you he doesn't like all this formal crap our parents and their parents before them pushed on us. All he wanted was a friend." Sirius sat back down at the table. "Please let us all enjoy this fine meal together as friends, not political allies."

It took a few minutes but the meal resumed short one person. By the end of the night everyone was enjoying themselves again, even Harry had rejoined the group. No one said anything about the earlier incident. Harry, Neville, and Susan talked while the adults had after dinner tea and conversation. Toward the end Terence approached Sirius and the Minister.

"Lord Black, I to understand that Lord Potter is looking for a full time Master Herbologist to come work the Potter greenhouses?"

"Yes, we were hoping you would be interested. I had you checked out after Neville told Harry about you. Harry and I would be happy to offer you a position here. It would include a few hours a week of formal teaching to Harry. We could work out the logistic later." Sirius replied.

"Minister, I would like to tender my resignation at the Ministry. With your permission I would like to take Lord Potter and Black up on the offer." Terence addressed the Minister directly.

"Accepted and granted Terence. The Ministry will miss you." Newton smiled and shook Terence's hand.

"Can you start Monday?"

Harry Chapter 13

A Year with the Marauders Part 3

The day before the October full moon Remus was a little on edge as he waited for Harry to arrive for his Arithmancy lesson. He had scheduled a double lesson since this was one of Harry's prodigy subjects. Harry had passed the math testing with an outstanding up to grade twelve. In all honesty Remus had graded him as if Harry had been a full honors student in secondary school math. Most other students wouldn't see Harry's level of math until they entered university. If Harry was following a muggle mathematician's path his first year in university would have included advanced calculus theorem.

Arithmancy was different from Muggle mathematics in that it concerned the magical properties of numbers. All spells could be broken down with Arithmancy and the magical properties of the numbers held meaning to most wizards. Most wizards start with Arithmancy when creating new spells and most spell crafters were Arithmancy Masters, a few were prodigies but they tended to be recluse or stayed within their families house working for the family alone, creating family magic. There had been a few spell crafters in the Potter family, most notable was Stacy Potter, Harry's cousin six times removed. She had been the one to create the Library Index Book or more precisely the spells and magic that went into it. From what Remus knew of her, she had over a hundred tomes in the Potter library filed with Arithmancy and new spells that have never been seen outside of the Potter family and even then only seen once or twice to see if the spell worked as intended, she had been an Arithmancy prodigy.

Harry arrived in the study room on time and sat down, Remus started right in on the lesson, he started with the basics giving Harry the standard first year Arithmancy book. This was going to be Remus's weak spot in teaching Harry. He had taken the course and done very well but he was not even ranked as a master, he had had to work very hard to get the E on his N.E.. He knew Harry would soon speed far ahead of him. Remus was hoping that after the basics this would become a self study subject for Harry. He would still schedule it as a double each week and would sit with Harry to help him puzzle out any problems he had.

The afternoon subject Defense against the Dark Arts started with theory, Remus started him with the standard first year defense book. It covered some Dark creatures and basic spells, jinxes, and hexes. During the practical portion of the afternoon Harry found out that defense was not all about casting spells.

"Ok Harry, the best defense against any and all spells is not to get hit with it. So as part of your lesson you will be learning dodging skills which takes a bit of physical exercise." explained Sirius. "We will start with a small test." With that Sirius started firing mild stinging hexes at Harry. By the end of the lesson Harry was sweating and had over a dozen red spots all over him.

"Not bad Harry, looks like you have had to do some dodging in the past." Harry gave his Godfather a dirty look before leaving. Harry vowed to get Sirius for this. At dinner that night everyone sat down, Sirius sitting across from Remus at the family table. As soon as Sirius's butt touched his chair he was back on his feet with a yelp of pain with hands on his butt. Remus looked at him quizzically.

"Problem Sirius?" asked Harry with a straight face.

"Ummm no, no problem." Sirius sat back down, nothing happened. Livi delivered dinner and everyone dug in. A few minutes later while Sirius had a mouth full of potato, he jumped up again with a yelp, spraying potato all over Remus. Remus gave him a discussed look as he wiped his face off.

"Sirius is there a problem that you can't sit still for more then a few minutes?" Harry asked again with a straight face. Remus moved over a couple seats.

"Sorry Remus, felt like I got stung." Sirius was rubbing his butt as he sat back down. The sting that time was slightly more painful then the first. Everyone finished eating dinner and was digging into a pudding desert when it happened again. This time Sirius literally fell backwards in his chair. "AHHHH" Harry couldn't hold it any longer and busted out laughing, a moment later as Remus figured out what was happening, joined in. Sirius looked up from the floor where he was laying on his back rubbing his butt even more.

"Ok, ok make it stop." Harry just looked at Sirius while laughing and shrugged. After picking himself up off the floor Sirius picked up his

pudding bowl and head for the door. Remus watched while in a fit of laughter Harry pulled his wand out from under the table pointing it at Sirius's retreating butt and fired a stinging hex. The bowl of pudding went flying upward as Sirius screamed, the pudding landed on his head. Both Harry and Remus were now on the floor laughing. "Very gooooood Harrrrrryyy," Remus started to say between laughs. "Stiilll neeeeeed tto woork ooon yooour powwwerrr cooontttrolll." Sirius scowled at the two and walked out of the room.

The Thursday classes were all very interesting to Harry, Ancient Runes turned out to be like learning another language. Harry's ancestor Charles Potter instructed him from a portrait just like Anton and Amber had. Harry learned that Runes were the language of magic. Objects carved with runes or rune structure magic was permanent as long as the runes were not broken and powered. Charles used the example of the permanent ward stones that protected the manor and grounds; they were all carved with complex rune structures. Runes could be used for all kinds of things, from a single rune for light carved on a stone, making the stone glow to complex rune structures that drew power from ambient magic to sustain it like ward stones.

Harold Potter, Harry's Granddad taught the next class from his portrait. He started out with the difference between Light and Dark magic. He explained to Harry it all boiled down to the intent of the user. The Potters from the days of Gryffindor considered all magic as gray but some magic worked off of emotions he explained. Where the Killing Curse was a Dark spell and required hate and the want to kill in order to be cast, the Patronus Charm required joy, happiness, or love and was considered a Light Spell. True Light and Dark spells were emotion based spells and there were not many that fell into either category. Based on Harry's family ritual he would have an affinity to Light Magic, making it easier for him to cast those spells. Harold would go over the each light spell in the coming weeks, than Harry would start to practice them with Remus later.

The portrait of Gayle Potter was his history teacher. She had been married to Charles Potter four generations back. Gayle was a history nut and she started Harry right off with the beginning at least the beginning as it was known. As far as Wizards and witches today knew the earliest records of magic date back over five thousand years, those records coming from the Library of Alexandria, which was hidden from the Muggle Roman armies after the fall of

Alexandria in 30BC. The records stored in the Library of Alexandria showed that magic had existed for as long as man has had written records. The Greek mythological gods were all Wizards and Witches that were trying to rule the area at that time. The records left by the wizards of the time showed that magic had been part of the world since its creation; even cave drawings had images of magic. While most of the records were no longer readable and ancient and powerful magics had been lost to time it was a place to start. Harry took his notes and was assigned reading and homework.

The last class of the day Wizard Traditions and Culture focused more on the past thousands of years or so. Again it was the portrait of Gayle but she was just giving the introduction to it. Other portraits would take over as time passed. Harry did find out that most of the Ancient and Noble houses had generations of portraits all of which were used to teach the next generation. The portraits were a way to pass on knowledge that was almost as good as having a library. In the class he was going to be taught tradition and culture but also law and politics so that when he publicly re-entered the wizarding world he would know how to protect himself.

Remus didn't attend dinner that night and Sirius was in a hurry to finish. Tonight was the October full moon. Remus had gone away last month to his normal hideout during the full moon but this month he would be staying in the Manor. Sirius and Remus had spent several days fixing up a room in the basement that would be able to hold the werewolf if the wolfsbane potion Remus drank that day didn't work. After dinner Harry retired to his rooms to read. Hedwig was on her perch near the window as Harry sat down to read Salazar's Journal.

It was about midnight when Harry was awakened by something; he had fallen asleep on the couch in his room. He opened his eyes just as he felt it again. It felt like when he used wandless magic, magic that flowed through his body. Then he felt it again, a pulse of magic coming from somewhere. Harry sat up and looked around the room, his eyes finally settling on Hedwig.

Hedwig had her wings stretched out to her sides like she was getting ready to take flight and her head was held up high basking in the moonlight coming in the window. She was surrounded by the silvery light of the full moon coming in through the picture window. The feathers of Hedwig's wings that Harry had noted before as having a

silver edge to them now glowed and sparkled in the moonlight. It was almost as if her wings were catching the moonlight, he sat watching her as a single drop of silvery liquid dropped down from one of the feathers toward the floor. When it hit the floor Harry felt the pulse of magic pass over him.

It wasn't more then a moment or two after Harry woke and was watching Hedwig that the door to his room quickly opened. Sirius and to Harry's complete surprise a human Remus rushed into the room both with their wands drawn.

-oo00oo-

In a back alley deep in London a creature, a werewolf crouched over his latest victim, a young girl no more then fifteen. The girl was in horrendous pain, part of her calf muscle was missing were the creature had bitten her. She was screaming but no one could hear her. The werewolf wizard had cast silencing charms in the alley earlier in the day for just this reason. The werewolf was just about to end the girl's life and feast on her flesh when a pulse of magic swept over the area making the wolf look up then howl at the moon. Then another pulse swept the area and then another. It could tell the direction the magic was coming from, the magic felt, it felt like the moon. Forgetting about the girl the werewolf started running in the direction the magic was coming from staying to the shadows. The young muggle girl dragged herself out the alley on to the street to the screams of some passers by. The wolf didn't know how far away the magic was, its only thought was to find the magic.

-oo00oo-

Somewhere in the Scottish highlands, Hogwarts castle sat pristinely next to the forbidden forest that was nestled in the mountains. Within its walls, Headmaster Dumbledore was awake and working on the paperwork that kept the school running. He also had Ministry paperwork to do but that would get done later, Fawkes was asleep on his perch. The phoenix let out a chirp as the first pulse of magic washed over it, Albus didn't feel a thing. When the second pulse washed over the castle and the phoenix, Fawkes woke and started to sing a welcoming song. Albus looked up at the phoenix inquisitively; he had felt the second pulse and the third that followed it. Before he could visualize his question to the phoenix, Fawkes jumped into the air and disappeared in a ball of flames. Albus

jumped from his seat as several portraits that hung in the headmasters office told him that everyone in the castle had felt the pulse and were starting to panic not knowing what it was.

-oo00oo-

The drops of moonlight falling from Hedwig began to pool on the floor beneath her perch. The pool of liquid had an ethereal glow and shined like liquid silver. When Sirius and human Remus entered the room they didn't know what to expect. All either of them knew was that one moment, werewolf Remus and Padfoot were horsing around in the room set up for Remus when the first pulse of magic spread through the room and Remus howled in pain. The second pulse swept through and Remus fell to the floor, the transformation reversing itself way too early. By the third pulse Remus was back in his human form and looking at Sirius with wide eyes. Sirius transformed back to himself, the next pulse swept the room and they both knew it was coming from above them in the master suite three floors up.

As they stood in the door to Harry's room both in shock at what they were seeing, a ball of fire erupted in the room followed by a Phoenix and the sound of a welcoming song. Both of them recognized Fawkes immediately but didn't see any trace of the headmaster. Fawkes flew toward Hedwig and started circling her singing his song of greeting and welcome. Harry was standing a few feet from the perch transfixed by the sight before him. Hedwig then folded her wings, the silvery ethereal glow still permeating her feathers and body. Her feathers were now completely silver in color, as she turned her head and looked at Harry he could see that her once golden yellow eyes were now a pure silver. Fawkes sang out one last time before disappearing in a burst of flame.

Everyone in the room then heard a crow's song from the corner behind Hedwig; the evil sound made them all cower and feel like the sun would never rise again. Hedwig swiveled her head to look in the corner and firmly hooted at whatever was there. Everyone saw the puff of black smoke as whatever it was disappeared.

Harry and Hedwig then looked at each other their eyes locking. Harry could feel a new presence in his mind. 'Is this what Mr. Crandall talked about when someone or something invaded your mind'. Harry thought as he looked inward. Sirius and Remus just

looked on in total wonder as they saw what only legends talked about; even the legends were myths. Looking into his mind, Harry found Hedwig flying around above his minds library.

"Who are you?" Harry called out to the owl. Hedwig glided down to land on Harry's shoulder.

"I am Hedwig my hatchling." replied the owl. Harry just stared at his owl trying to figure out what was going on. Inside his Library, books were flying around; pages were getting turned in a frantic search for answers.

"What are you?" asked Harry, unable to find anything in his library about this beautiful owl.

"I am a Moonowl. I am between the day and the night." replied Hedwig.

"I... I don't understand, a Moonowl, between day and night?" Harry look confused.

"Young one, you have heard of the Phoenix have you not? The phoenix is fire, the sun, the day, a creature of good beyond good. There are many Phoenixes in the world, but there are also many Nightcrows."

"Nightcrows?" Harry was still confused; he understood what a phoenix was but had never heard of Nightcrows before.

"Nightcrows, the blackest of hearts, the darkest night, evil beyond evil, they are rarely seen and stay hidden in the shadows never bonding; they are the opposite of their cousins the Phoenix." explained the Hedwig. Harry stared at the owl waiting for it to continue. "I am between day and night. I am a creature of the night that lives within the light of the sun reflected from the moon. I am neither good nor evil, I am balance and I have chosen you to be my bonded." Harry's mind processed all the information and then promptly passed out.

Sirius had moved up behind Harry not sure what was happening. The myth that was perched before him wasn't supposed to exist. While he was young and in school he had taken a great interest in myths and legends, studying them, it was his hobby. Before him and

staring intently at his godson was a Moonowl, the balance between good and evil. Sirius was shaken out of his reverie just in time to catch Harry as he started too crumple to the floor. Sirius picked Harry up to place him in his bed. When he picked Harry up it finally dawned on him how thin and light Harry was. He had overlooked Harry's size for the past two months while getting to know him. He knew how Harry had been treated at the Dursleys, Harry had told him that first day. 'Why hadn't I had Harry looked at?'

After placing Harry on the bed he turned back to the owl. "Did you do this?" asked Sirius with no small amount of worry and anger. The owl looked at him and Sirius got the impression that Harry would be fine, just a case of information overload.

Remus was still looking at himself while also looking out the window at the full moon hanging high in the sky. "Sirius, how? The full moon?" Remus was finally able to stammer out. Hedwig looked at Remus catching his eye giving him a hoot then looked down at the silvery liquid below his perch. Remus looked down and gasped, he never thought he would see what was pooled there, Liquid Moonlight, the only substance fabled to be able to cure Lycanthropy. He looked back at the owl receiving a nod from it. Remus ran from the room returning a few moments later with a small vial which he used to gather the liquid. Liquid Moonlight was like Phoenix tears but not exactly the same. Phoenix tears could cure wounds, disease, and most spell damage but it could not heal truly Dark conditions or Dark spell damage. Liquid Moonlight could cure Dark curses and conditions and it could also cause them. No one knew what a Nightcrow produced but it was widely believed that whatever it was was a painful curse of death. Sirius finished checking Harry and tucking him in, they both then left Harry to sleep.

Harry woke as the first rays of sun entered his room. Hedwig was still on her perch watching him intently. "Do not fear me young one." Harry heard in his mind.

"I don't fear you Hedwig. I just don't know what to do, just so much has happened recently."

"Life is full of happenings hatchling, at this moment there are things happening all around the world. Life, death, love, and hate, sorrow, and happiness, only a small part of it affects you. It is that part that

makes us who we are. Will we feel love or hate, hide from death, or embrace life, what will you do with your happenings?"

Harry stared at Hedwig for a moment before looking down to the floor then back up. "I'm going to go have breakfast." Harry finally responded.

"Exactly, I will be out hunting." Hedwig then disappeared in a shower of silver sparks. Harry looked at the empty perch for a few moments longer then ran off to the bath to start his day.

At breakfast Sirius and Remus both hounded Harry with question. Harry repeated what Hedwig told him the night before. Remus was still in awe of what had happened as Sirius talked about what he knew of the myths. Remus looked better then the last time Harry had seen him after a full moon just a month before. He looked relaxed for the first time since Harry had met him. The worry lines were fading, his smile was brighter, and when Sirius came out with the "I'm serious" pun Remus's laughter was full and infectious.

Astronomy class that morning was considerably upbeat with Remus teaching. Harry was relieved that the class was mostly memorization of star charts, constellation names, stars and planet movements. Remus explained how some rituals, potions, and spell could only be brewed or cast under certain astronomical events. Summer and Winter solstice were two of the biggest events, full moons and the alignment of plants and stars all had a purpose to some magic. Harry listened and took his notes.

Wandless practice with Sirius turned out to be harder then he thought. After working with his wand all week Harry had lost a little of the fine control he had over his wandless ability. He couldn't make the toy blocks dance in the air like he use to without really concentrating on it. He was unable to perform any other spells wandlessly other then his summon, banish, and levitation. He could still levitate quite a bit of weight but it was slower somehow.

"Sirius, will working with my wand affect my wandless ability?"

"I don't know Harry, there are only a few people who can do wandless magic that I know of and even they still use a wand for a lot of things. We were going to use this time to help you keep up the

skill, but it looks like we are going to have to do some research into it. I hope the Potter or Black Library has something on it."

So Harry spent the rest of the time before and after lunch on regaining his fine control. It was during lunch that Harry received a letter from Neville asking to come over during the weekend to see his greenhouses and to hang out. Harry thought it was a great idea and sent an agreeable reply. Harry then decided to invite Susan as well, just to keep up the good relations with her aunt. Harry wasn't really into girls; he still considered them as yucky.

After wandless practice in which Harry and Sirius discovered that his ability so far consisted of only those three spells. Enchanter class with Christopher Potter's portrait was interesting. Christopher was the first Potter, the son of Godric Gryffindor himself. Christopher explained that being an enchanter was not so much a skill as it was ability. Christopher had been the last Potter with the ability until Harry. Christopher had inherited the ability from his father who had enchanted several item of notoriety, the most notable being the Sword of Gryffindor. Christopher explained that the sword was goblin made, making it special to begin with but Godric had added to the sword over several years.

Enchanting an object took time and power, for only an enchanter could make any spell truly permanent. He explained that even though some spells could last for decades they were not truly permanent. All the enchanter had to do was to add the idea that the spell being cast also be permanent. There were preparation that needed to be performed before casting but he would go into those later. It sounded easy to Harry but he found out that it really wasn't, it took a lot of power to do it and the right mindset. That was what Christopher was going to teach him, the way to think about what he wanted.

After the first week of classes Harry was starting to see a theme to magic, it was all about intent but that intent, what you wanted to happen was easier said then done. It took control of your magic and your mind. There were few spells to learn as an enchanter just a much deeper intent. By the end of the class Harry had a headache from trying to picture permanency. Christopher told him it would become easier for him as the ability manifested itself, until then these lessons would just help him prepare for that day when it all just clicked.

At dinner Harry handed Remus all his notes from the classes so he could go over them to see if Harry's writing skills had improved. Harry spent the rest of the night doing homework that was due the next week before going to his last class of the week, practical Astronomy.

Neville and Susan arrived just after breakfast Saturday morning. Harry took them both around the Manor and then the gardens before heading to the greenhouses. When Harry opened the door to greenhouse one Neville's jaw hit the ground. Harry showed them both around the greenhouse explaining what he knew about some of the plants. After lunch Harry asked if they both knew how to fly on brooms. Susan had tried it before but didn't do so good, she was scared of heights. Neville had never even tried so Harry offered to teach them and help Susan. There were several training brooms at the Manor that wouldn't go over a few feet from the ground and went slow. Harry had Susan and Neville use those for a couple hours as he watched and gave encouragement.

It was a fun day for Harry he even got his godfather again with a stinging hex sending Sirius running from the room screaming. Harry told his new friends about his lessons. Susan was getting home schooling as well, her Aunt wanted her ready for Hogwarts. She had a family wand she was using but wasn't allowed to bring it that day. Neville said he wasn't getting lessons and didn't have a wand yet. Harry offered to talk to Remus about Neville join him during the week. Neville liked the idea saying he needed all the help he could get. When Neville and Susan left, Harry felt better then he had in a long time, he had friends his own age, they had played around and talked getting to know each other, a wonderful day to Harry.

Hedwig stayed quiet after the first night. Harry talked to her in his room at night and she listened hooting here and there but not really talking back. Harry asked why and she told him that it took a lot of energy to mind speak. She got her energy from the moon so as the moon went through its cycle so would she, being weakest on nights with no moon and strongest on the night of the full moon. She was building her reserves toward that blackest of nights.

Monday morning Harry got ready for class, when he walked into the dinning room for breakfast Neville was sitting there waiting for him.

Harry had talked to Remus Sunday morning and it appeared that arrangements had been made.

The next few weeks pasted without any drama, Neville was taking to his lessons with as much drive as Harry was. It was in the practical lessons that Neville floundered, he could get the spells to work but only after hours of practice. It was the third week when Remus finally asked Neville where he got his wand from.

"My Gran gave it to me, it was my fathers." Replied Neville as he held the wand loosely.

"Well that explains that, that wand is not matched for you Neville. Doesn't the Longbottom family have generations of family wands to try from?" asked Remus.

"I don't know sir." Neville was looking at his feet now.

"Well we will just have to find out."

The next day Neville showed up for class with a new wand. He explained to Harry that his Gran didn't want him to try other wands at first, something about her wanting him to use his fathers. Remus had to explain to the Matron that the wand chooses the wizard not the other way around. She knew that but had to be reminded of it. Neville knew why though, she wanted him to be like his father.

During the weekends Harry, Neville and Susan would play around, fly their brooms, and try to hit the Marauders with pranks. It took a couple weeks of flying but Susan finally got over her fear. Madam Bones had even bought Susan a new broom of her own.

On Halloween the night of his parent's death Sirius, Remus and Harry sat in the parlor and talked about them. It was the first time Harry had spent time remembering them on this night. Sirius was half way to drunk and Remus was not far behind him when Harry asked a question that hit both of his uncles hard.

"Where are my parents buried? Can we go see them?"

"Ummmm" Started Sirius. "I don't know where they are, they should be in the Potter cemetery, I was already in Azkaban by the time the funeral happened." replied Sirius.

"I remember going to the funeral, I know it wasn't here at the manor or the ancestral grounds. I just can't remember where they are buried. Maybe Biggly knows!" answered Remus.

Harry called for Biggly but the elf didn't know either, he remembered being at the funeral but not where it was.

"SOMEONE HAS IT UNDER THE FIDELUS CHARM!" Sirius blurted out several minutes later after everyone sat silently.

"Why would someone hide my parent's graves?" a few moments later Harry answered his own question. "Too keep me from saying goodbye, to keep me from learning of my family, Dumbledore!"

Harry looked at his uncles and could see the dark looks they were both now sporting. Harry was right there with them, this was just one more thing to heap on the old codger.

It was the following day when Harry got a surprise visit from Lynn Stuart, Mr. Crandall's daughter.

"Good morning Harry, Sirius asked me to come by and take a good look at you, sorry it took so long for me to come by but I have been working myself silly lately." The last she directed to Sirius who was sitting with Harry at breakfast. Sirius nodded and smiled as he had a mouth full of food at the time.

"What do I need to be checked over for?"

"I was just worried about you; you're too small for a ten year old, to thin too. I think all those years with the Dursleys may have slowed your growth and I wanted Lynn to come take a look." answered Sirius after swallowing his food.

"Okay" Harry nodded and turned to Lynn.

"This won't hurt; I'm just going to cast some diagnostic spells on you." Lynn pulled out her wand and started the incantations while waving her wand over Harry. "Ostendo mihi valetudo, ostendo mihi veneficus, ostendo mihi malum"

"Didn't you do that the night we got Sirius here?" asked Harry.

"I did but I only did a mild scan. It didn't show me all that I am seeing now." Lynn turned to Sirius after scanning Harry several more times.

"Harry is going to need to go on the same potions I had you on for at least a few weeks. His magic is fine, no baby block." She ran the scan one more time before looking directly at Sirius and Harry with a frown.

"Harry, you have a leach attached to your magic core. I'm not sure what it is but it is linked with your scar. Speaking of your scar, it is a curse scar but there is something else, there is a piece of something in it." Lynn had a thoughtful look on her face.

"What? Can it be removed? How could this have been missed?" Remus asked, he had walked into the room during Lynn's diagnosis. "Madam Pomfrey ran hundreds of diagnostic spells on Harry the night his parents were killed after Hagrid brought Harry to her."

"I don't know, this would be something hard to miss. That's why I ran the scan several times. Whatever it is it has been there for as long as Harry has had the scar. The leach looks newer; I don't think it has been there that long a couple months at best and appears to be blocking whatever is in your scar. I call it a leach because it is leaching magic from you to block or lock away whatever this is." Lynn pointed to Harry's scar.

"I think it can be removed but I'll have to do some research, I can't ask any of my colleagues because they would want to see it for themselves." In a quieter voice, Lynn continued, almost like talking to herself. "It looks like a soul fragment, like part of a ghost has attached itself to him."

Both Sirius and Remus blurted out at the same time. "Like a Horcrux?"

Over the past month Sirius had been stripping the Black Manor Library. Sirius had taken over one of the study rooms, enlarging it till it was the same size as the Potter Library then used the spells Harry's cousin invented to create an index book and shelving for all the Black books. He had still not gone to Grimmauld Place where the truly Dark part of the Black Library was stored. But between Remus and himself they had pored over the library looking for ways

to cheat death. Horcruxs had been mentioned several times in the books he had but never elaborated on.

Lynn looked at both of them and gasped. Harry just looked confused. "What's a Horcrux?" he asked innocently.

It was Remus that replied going into teacher mode. "It is one of the Darkest magics known. It is a way to keep your soul from passing to the next life by splitting your soul and putting a piece of it in an object, anchoring your spirit to this world. You have to want to murder someone and enjoy doing it to split your soul. Sirius and I have been looking into ways that Voldemort could still be alive like Dumbledore has said he is."

Sirius took over. "From what we have read I'm not sure it is possible to turn anything living into a Horcrux but we haven't found out the details on them yet. Looks like I'll be going to Grimmauld place sooner then later."

Remus looked lost in thought for a moment then looked up. "Could it be an inactive possession, not a Horcrux?"

Lynn pointed her wand at Harry again and started a spell. "ostendo sum possessio" A moment later she pulled her wand away.

"It is reading as a possession but it's weak, like it is not truly formed."

"I'm possessed?" Harry finally blurted out. He had been listening to everything and trying to come to his own conclusion. 'This all started the night my parents were killed and that curse bounced off me.' Harry thought. He was in his own mind now looking around. He didn't know what he was looking for but figured he would know when he found it. Then it occurred to him, 'The book that was following me around in my mind, the memory of that night, it was like it had a mind of its own.'

Coming out of his mind he looked at the three people who were watching him. "You said the leach was feeding a block of some kind and that it was only a couple months old?" Lynn nodded her head to him.

"When I first started Occlumency, I sorted my memories into books in my mind. I had trouble with one memory book. I would put the book on a shelf but it wouldn't stay there. It was like it was following me around in my mind. I eventually got sick of it and locked it away in its own room with heavy locks. It was the memory of the night my parents were killed and until I locked it away it would give me nightmares, haven't had any since."

Lynn, Sirius, and Remus all looked at Harry like he had two heads for a moment.

"So can it be removed?" asked Sirius. Everyone left that question unanswered not knowing.

Harry started his potion regimen that night. Lynn told him he would be on them for at least a month. The potions would make him hungry and he would eat more than normal as he recovered his normal and natural height and weight.

Again after talking to Mr. Crandall it was decided that they had to wait before forcing Dumbledore to take Harry's parents out from under the Fidelus Charm. Mr. Crandall also informed Harry that the goblins now knew who it was that wrote all the books about him and who had provided the images of Harry. Mr. Crandall suggested waiting until an opportune time to take care of the problem. From what Mr. Crandall told Harry, Ragnok had gotten a very predatory grin on his face when they found out who the person was.

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The house was just like all its neighbors a Georgian terraced house. Unlike all its neighbors no muggle could see it. Number twelve Grimmauld Place was the home Sirius had grown up in. Black Manor was the ancestral home but Number Twelve had been in the family for over a century. It was the home provided to the Heir apparent of the Black family when he reached his majority. That had been Sirius's father, Orion Black, before he died some years ago. Sirius's Mother had died a few years later after Sirius was sent to Azkaban. Sirius was not looking forward to visiting the old house. He had left there while he was still attending Hogwarts to go live with his best mate James at Potter Manor. The place looked the same as when he left, a little more run down but still the same. The door to the house had a snakehead knocker and door handle.

Sirius approached the door with only two things on his mind, getting the part of the Black library that resided here and any other artifacts he felt should not fall into the wrong hands. After that all he felt like doing was burning the place to the ground. Sirius place his hand on the door to unseal the lock down he had set on all the Black properties.

"Open in the name of Lord Black" the door swung open to a dark, musty, and dirty hallway. Sirius walked in closing the door behind him.

"Whose there, Arcturus is that you?" Sirius walked further into the hall to see a portrait of his mother hanging on the wall.

"No mother, Grandfather has pasted the family on to me." Replied Sirius as he walked to where his mother could see him.

"BLOOD TRAITOR, FILTH....." She kept on screaming obscenities at Sirius who just stood there with an evil grin on his face.

"SHUT-UP, YOU ARE BURNED FROM THE FAMILY; YOU ARE NO LONGER A BLACK." That shut the portrait up. Sirius quickly closed the curtains that hung to the sides of the frame.

"Kreacher!" Several minutes later an old, worn out, and dirty looking house elf walked into the hall.

"Vile, filth, blood traitor, son has returned. Not worthy to enter the ancient and noble home of Black..." Kreacher would have continued but Sirius held out his hand with the Black family Lords ring. "NOOO.... Foul son can not be Lord, foul son must die."

"Stop!" commanded Sirius. "You will stand there, do not move, speak, or use magic unless I tell you to." Kreacher immediately froze in place, the magic of the elf bond taking control. The look on the old elf's face was murderous as he watched Sirius walk past him. Sirius then started moving around the house; he had a multi compartment trunk with him that he used to clean out the black library. He also used one compartment to store all the dark objects he could find in the house. In all it took Sirius almost twelve hours to finish. He had help from some of the other Black Family elves that worked at Black

Manor. All the furniture in the house was taken and stored in the Black family vault after being cleaned by the elves.

Sirius packed his old bed room himself. As bad as life had been for him in the house he still had a few good memories. Regulus, Sirius's younger brother had been his best friend until Sirius went off to Hogwarts, by the time Sirius came back for summer holiday Regulus had changed. Regulus became a Death Eater by the time he was sixteen. Sirius missed his younger brother; it was this family that had corrupted Regulus at least that was what Sirius believed in his heart. Regulus died a few years later, no one was sure how he died or who had killed him only that he was with Voldemort at the time it happened.

After finishing everything Sirius walked back to the front hall. "Kreacher you will stay in this house no matter what happens. You may not move or use magic." With those last commands Sirius turned to the front door and opened it.

Turning his head back over his shoulder he called out. "Good-bye mother..." Sirius had left the portrait hanging on the wall.

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Auror Johnson was sitting at the ready desk in the Ministry when the alarm sounded. It was an old fire alarm that had not gone off in centuries. Wizards just didn't need to worry about fire in their homes, they could put it out with a flick of their wands. The alarm indicated that it was a magical fire and that the local Muggles could not put it out. He assigned two Aurors to go investigate the issue.

The investigating Aurors arrived on the scene of muggle firemen dumping hundreds of liters of water on the multi story house but it was having no effect. From the shadows of the park across the street one of the Aurors pulled his wand out and cast a detection spell at the fire. What he found confused him. He looked to his partner, "Get some re-enforcements here, it magical fire and the wards have dropped."

In the end the house was a total loss. What confused the muggles was that the fire didn't spread to the homes on either side of it. Just that one house burned to the basement. The Aurors and obliviators had worked hard all night. The investigation in the muggle world was

stopped at the conclusion that it was accidental. The Aurors could not find anything to link the fire to anyone. They didn't find much in the remains of the house, they did find the remains of a house elf and a badly burned portrait but the fire had destroyed the magic in it. A letter was sent to the own of the property and then everything was forgotten about.

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Remus made the comment the next day that the combined Potter and Black Libraries were together bigger then the library at Hogwarts. Sirius was spending all his spare time going through the black library looking for information about Horcruxs and inactive possessions.

Over the weeks since Harry had started learning magic at the manor Mr. Crandall had yet to try and break into Harry's mind. They had spent all of there time together going over the books that Harry had read. After Sirius returned with the books from Grimmauld place Harry found two more books on the subject of Occlumency but Sirius had forbid him to read them. He told Harry that he wanted to go through them first to see just what they contained. Harry, in all his time reading had not found a book that he was forbidden to read. He understood the why but for some reason he didn't like it.

This week was different; Mr. Crandall was going to take a look at Harry's defenses. Neville had been joining Harry in all his classes even the Occlumency lessons. Neville was trying, he had read the first introductory book but was still trying to find his inner mind as Harry called it.

"Ok Neville why don't we start with you. I know you haven't found that place in your mind yet but it's still possible that you have formed some shields without knowing." Neville looked like a deer caught in the headlights. He nodded his head but on the inside he was terrified. Mr. Crandall raised his wand, pointing it at Neville. "legilimens."

Moments later he lowered his wand. "Well you do have a very weak shield. Could you feel me when I knocked on it?"

Neville looked up at the ceiling for a moment. "I think so; it felt like... no, it sounded like someone walking on dried leaves. Does that make any sense?"

"For you it most likely does. Every Occlumens is different because we are all different people. What works for Harry wouldn't work for me or you. I'm not saying Occlumency is different for each person because it is not but how we build our mind is. Harry has told me that his mind is a library, which fits in with his personality and what he loves to do. From what I'm told you love Herbology, maybe the dried leaves have something to do with that." Mr. Crandall turned to Harry to see if he had anything to add.

"Maybe you need to look for a greenhouse in your mind Neville." Harry suggested.

"That's not a bad idea Harry, thank you." replied Neville. Neville then moved to the back of the room and closed his eyes.

"Ok Harry, it's your turn. I'm going to be a little more forceful with you because I know you have your shields." Mr. Crandall waited until Harry was ready. When Harry finally nodded his head Mr. Crandall snapped his wand up. "Legilimens."

Mist, more mist, Scott looked all around him. He could see light coming from every direction through the mist. It was almost as if he was in the middle of a moor on a foggy morning. He started walking in the direction he was facing, pushing his way through the mist. Laughter... "Where did that come from?" he asked himself. He turned in the direction he thought it came from.

It felt like he had been walking for hours. He would hear the laugh every once in a while and try to follow it but he was getting tired. "OK I give up Harry." He looked around him to find his link back to himself. Nothing. 'I need to pull out. I've never gotten lost in someone's mind before. Where is my link?' "HARRY, please show me the way out, I'm lost." In front of him a door appeared, Scott opened the door and found himself back in his own mind.

Mr. Crandall was breathing hard and had sweat running down his forehead. He opened his eyes to see Harry sitting in the chair watching him carefully. Harry didn't even look stressed, just a look of concern on his face. "Are you alright Scott? Do you need something

to drink?" Scott nodded his head; he had a headache coming on. After Tula brought Scott something to drink and he had a few moments to close his eyes he turned to Harry.

"I'm not going to ask if you felt anything."

"I knew you were there the moment you cast the spell. I was watching you. You passed within a short distance of finding my library so I lead you away."

"That mist is only your first line of defense?" asked Scott getting a nod from Harry. "Very effective, I was completely lost. I couldn't even find my way out until you showed me the way." Scott checked the time. It had only been about fifteen minutes since he tried to enter Harry's mind but he felt like it had been hours. "I think that will be all for today. Harry I don't think there is anything that I can teach you about Occlumency. We'll start you on Legilimency next week and continue with Neville's Occlumency. I'll be heading home I need to rest, to me it felt like I was there for hours."

"Okay, you could stay in the guest wing if you like Scott."

"No, I'll be alright by tomorrow. I just need rest. Neville keep practicing and we will try again next week." Scott got up and headed for the door. "Harry, you did great, don't worry about me, it just took a lot out of me." With a smile to Harry and Neville Scott walked out of the room.

Herbology for Harry and Neville was both a joy and a chore. Since Terence had taken over the Potter greenhouses, he had managed to get all but the night greenhouse back to normal and he was well on his way to sorting that one out as well. Just about every potions ingredient grown could be found in the Potter greenhouses even plants that grew underwater at the shoreline or bottoms of lakes. Greenhouse four had a large pond in it that took up three quarters of the building and was deep enough to grow all the underwater plants and a few of the non-harmful aquatic animals. Terence told Harry many times how happy he was to be there and how much even he was learning from Amber's portrait.

For their lessons, they helped and learned about whatever Terence was working on that day. Terence always planned his Monday around having the kids there so he wouldn't be working on anything

to dangerous. After Halloween, Susan starting joining them for Herbology lessons at the request of Madam Bones. It was the one subject that couldn't be practically taught on the Bones Estate because they didn't have any greenhouses. Susan would floo in for the lesson and then leave again right after.

The November full moon came and went without Remus transforming into a Werewolf. He went to his cage in the basement with Sirius just after dinner that night but was surprised to see Hedwig perched on one of the bars.

'Why do you come here tonight?' Remus heard in his mind.

"It's a full moon tonight..." Remus started to reply but was cut off by the owl.

'I know what night it is. I ask again, why do you come here to lock yourself up in this cage?'

"I'm a Werewolf..." replied Remus again being cut off.

'You have not been a Werewolf since the last full moon. I am between day and night. I control whom my moonlight touches. Use what I have given you to cure others afflicted as you were.'" With that Hedwig disappeared in a flash of silver moonlight.

When Lynn came the next morning Remus handed her the vial of liquid moonlight.

"What's this Remus?" she had asked.

"A gift from a friend, liquid moonlight." replied Remus. Lynn almost dropped the vial at his words. She looked at the substance in the vial for a minute before starting to laugh.

"Good one Remus, you almost had me, there hasn't been a known source of liquid moonlight in, well ever. It's a myth, just like the fabled Philosopher's stone, Master Flamel has never confirmed its existence even though he is over six hundred years old."

"This is liquid moonlight..." Just as Remus was about argue the fact Hedwig flew into the room and perch on the back of Harry's chair and spread her silver wings that were still glowing from the full moon

the night before. Lynn looked at the Owl then down at the vial in her hand and back up to the owl, there was no more argument.

Lynn pocketed the vial after talking to Remus for a several minutes. She then gave Harry his physical. Harry had grown three full inches in the past month and put on about forty pounds. He didn't have the scrawny arms and legs he came to the manor with. His ribs were not as visible as they were before even with all the exercise Sirius was putting him and Neville through during the week. Sirius had started having Harry do a run every morning before breakfast so that he wouldn't just gain fat from the potions and extra food he was eating; he also did pushups and sit-ups.

November pasted into December, Harry worked hard in his classes and in his own studies. History turned out to be Harry's favorite subject in both magical and muggle. It was just so easy for him to memorize dates, facts, and people that he could follow it fully.

"Harry lets go to Diagon Alley and get our Christmas shopping done before Hogwarts goes on holiday." called Remus from the main room. Harry jumped up from where he was reading in the master study.

"Okay Remus. Where's Sirius?"

"He thinks it would be better for me to take you. Too many people know his face and just because Dumbledore hasn't mentioned anything lately doesn't mean he doesn't have something going on."

Harry grabbed his coat since it had been cold out lately before he took the floo to the Leaky Cauldron with Remus. Remus and Harry who had his knit cap on walked around Diagon Ally getting Christmas presents for everyone in Harry's life. Harry was able to buy Remus a present on the sly. After a couple hours Harry and Remus returned home without any trouble.

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"Why am I just now hearing about this?" Albus asked the five people in the room. He had received a floo call just minutes ago and had left his office. Ever since the events of Halloween of 1981 he had kept all of his plans to himself and a very select group of people. Even those people he trusted completely didn't know everything

about what he was doing or why. At the moment all that his people knew was that Voldemort hadn't died that night and that Harry Potter was going to play a critical role in his final downfall.

"Albus, with all the security you have us working under its hard to get fast information." replied Kingsley Shacklebolt. "We have people looking out for Sirius, Remus, and Harry. I got the call about an hour ago and went to Diagon Alley to confirm it was Remus that was spotted. When I got there he had already left. I tried a locator spell for Werewolves and came up with nothing."

Arthur Weasley then spoke up. "I got a call from a shop keeper that knows Remus and I confirmed it was him that was there and there was a young boy with him but he didn't match the description of Harry you gave us, the kid was too tall."

"Albus I have been talking to Arabella about Harry's time at his relatives and let me tell you if what she tells me is true as I suspect it is, you have done more harm then good for that boy. Arabella was sure he was being mistreated even abused, when we do find him he needs to come live with us at The Burrow." injected Molly.

Arthur and Molly Weasley already had seven children but all of them knew what love was, adding Harry would not be much of a burden on them. They both felt that they should have taken Harry that night and raised him as one of there own.

"He has to go back to his relatives, he is safest with them." 'Once I find them that is!' Dumbledore thought to himself. "The blood protections his mother gave Harry will make it impossible for Voldemort to harm him as long as he is with a blood relative."

"So we missed again, you should just wait until he come to Hogwarts to straighten this out. He will be there in less then ten months." commented Alastor. Dumbledore had finally told Alastor the truth of Harry Potter and not just the watered down truth. Alastor had been Albus's friend and second hand man for a long time, the only reason it took this long to tell him was that Albus thought Alastor was going a little too paranoid and could have taken things to far. After telling Alastor about his plans Alastor had shot hundreds of holes in them to the point that the only thing they both agreed on was that Harry needed to be protected at all costs.

The meeting continued for several more hours with nothing more being accomplished. Albus returned to Hogwarts to pace around his office for more hours after that.

Harry Chapter 14

A Year with the Marauders Part 4

Harry raced down the stairs to the main room. He woke up early today so he could be the first to the Christmas tree in the family lounge. Harry came to a stop just inside the door to the lounge to find that Sirius and Remus were already there with cups of coffee. "Foiled again" Harry quietly said as he sulked into the room with his head down. Inside he was laughing at the looks on the two marauder's faces; it was like they had just taken candy from a baby and felt bad about it. Harry smiled and ran to the tree. Sirius and Remus figured it out a second later tackling and tickling Harry.

After a few minutes of laughter they all settled down on the floor in front of the tree. Harry looked all around him; the three of them had set the Christmas tree up a week ago. The elves had help decorate the rest of the room in holly and garland. Magical candles floated in the air around the room and fiery lights clung to the tips of the tree branches. Harry had used his wandless magic to put the Potter family star on the top of the tree.

"This is my first Christmas in eight years, thank you." Harry sighed happily. "I just wish Mum and Dad were here with us." Harry looked at Sirius and then Remus.

"They are here with us Harry;" Sirius replied solemnly. "I know they are watching over us as we, OPEN ALL THE PRESENTS." Sirius yelled happily, bringing a smile back to Harry's face. Sirius tossed the first large present into Harry's hands.

Harry ripped the paper from the large brightly wrapped package. "Nimbus 2000, how did you get this?" Asked Harry; surprise and excitement fighting for control over Harry's facial muscles with happiness winning out.

"Like you Harry, us Blacks do own or have interests and investments in companies. I happen to be a majority shareholder for the Nimbus Company. It's going to be out for Christmas next year and this is one of ten prototypes that have passed all the testing." replied Sirius.

Harry ran his hand along the brooms handle looking at every detail. On the opposite side from the Nimbus logo was "Potter" in gold letters. Harry looked up at his godfather.

"Don't worry, Tula added the name, so no one knows." Sirius told him.

Harry received a wizard chess set from Remus with the promise to teach him how to play. Harry got several other presents including a wrist holster for his wand and new dragon hide gloves for potions work. Harry had sent off presents to his friend Neville, it was just some clippings from the greenhouses but he knew Neville would love them. Susan got a gift certificate for Madam Malkins, Harry figured girls loved clothes.

When Remus started pulling the wrapping off his present from Harry, Harry got all nervous, not knowing if Remus would like it. In the box that Remus opened were several dozen Quills of different types and styles. A Quick Quote quill, several spell checking quills, and even anti-cheating quills. Remus loved them and thanked Harry. Sirius was easiest for Harry to get stuff for. Harry put together a kit of joke items from Zonko's Joke shop. Harry was happy for about five seconds after Sirius opened the box and his eyes lit up. Then Harry figured out that this was probably not the best idea; since Sirius got that evil grin on his face whenever he was planning something.

The rest of Christmas day was spent trying to avoid all the pranks Sirius was pulling on both of them. They had a nice dinner together with Mr. Crandall; Minister Crabtree dropped by to wish them all a happy Christmas and stayed for a cup of tea. Neville and Susan both sent Harry small gifts and notes to have a happy Christmas.

During the week leading up to Christmas Remus had given Harry and Neville time off from studying. He canceled all the classes until the day after New Years. Terence was given several days off during the holiday, Harry would have given him more if he would have taken it but he told Harry the greenhouses needed tending and couldn't be away for more than a couple days.

Harry gave each of the house elves three galleons to spend on whatever they wanted. Harry had finished reading four different books on house elves and then sat down with Tula one night to find out if what the books told him were true. For the most part the books

were accurate especially the two books written by a couple of Harry's ancestors. The elves didn't want freedom; their magic was tied into the wizard or witch that they served. Without the bond their magic would die and so would they soon after. Harry read that there had been a few free elves over the centuries that flourished but it was very rare. He also found out that the bond was a two way street. The happier the elf was the better the bond that was formed and a happy elf was one that had lots of work to do.

After Sirius had returned from Grimmauld place, Harry had asked him if the Black family had any elves. Sirius told him of the elves that worked at the manor introducing Harry to his personal elf Mag. Mag helped Sirius with everything but you never saw her. In the Black family the elves had been taught to perform their work unseen. It was a badge of honor for them. Sirius hadn't told Harry what he did at and to Grimmauld place. After Harry told him about what he had read Sirius felt guilty over what he had done to Kreacher. He had been verbally abused by that old elf as much as he had been by his own parents.

December had two full moons, one on the second and the other on the Thirty first, New Years Eve. It was getting close to midnight on New Years, the full moon shining in the cloudless sky when Hedwig burst onto the back terrace in a silvery light were Sirius, Remus, and Harry were watching the stars waiting for the new year. She landed on Harry's shoulder, both disappearing in the same silvery light. Before Sirius and Remus could react to the strange behavior of the Moonowl the Manor alarm sounded indicating an intruder.

Harry arrived in the Master study just as the alarm sounded. His Grandfather's portrait woke up asking what was going on. "I don't know Granddad." Harry pulled his wand and pointed it at the large shield hanging over the mantle. The Potter coat of arms disappeared and a map of the manor and grounds appeared. At the same time all the House elves appeared in the study forming a circle around Harry. Sirius and Remus came through the study door a few moments later.

On the map of the Potter estate Harry could see a red dot moving through the forest toward the Manor. Whatever it was it was moving fast and had already breached the outer wards. Since whatever it was didn't portkey and Apparate onto the grounds it had not ended up in the dungeon.

"It's moving too fast to be human, Sirius, Remus, what do you think?" before either could reply Hedwig let out a dangerous sounding hiss.

'Hatchling it is an evil werewolf, an evil man, I will not cure him. The balance must be maintained.' Harry snapped his head around to look at Hedwig before yelling to the map. "LOCKDOWN"

For the second time the manor closed itself up. The greenhouse windows all turned black and became as hard as steel. The door to the master study disappeared from view to anyone outside it.

"Hedwig says that it's an evil man, a werewolf. She won't cure him like he did to you Remus. She keeps repeating that the balance must be maintained." In Harry's head that was what he was hearing from Hedwig. The owl still perched on Harry's shoulder was shivering in fright.

The red dot got closer and closer to the Manor house. Sirius and Remus looked at each other and pulled their wands out. "Harry we want you to stay in the study. No matter what happens you stay in this room." Remus told him.

"We'll be back, don't worry." Sirius assured him and then they both walked out of the study.

After Sirius and Remus left the study two more red dots appeared on the map right outside the study door. Even though Sirius and Remus were keyed into the wards, during a lockdown anyone other than a Potter outside the study was considered a threat by the wards.

Harry watched as the werewolf got to the front of the house then heard the howl. He could hear the pounding the beast was doing to the front doors of the Manor. Harry watched as the two red dots of his uncles went out the back of the Manor and each started circling to opposite sides of the manor. The Sirius and Remus reached the front corners of the Manor the pounding on the front doors stopped. Harry could see the red dot move back a little from the door.

"THE WOLF KNOWS THEY ARE THERE!" Harry raced from the room to the foyer, Hedwig flapping her wings in irritation. Harry ran

into the foyer where the main floor connection was and started pounding on the outside door. Tula and Biggly appeared next to him trying to pull him back out of the foyer. Before they could pull him away from the door a clawed hand punched through the door and was able to grab Harry's shoulder for just a second. When Harry fell backwards in surprise and from the two elves pulling on him the claw raked down the front of Harry's chest. He screamed falling backward hitting his head on the floor, then darkness.

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Sirius and Remus were out the back of the house making sure it sealed back behind them. Sirius, having been an Auror before being sent to Azkaban, took control and using hand signals indicated to Remus to circle the Manor to the left. Sirius changed into Padfoot and started in the other direction. Before he got to the front of the Manor he could hear the werewolf pounding on the front doors. Sirius made it to the front corner of the Manor looking around. The pounding stopped just as he got there and knew that either he or Remus had been detected. He looked around the corner seeing the large Gray Werewolf sniffing the air.

Both Remus and Sirius were getting ready to charge the werewolf when someone started pounding on the front doors from the inside. They could both see the werewolf turn to the doors again and rush forward putting its arm through the door. Sirius still in his grim form charged forward as he heard Harry scream. Remus started charging at the same time but was not as fast as Sirius. Sirius got within twenty feet of the werewolf that was still trying to get through the hole that it had just created. He transformed back into his human form his wand ready and fired several stunners at the werewolf all of them hitting it. A moment later several more stunning spells hit the werewolf from the other side.

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Harry woke up feeling like he had been run over by a werewolf. His chest was hurting and had a headache. He didn't open his eyes right away feeling it would only make his head hurt more. He raised his hand to his chest feeling a large wrapping around it.

"How are you feeling cub?" Harry heard Remus asking him. Harry opened his eyes and looked at Remus. He had a concerned but angry look on his face.

"Alright I guess my head and chest hurt." replied Harry.

"Don't you ever do that again. Next time we tell you to do something you do it." Remus scolded him.

"What happened?" Harry closed his eyes again.

"Well... you got raked by the werewolf then when you fell over you hit your head. You're lucky that Biggly has the authority to release the lockdown or you would not be laying here talking to me. It was a very stupid thing to do Harry. Why did you leave the room and go pounding on the door?"

"When the werewolf stopped pounding on the door I could see on the map that it moved back a little just as the two of you got to the front of the Manor. I know it had sensed you in some way and I needed to distract it." Harry replied in a small nervous voice. "What happened after?"

"We hit him with a lot of stunners and he went down. Sirius twisted his ankle running to the door to get to you after he heard you scream. Biggly released the lockdown once we got to the door. Tula was trying to keep you alive by holding her hands over the wounds. Sirius was too worried about you to be of any help; Hedwig disappeared and returned with Lynn. She got to you just in time; you lost a lot of blood. Lynn is not too happy with you right now. Something about just getting you healthy and you go and do something stupid. While Lynn worked on you I secured our friend in the basement cell and then called Amelia." Harry felt like crawling into a deep dark hole.

"You have been out for three days. Sirius just left to rest five minutes before you woke up. Lynn will be by in an hour to check on you." Remus finished telling Harry.

"What happened to the werewolf?" Harry wanted to know.

"Well I will say this you are very lucky. That wasn't just any old werewolf, it was Fenrir Greyback. He is a wanted Death Eater and

the most ruthless werewolf in Britain and Europe. He was the one that turned me when I was younger than you are now. Amelia came and took him away as soon as he transformed back into a human. He will stand trial, with the list of charges on him I don't think he will even see Azkaban, most likely he'll take a walk through the veil." Remus finished explaining.

"I'm sorry Remus; I was just so worried about the two of you that I didn't think." Harry closed his eyes waiting to get yelled at again.

"I forgive you Harry just don't ever do anything like it again. I suspect you are going to get quite a few more lectures so just deal with it. Sirius may be worried about you; you know but once your okay I'm sure he is going to have a few words for you, the same with Lynn and Amelia." Harry winced at the thought of getting yelled at by Sirius and was down right scared of getting it from the two ladies.

"Now get some rest, your chest isn't fully healed yet and I'm sure you still have a headache." Remus handed Harry a small potion vial. "Drink this it will help you sleep and relieve your headache."

Harry took the vial and downed it in one gulp. It wasn't long after that that Harry was in the land of nod.

Remus was right the next morning he got a two hour lecture from Lynn. By the time she was done Harry had filled an entire book in his minds library with right from wrong and how not to be so stupid in the future. Sirius went a little easier on him but Harry still felt really bad about worrying him so badly. It was three days later when he was finally allowed out of. Lynn told him that werewolf injuries were harder to heal and took longer.

The Saturday following his release from bed he got a visit from Amelia, Susan was with her. Susan walked up to Harry looking like she was about to slap him but at the last second she pulled him into a tight hug. "Worry me again and I'll... I'll... grrrr I don't know what I'll do."

Harry promised never to do anything like it again. After Susan released him, Harry looked up into the intimidating face of Amelia Bone. She had a stern look on her face for several seconds that made Harry want to run as far away as he could and then hide. After giving him the look for a moment longer she then pulled him into a

hug as well. "Next time you get one of my lectures understand?" Amelia whispered into his ear. Harry just nodded his head.

He was feeling strange from all the hugs he was getting. He remembered his Mum and Dad hugging him when he was a baby but all those years at the Dursleys had numbed the feeling. He was getting that warm feeling back again.

Amelia sat down with Sirius, Remus, Susan, and Harry for lunch. "Greyback's trial will be the first week of February; we got a full confession from him with the use of Veritaserum. You will be happy to know he didn't know whose home this was. Apparently he was following some kind of magical pulse, something about moonlight, he wanted to destroy it."

Harry knew instantly what he was after. "Hedwig" he said out loud. Neither Amelia nor Susan had met Hedwig yet. Harry talked about Hedwig with Susan and Neville but hadn't told them that she was a Moonowl. Amelia and Susan both gave Harry a questioning look. Harry looked at each of them for a moment then call out. "Hedwig!"

Hedwig appeared in the dinning room in all her glory, silver sparks falling from her wings and landed on Harry's shoulder. She looked around the table at each of the people there before hooting a greeting to them. Harry then started to explain about the beautiful owl. Amelia was in awe of what she was seeing. Having been in Law Enforcement since she graduated Hogwarts she always strived to be fair and balanced in her work and life. Here was the personification of balance, between good and evil.

Susan just admired the beautiful Owl not knowing the myths and legends surrounding it. Harry with help from Sirius told them about the myths and what had happened that first night. Hedwig left after a few minutes while the others finished there lunch. Before Amelia left the Manor she told them that they would not have to testify at the trial. There was enough evidence to convict Greyback without bringing up how or who had captured him.

Harry returned to his classes the next Monday with Neville. He followed the news of Greyback's capture in The Daily Prophet each morning until the day of the trial. The day of the trial had a morning edition plus a special evening edition that Harry received at dinner.

Greyback Guilty, Sentenced to the Veil

In a trial that could be best described as a horror show Death Eater and Werewolf Fenrir Greyback was found guilty and sentenced to the Veil of Death. In recent months many laws have been repealed or newly passed giving the Ministry of Magic and the Department of Magical Law Enforcement more power over suspected criminals, how they are tried, and sentenced. The biggest change to the justice system came with the reinstatement of the death penalty against the continued objections of Chief Warlock Dumbledore. "I believe everyone should be given a second chance." Spoke Albus Dumbledore the day the Death penalty was brought back. After the trial today this reporter can not fathom giving a monster like Greyback a second chance. Among the charges against him were one hundred and twenty four counts of intentional infection of innocent men, women, and children with Lycanthropy, three hundred counts of brutal murder while in the form of a werewolf, and the worst was two hundred and fifty one counts of murder, rape, and torture of not only men and women but children as young as a month old while in his normal human form both on his own and under the orders of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Greyback was questioned at length while under the influence of Veritaserum where he was asked to describe five of the murders he had committed. By the time he was finished many in attendance today found it hard to keep their breakfast down. After a short deliberation by the Wizengamot Greyback was found guilty of all charges that would have seen him spend the next five thousand years in Azkaban. Many in the Wizengamot were calling for a Dementor to be brought forward to administer the kiss on the spot however cooler head prevailed and Greyback was sentence to the veil where there would be no body to take care of after. It is this reporter's opinion that justice was done this day as Greyback was forced to walk into the Veil of Death not ten minutes after being found guilty.

This reporter did find out later that there had been only one vote against using the death penalty, Albus Dumbledore. It seems our Hogwarts Headmaster, Chief Warlock, and Defender of the Light is getting sentimental in his old age. To even consider a second chance for Greyback after the atrocities he confessed too gives this report serious doubt as to the mental health of our beloved Headmaster.

More on the new laws page 5...

Harry finished reading the article before giving it to Remus. Remus had been emotional all week leading up to the trial. Greyback had been the werewolf that turned Remus when he was a small boy and now as Harry watched him read the article he could see all the emotions that crossed his face. In a way Harry understood what Remus was going through, just like Harry he had his childhood stolen from him. Harry watched the anger; the relief, happiness, and loss all play out in his eyes. It was going to be a long night for Remus; luckily the next day he didn't have any classes to teach. When Remus stood up from the table and left the room Sirius who had been watching him as well stood up.

"No classes tomorrow Harry, I'm going to go keep him company for a while." Harry nodded his head with a sad look indicating that he understood.

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Lucius Malfoy read the Daily Prophet with no small amount of hatred and fear. He had been watching what was going on in the Ministry via the paper and a couple of contacts he still had there were keeping him up to date. Since being ousted as a Death Eater he had been on the run but that was figuratively. He was still enjoying the finer things in life; the dissolving of his marriage to Narcissa by Sirius Black was a blessing to him. He had grown tired of her years ago after his son Draco was born. She had moved out of Malfoy Manor the same day and not looked back taking Draco with her. Lucius hadn't been much of a father to Draco, true years of grooming were now in the wind and that was upsetting but he knew Draco would find his way back to him and take his place when the time came.

What was really bothering him was that when Lord Voldemort returned Lucius would not have the influence behind him to be of much use to the Dark Lord. He still had the lion's share of money that had supported the Dark Lord during the first war hidden in several vaults under different names. He was starting to wonder if it wouldn't be wise to just empty all the vaults and disappear, America or Australia were starting to sound better and better. As it was he had been staying on the hidden floor of Malfoy Manor with nothing to do but think. The trial and immediate death of Greyback confirmed

the fact that he was as good as dead if he was caught. Greyback was the first to see the new Ministry at work.

Right now he didn't have an outlet for his anger. Sirius Black had been under Veritaserum when he called Lucius's name, the same went for Bella when she was pulled from Azkaban and questioned. In the end he didn't know who it was that set in motion the events that he now found himself living through; so his hatred was pointed nowhere and everywhere. He had plans to make to see him through this and somehow get his rightful place in the world back and if all else failed he would have a plan to disappear.

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After the Greyback incident everything settled into a semi normal routine. Harry and Neville attended their classes and herbology with Susan. The three hung out together on the weekends playing around and trying to prank Sirius or Remus. Neville finally found his mindscape as Harry had started calling it and his Occlumency took off from there. Harry had been right; it turned out Neville had several large greenhouses in his mind. Harry took to the legilimency lesson like a fish to water. He read the books and assignments that Scott gave him but couldn't curb his desire to read everything he got his hands on. So when Scott assigned him several chapters in the first book for the next week he not only finished the book but read two more over the weekend. It helped that the books on legilimency were small. After the first couple weeks Harry was able to get passed Scott first line of defenses and find his mindscape. After that Scott asked Harry to help Neville, by using legilimency on Neville with Neville's permission he was able to show Neville how to build defenses and to probe them to help make them stronger. Scott tried a couple more times to get into Harry's mind and failed, the only way he would get anywhere at all was if Harry allowed him to. On the last attempt Harry let Scott in allowing him to see Harry's Library. Scott went home that night with a splitting headache from information overload.

The Easter holidays came and went without any fanfare. Sirius decided that the three of them would stay away from Diagon Alley for now unless absolutely necessary. Harry's house elves took care of anything that the three would need from there. Harry did visit his vault a couple times just to look around some more. Everything from Helga Hufflepuff's vault had been moved to the Potter vault so Harry

took the time to take a look see. It was mostly heirlooms and household goods like furniture; there was nothing of great value except in the terms of historical value.

Harry met with Ragnok twice to go over the Potter estate and investments. Ragnok took it upon himself to teach Harry finance during those two visits since Harry had taken the time to read about goblin culture not just from the Potter library but also getting a couple books lent to him by Ragnok. Of course in order to read those books he had to learn Gobbledygook. Knowledge was a driving force in Harry's life the more he learnt the happier he was.

Harry didn't have the notion that everything he read was true and unbiased. Whenever he took to learning or reading about something new he would always check more than one source. History was the most bias subject Harry had and he loved it because it made him look in more than one place for facts and in most cases those facts contradicted each other.

By that first week in April, Harry's History of Magic class was focusing on Hogwarts and the founders. Gayle had given Harry a full overview of Magical history. She didn't focus very long on any one timeframe or topic, Harry's independent reading would focus on any era or topic he was interested in. Hogwarts history however was ripe with lies, half-truths, and obvious fiction. The Potter Library had a total of ten Hogwarts: A History books not including the self updating one. Hogwarts: A History was rewritten every hundred years by the Hogwarts board of governors, or at least by someone they hired to do it. This was done so that it could be updated to current events but each time it was rewritten the authors bias would come into play.

Five hundred years ago Hogwarts: A History was rewritten by a Slytherin Alumni. In that version Salazar Slytherin was made out to be the best of the Founders. A hundred years later the author was a Ravenclaw that tried to get all the facts correct but still favored Rowena. The next was written by a Gryffindor Alumni that portrayed Slytherin as the most evil Dark Lord to ever walk the face of the planet. If you took all the volumes and put them together you would come out with maybe fifty percent of the facts being true. The only Hogwarts: A History that Harry trusted was the original self updating one created by Godric. That became Harry's History project, to compare all the written versions to the self updating version and

write a true history of events. He knew it would take years to do but he looked at it as he had time.

As the weeks past Harry and Neville got better at magic. Besides Herbology it turned out that Neville was a Potions Prodigy. The difference was that Harry could memorize the material just by scanning the pages of the books and Neville couldn't. Neville spent hours going over and over the material. When it came time to brewing a potion though Neville always finished before Harry and it always turned out better. Neville and Harry were equal in Transfiguration, Harry got Charms faster, and Neville was quicker at Defense but Harry could dodge spells like no other.

Harry's writing improved to the point where Remus told him he no longer needed to take notes if he didn't want to. Harry still took notes but not as many, he wanted to keep up with the level he was at.

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The magic quill continued to scratch away at the pile of parchment and envelopes. As each piece of parchment was finished it would fold itself up and insert itself into the correctly addressed envelope. Minerva McGonagall sat at her desk watching over the process that would invite all of next year's students back to Hogwarts. The quill worked backwards through the student years starting with the returning seventh years. The letters for the returning student were form letters written by her that only needed to have the book lists added in later after they were finalized. The quill was currently addressing envelopes for the new first years that would be offered admission to Hogwarts this coming year.

This was going to be the smallest class of first years in a decade. The smallest class happened the year Voldemort was defeated with only twenty two new first year students. This year Minerva read over the list seeing only fifty one names. She didn't expect all of the students to accept the invitation; some would attend the less known schools around Britain because that was where their parents went. Contrary to what people were told Hogwarts was not the only school in Britain, five other schools existed as well though none as old. It was true that Hogwarts was the best in her opinion. Hogwarts was also the only one of them that was a boarding school the others all being day schools.

She was hopeful to get all the muggle-born this year as always since the parents of those children were not told of the other schools. This year there were nine muggle-born students being invited to attend, she would be going out to deliver their letters personally over the next couple months. As she sat watching the quill do its work she was curious to see what would happen when it got to Harry Potter, the quill was never wrong about where a student lived, it was actually not just curiosity that had her waiting for his name to come up, Dumbledore told her that Harry was missing from his home and could not be found.

She had been there that night when Dumbledore dropped Harry off on the doorstep of those disgusting muggles, she had nothing against muggles in general but these were the worst type. She had told Dumbledore that many times since that night. Minerva was part of the Order of the Phoenix and knew that a lot of effort was being put forth to find Harry. She wasn't part of Dumbledore's inner circle however even though they had been friends for many years. She knew why, she didn't agree with everything the Headmaster did. She figured he just didn't want to listen to the lecture she was sure to give if she thought he was doing something she wouldn't like.

While she was lost in thought the magic quill stopped. Looking down Minerva could see it was on the name she was waiting for, but after writing the name it was struggling to continue, the address just didn't want to be written. In all her years at this job she had never seen this happen before. After a moment more the Quill ejected Harry's envelope from the pile with just the name Lord Harry Potter on it and continued on to the next.

Other than the Muggle-born letters the rest would not be going out until the end of June giving the students and parents a month to reply.

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As the end of the Hogwarts term came closer Sirius, Remus, and Harry got more and more nervous. Once the term ended Dumbledore would be back looking for Harry full time. They all knew it was going to happen and it was getting to the point where they were all going to have to make some decisions regarding the future.

For Harry the decision was not going to be easy, would he attend Hogwarts, find another school, or get home schooled. If he stayed home he wouldn't have very many friends, Neville and Susan would be off to Hogwarts for nine months out of the year. If he went to another school in Britain he would still have to deal with Dumbledore somewhat as Dumbledore was the leader of the Headmasters council of schools in Britain, it was a position that came with being Headmaster at Hogwarts. The council only met once or twice a year not having any real power other than to agree on standard curriculums and rarely stepped on the toes of their fellow Headmasters. He would make new friends if he went to another school but was it worth staying in Britain.

He could look at schools in the United States or Australia; he would make friends there and would be outside of Dumbledore's reach with the exception of the International Confederation of Wizards of which Dumbledore was the Head. Other countries would protect him from Dumbledore but was he willing to leave Britain this was his home after all.

If he attended Hogwarts he would be directly under the control of Dumbledore while at school. He was considered an adult by virtue of his Lord status and the End of Line laws and could refuse any and all requests given to him by Dumbledore that were outside of school business and his education. If Dumbledore asked where he lived he could refuse to answer or if Dumbledore tried to force him to live with his relatives again he could refuse. As it stood Dumbledore would have to kidnap him and hold him against his will which would get the entire Wizarding world down on his head.

Sirius and Remus had already made plans, if Harry should decide to attend Hogwarts one of them would remain in Potter Manor at all times so that they could not be obliviated or worse. That way there was always someone to raise the alarm if things went south. Both Sirius and Remus were in favor of Harry getting home schooled or leaving Britain for a few years but they were leaving the choice up to Harry.

After Mr. Crandall had figured out why Harry had not been receiving Owl Post and corrected the problem, Harry had been receiving on average twenty to thirty letters a week all addressed with just his name. Harry found out that with the exception of official correspondence that was all an Owl needed to make their delivery.

Tula took it upon herself to screen the mail for anything dangerous. Harry was receiving marriage proposals, letters for endorsements, and requests for help from just about everyone. He also received a letter just about once a week from Dumbledore asking him where he was. Most of the letters had tracking charms on them and would set off the wards turning the Owl around. A few got through because there were no charms.

The love letters and marriage proposals just made Harry laugh, he was only ten going on eleven yet some witches were still sending him their knickers and very suggestive photos. The letters for endorsement came from many companies looking to put Harry's name on this or that. He kept those letters knowing that they could come in handy someday if he decided he needed to use his fame for something.

What really tugged at Harry were the requests for help. Most were from witches or wizards that were just down on their luck looking for work or a hand getting back on their feet. Harry decided to set up a trust fund to help where he could. He asked Mr. Crandall to see to it after he came out of hiding and to let the Goblins administer it. Tula would forward the letters that requested help to them once it was ready.

By June first, Harry had still not made a decision as to what he was going to do. He wasn't expecting to receive his Hogwarts letter until the end of the month. Somehow Harry did receive letters of acceptance from the other schools and a few schools outside of Britain. By mid June, he still had not made his decision. The school letters he did receive only had his name on them, no address which was unusual since they were official papers; Harry found out later that Hedwig was retrieving them from the schools. She would go there looking like a normal owl and get the letters.

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Hermione Granger sat in her room going over everything that had happened over the past two days in her mind. The first was Professor McGonagall appearing on the doorstep of the house she lived at with her parents the night before last. The Professor was the Deputy Headmistress of a prodigious school for gifted children. She had started out saying that they had had their eyes on Hermione for

years. Then the real bomb had been dropped, she was a witch and magic was real. At first Hermione's parents wanted to throw the nut out of the house until she pulled out her wand and proved to them that magic was real by turning their coffee table into a small cat and letting it run around for a moment. Hermione always knew she was special, weird thing would happen around her when she was upset or overly emotional. Her parents knew it as well but always found some way to explain away the strange happenings.

After the demonstration and what felt like hours of talk the Professor left them with some pamphlets to look over and a promise to return the next day to escort them to the magical shopping center of the Wizarding World if they accepted the offer. Hermione and her parents read all the material that night.

The realization that there was an entire world that they didn't know existed hidden right in front of them took a lot to fathom. By the next morning after thinking about it and much pleading from Hermione they decided to give it a try.

The trip into London with Professor McGonagall had been beyond anything the Grangers could imagine. The Professor took them to a door that Hermione's parents couldn't see until they passed through it into a tavern called The Leaky Cauldron. When the Professor opened the gateway to Diagon Alley Hermione knew she belonged in this world. They were taken to Gringotts the Wizarding bank to exchange muggle money as the professor called non-magical people for galleons which were the currency wizards and witches used.

After that the Professor left them to explore Diagon Alley warning them to stay out of a place call Knockturn Alley. She also explained how to get back to the muggle world after Hermione received her wand. They looked all around the shops that day getting the supplies Hermione would need for school, robes, cauldrons, her wand, potion supplies, and finally books. They spent the most time in the book store called Flourish and Blotts. It wasn't just Hermione that wanted to spend all her time there, her mother Emma was just as bad as she was, it was where Hermione got her love of all books.

While they were getting the required books and dozens of others Hermione found a strange looking creature pulling a book down from one of the shelves. It was short with big eyes and floppy ears, it was

wearing what she considered a maids outfit that had a coat of arms over the left breast pocket. She so wanted to talk to it, to find out what it was but stopped herself until it stopped her from pulling a book about a boy named Harry Potter from the shelf to look at.

"Miss would do well not to read those books." The creature pointed to the self full of Harry Potter books.

"Why?" Hermione asked in return.

"Not everything written in a book is true Miss." It replied.

"What kind of creature are you?" Hermione blurted out. The creature looked at her for a moment before replying.

"Muggle-born? Yes, Yes, I is a house elf, my name is Tula." The creature then walked to the front of the store with its book in hand, paid for it as Hermione watched then just disappeared with a small pop. After a moment Hermione returned to the shelves that the creature had warned her of. 'Of course not everything written in books is true, I know what fictions is' she thought to herself.

She picked up Hogwarts: A History, Greatest Wizards of the Twentieth Century, Greatest Wizarding Events of the Twentieth Century, and just because her curiosity got the better of her several of the Harry Potter books. Along with all the required books for school and some other more advanced books, she intended to do a lot of reading this summer.

Hermione was so happy; she now understood why she never felt right around the kids in her school. It didn't help that she didn't have any friends there. All the other kids teased her because she always had her nose in a book and could answer any question the teachers asked. Hermione knew she was smart and a bookworm that didn't stop it from hurting when she got picked on. She hoped that the kids in the magical world were just as smart as she was; she hoped it was the magic.

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Professor McGonagall spoke the password "Starburst" at the bottom of the stairs leading to the Headmaster's Office. The term had ended just two weeks ago and since then Albus had rarely been in the

castle. She knew he was here today because he had several people to see. Minerva had needed to see the Headmaster since the day before when she had sent out all the of the Hogwarts letters. There was one that the owls just would not take, Harry Potter's.

When she reached the door to the Office she could hear that the Headmaster had someone in the office with him.

"Come in Minerva." Albus called out. Minerva opened the door to find Albus talking to the head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, Amelia Bones.

"Headmaster, Madam Bones it is good to see you again Amelia."

"Professor how wonderful it is to see you again. How are the students treating you?" inquired Amelia

"As always they are a pleasure to teach and a headache to watch over." replied Minerva with a slight upturn to her normally strict look.

"Madam Bones and I were just talking about one of our graduated students, Nymphadora Tonks. It appears she has applied to the Auror program, Amelia was just asking about her personality." injected Albus.

"Well I would say she is driven, but has a fiery temper if you call her Nymphadora. She prefers to be called Tonks; she doesn't much like her first name. Our Headmaster here liked to call her by her first name just to watch her hair turn bright red. You are aware that she is a metamorphmagus?" Minerva explained.

"Yes, she will be very valuable to the department after she gets out of the Academy." Amelia replied.

"What can I do for you today Minerva?" asked Dumbledore.

"I have your favorite topic here Headmaster, all of next years letters have been sent except one. None of the owls will take it." Minerva handed the letter over to Albus. Albus looked at the name on the letter and sighed.

"I was hoping that as an official letter it would have his whereabouts written on it and you say that the owls will not take it?"

Before Minerva could answer, a flash of silvery light and sparks appeared inside the window of the office to form a beautiful Owl that glided over to the Headmasters desk to land there. Dumbledore was taken back by the sight before him. Fawkes thrilled a loud welcoming song to the owl as it landed before the Headmaster. In all his years Albus had never dreamed that he would see a Moonowl never mind be this close to one.

Before he could gather his thoughts to form the words to greet the owl, it had plucked the letter he was still holding from his hands and with a single flap of its wings risen into the air to only disappear again in the same silvery and spark filled light.

"Albus..." started Minerva

"Yes... that was a Moonowl; I... think... yes that was a Moonowl. In all my life... the myths..." Albus was still having trouble getting his mind to work correctly.

Amelia sat in her chair watching Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall struggle with what just happened. She kept her face and body language such that it looked like she was just as surprised as they were. She knew whose owl that was, she didn't expect to be here when Hedwig came for the letter or to in what manner she retrieved it. A few more minutes passed before Dumbledore was able to get his mind fully functional again.

"For all my years since I was a student in this very school I hoped that I would one day see a Moonowl." He turned to look at his phoenix.

"That is were you went that night all those months ago. You were just too excited for days after." Albus turned back to the other in his office.

"Albus... The letter... It took the letter." Minerva was finally able to get the words out. Dumbledore looked down at his own hands and desk.

"It appears young Mr. Potter has a friend. It will be interesting to see if he comes to Hogwarts with it."

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Later that night Amelia recounted the event to a room full of laughter. Sirius was on the floor holding his sides, while Remus and Harry were trying to sit on the couch while laughing and not fairsing too well at the sitting part.

"He just couldn't form words for over three minutes. He just sat there staring at the spot Hedwig had occupied. It took every Auror technique I know to keep myself calm to not burst out laughing right there." Amelia finished the story.

"It did give me an opening to ask about you Harry. He dodged the question without even blinking an eye. He is up to something; I just couldn't tell you what it is." That sobered the room up pretty quick.

"Have you made your decision yet Harry, now that you have all the letters?" asked Sirius after he got up off the floor.

Harry Chapter 15

New Friends, New Rivals, and a Train Ride

The dried leaves crunched under his feet as he walked through the Dark Forest pushing his way through the underbrush. The locals had told him that it hadn't always been this way. 'It was about eight years ago, something entered the forest and made itself at home.' That was the way the wizards in the local town told it. Since then people reported seeing a large snake moving around in the shadows at the edge of the wood. Several small muggle children had gone missing over the years after getting too close to the edge of the forest.

"Why am I here?" Quirinus Quirrell asked himself for the tenth time since entering the forest. "Because Dumbledore thought I could use more experience in Defense Against the Dark Arts. If it wasn't for Flamel asking him to guard that damn stone for him I wouldn't need to be here getting more experience!" Quirrell muttered to himself sarcastically.

He had been walking around for four hours and hadn't seen anything. Oh yes and there was something here all right; the sun didn't seem to want to penetrate past the tops of the trees putting everything in the forest into shadow. The trees looked withered and covered in slimy moss. "Oh yes, this forest has gone dark alright."

Just as he was about to turn around and head back to the town he felt something fly past him sending a sharp pain through his neck. He snapped his hand to the side of his neck where whatever it was pecked him. When he drew his hand back and looked at it there was a small amount of blood. "Oh great what was that?"

Quirrell looked around him not seeing anything, that's when the pain hit him forcing him to his knees. Placing his hand back to his neck he could feel the swelling start. When he pulled his hand away again he looked and could see the normally bluish veins on the back of his hand were pulsing with something black.

He heard the crows call. "CAW" The sound of it made his heart skip a beat. He looked up into the branches in front of him the pain almost making it impossible. He was surprised to see that his vision was crystal clear and sharper than normal. In the branches not twenty feet above him he spotted what had pecked his neck, a

Nightcrow. It turned its head toward him, looking at him without any expression before disappearing in a puff of black smoke.

The fear of seeing the Nightcrow and the pain from whatever the creature had infected him with were almost too much for the Defense Professor. He didn't hear the sound of the huge snake slithering through the underbrush until he was face to face with it. The last thing he saw before waking up on the edge of the forest was a Dark Shade leaving the snake and rushing towards him.

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Harry sat in his bed going over everything that had happened to him over the past year. Getting away from the Dursleys, finding his heritage, getting his godfather and Remus back in his life, those were the good things but not the only things. He had two good friends Neville and Susan, who both hung out with him for him, not for who he was. Then there was the bad, Dumbledore topping the list, getting raked by a werewolf, (he still had three long thin white scars going from over his right shoulder down across to his bottom left rib). Not to mention the soul fragment that Lynn found hiding behind the lightning bolt scar on his forehead.

It was just last week that Sirius called him into the Black library where he found Sirius, Remus, and Lynn all waiting for him. It was a case of good news/bad news that awaited him. Sirius and Lynn had spent many hours going over everything they could find about possession and Horcruxs, Lynn even spending some weekend nights at the Manor. She had told Harry only a couple weeks prior that she regretted not taking his offer to teach him and be able to use the Potions lab and library. She had finally achieved her Masters in Potions but it had taken longer then she thought it would.

What Sirius and Lynn discovered took Harry a few days to deal with.

"Harry, Lynn and I wanted to let you know what we found. We are still searching but we have come to a few conclusions." Sirius started the conversation.

"We know for a fact that your scar is not a Horcrux, for one it takes over a month to prepare the vessel that the soul fragment will inhabit, two you can not make a Horcrux out of a living thing. Two souls cannot inhabit the same body." explained Sirius.

Lynn took over from there. "So once we figured that out we concentrated on possessions. We are sure that what is in your scar is a soul fragment but it looks to be inactive. Now there have been recorded cases of inactive possessions in the past and nothing bad coming of them. The problem is that no one has figured out a way to separate the extra soul from the possessed without killing both souls, at least not that we have found yet."

Sirius took back over. "In the few cases where someone has tried to remove an active spirit or soul from a possessed person it got ugly resulting in both dying. We haven't found any references of attempting to remove inactive possessions so we are still looking." Harry took the news as well as any eleven years old could. He slumped down into his chair, staring at the floor. Remus moved over next to him putting his arm around him.

"Harry the good news is whatever you did to lock it away is working to keep it where it is. You shouldn't have any trouble with it as long as it stays inactive and locked up." Lynn finished.

Harry took that last bit of good news and ran with it. That night while he was sorting his memories of the day and strengthening his Occlumency, he went to the third floor of his minds: library and walled off the door to the room he was storing that dark book in.

On July thirty-first Harry had his first Birthday party in nine years. He had cleaned up after Dudley's parties each year but he had never had one of his own. All the people that knew about Harry and where he was, attended the party, even Madam Longbottom. He blew out the eleven candles on the cake in one try, making a wish. 'I wish to have a happy life.'

He got presents from his friends and the adults. The best one was from Sirius, a set of mirrors that he could use to talk to Sirius anytime he wanted. Harry had sent Neville some more greenhouse clippings the day before for his birthday that he was celebrating at Longbottom manor. Harry couldn't go because there would be a lot of people that didn't know about him at that party. In return Neville got Harry a Herbologists Apron made out of a heavy thick materiel that Harry didn't recognize. Remus got Harry a box full of joke items like Harry had done for Sirius at Christmas. Even Ragnok sent a present for Harry, the book on goblin crafting stunned many at the

party because the goblins had never before given out any of their crafting secrets.

Remus had let Harry and Neville out of classes the same day that the Hogwarts term ended for the summer. For Harry, it just gave him more time to do his own reading and studying. It did give Neville, Susan, and Harry more time to play. The three of them were able to get Sirius with an old but tried and true prank. They set up a string and water balloon over a door so that when he walked through the door it would drop on to his head. The only difference was that the balloon wasn't filled with water. Harry and Neville brewed a potion that Harry had found in one of his ancestor's Anton's books. For three days Sirius walked around the Manor smelling like a wet dog. Harry vowed to never do a smell prank again unless it was something that smelled nice.

It was the morning of September first and Harry was going to be leaving for Hogwarts. Harry had finally made his decision. Sirius and Remus were not happy about it but supported him. For Harry it came down to the good versus the bad. He would be with his friends; he would be able to keep a closer eye on Dumbledore; and lastly Hogwarts itself. With the help of the history lessons, his own research, and the self updating Hogwarts: A History, Harry had found some interesting things out that related to him being the heir to all four founders. It was going to be an interesting year for certain people at the school.

The day before he had opened the trunk that his father had left for him intending to finally furnish and stock the five room sized compartments. When he opened the trunk climbing down the ladder to the lounge compartment, as he was going to call it, it was already furnished. He found all the rooms finished and waiting for him. The bedroom had a four post queen bed, dresser, and night stand. It also had a closet and connected bath that was about half the size of the one he had at the manor. Leading from the bedroom was a door into the lounge that was setup with enough seating for a small party.

The lounge had two doors leading from it not including the bedroom door. The first was to a small kitchen and Dining room. Harry looked around it and found it was already stocked with food and enough Butterbeer to last him months. The last door lead to a library filled with book shelves. The shelves were empty waiting for him to fill them. When he climbed out of the trunk Tula was waiting for him.

"Harry likes what Tula has done?" the little elf asked.

"Thank you Tula, I like it a lot, it is just what I was going to do." Harry beamed a smile at his elf friend. "Do you want to help me fill the library with books?"

"Oh yes Harry, Tula would be very happy to help." Tula had become very close to Harry over the past year. All of the elves were happy being bonded to Harry but none had gotten as close as Tula. She never left his side when he was hurt by the werewolf trying desperately to hold his blood in with her bare hands that night not knowing what to do. After that she had stayed by his bed the entire time he was unconscious. Once Harry was able to get out of bed she was never too far from him.

When he would sit in the master study reading, Tula would find a book on healing magic to read and sit with him. She never wanted to feel so helpless if her master and friend were hurt again. She even went so far as to expand the space under Harry's bed and moved in. Harry and Tula spent hours just talking with each other and Harry was starting to think of Tula as a surrogate mom, Tula took to the role with enthusiasm.

Harry and Tula spent most of the day picking out books from the Potter and Black Libraries. A third of the books Harry had already read but figured they could come in handy. The rest of the books were all new to Harry, mostly advanced books on the subjects he would be getting at school. All of the Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff books were added to the library along with the self updating Hogwarts: A History that was placed on a pedestal. Salazar's journal was placed on another pedestal, Harry had finished reading it a couple months ago but he liked having it around. With the help of Sirius they created a new index book for his trunk library.

He'd been taking the time to practice parsel magic during each of his wand classes. Parsel magic wasn't much different from normal magic except the spells were spoken in Pasetongue and tended to be more powerful. Of course, there were spells that could only be cast in Pasetongue and he found out that spells cast that way could not be countered except in Pasetongue. Harry couldn't wait to get down to Salazar's Chamber of Secrets and retrieve all his books from there.

Harry finally dragged himself out of bed and got ready for the day. After showering and getting dressed he walked over to the nightstand picking up his new wand. His family wand was already in its wrist holster which became invisible. Amelia had come to Harry three weeks ago, and with the agreement of his godfather and Mr. Crandall, was talked into going to Ollivander's to get a ministry approved and tracked wand. He really didn't need it; he was an adult in the eyes of the law but the adults wanted him to have it for appearances.

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The trip to Diagon Alley happened on a Saturday morning with a special portkey that Amelia provided to Harry and Sirius. Since Remus had been cured months earlier of his problem no one had continued to bother tracking the moons cycle, all except Harry that was. Today was the night of the August new moon. The portkey took them right to Ollivander's front door, they both looked around outside before entering the store. Neither noticed the man that was watching from an alley across the street.

Harry looked around the shop as they entered, it looked old and the shelves were full of small boxes covered in dust. Harry thought the place look rather dingy and dark. Sirius took a seat next to the door and waited. It was an unspoken tradition to let the new students meet Ollivander by themselves.

"Ah, Mister Potter, I was wondering when I would be seeing you." The old man called as he walked out from behind some shelves. Harry looked at Ollivander; he was old with gray hair, and eyes that seemed to look right through you. Harry didn't feel Ollivander invaded his mind but the man looked at Harry like he knew everything about him.

"A family wand, might I see it Mister Potter?" Harry just looked him for a moment before releasing his wand from its holster and handing it to him. Ollivander took it from him looking it over with a trained eye. He then waved it around in a small circle getting many colorful sparks from the tip.

"Ah, a beautifully crafted wand, Redwood and Griffon crest feather I believe. I have not had the chance to work with Griffon crest feather

in a very long time. I believe this wand was crafted by one of my ancestors." He then handed the wand back to Harry who put it back in his holster. Harry had yet to say a word to the old man.

"Shall we get started then?" A tape measure jumped out of Ollivander's pocket and started measuring Harry's wand arm while Ollivander walked back into the shelves pulling boxes down.

An hour later Ollivander still had not found a wand that chose Harry. "I wonder." Ollivander disappeared in to the back of the shop before Harry could ask what he wondered. When Ollivander returned he handed Harry a wand, he felt a warm wind pass over him as the wand touched his hand. The wand felt ok to Harry but he could tell it was not as powerful as his Redwood and Griffon crest feather wand.

"Very interesting." stated Ollivander.

"What's interesting?" asked Harry.

"It is interesting that you should be destined for that wand Mister Potter, Holly and Phoenix tail feather. The phoenix that gave the feather for your wand only gave one other. It is interesting that its brother gave you that scar."

"Voldemort" Harry just stated.

"Yes, I expect great things from you Mister Potter; great things indeed for Voldemort did great things, evil yes, but great." Just as Ollivander finished talking the door to the shop opened. Everyone turned to see who it was.

"Ah, Mister Dumbledore." called Ollivander in welcome. Sirius jumped to his feet and positioned himself between Harry and Albus.

"Good afternoon Mr. Ollivander, Sirius, Harry. I was wondering if I might have a moment of your time Harry. If you would follow me I think we should talk in my office at Hogwarts." Dumbledore asked but it was more of a statement.

"He will not be going anywhere with you Old Man!" Sirius growled.

"Please Sirius it is very important..." Albus didn't finish his sentence as Harry and Sirius disappeared, nine gold coins clattered to the floor.

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When he entered the dining room Sirius, Remus, and Mr. Crandall were waiting for him. After sitting down his breakfast appearing, he started eating.

"Harry, are you sure about this? We can still get you into one of the other schools. The Salem Institute in Boston would be a better choice." started Sirius.

Harry finished chewing the bacon he was eating before answering. "Yes, I know you don't like it, but it's where Neville and Susan will be, besides it's better to keep a closer eye on Dumbledore. If he tries anything, he won't like the outcome."

Mr. Crandall had found some information that shed some light on possible motives for what Dumbledore was doing besides the Voldemort issue. After Scott had told Harry what he found a few things clicked into place. The House of Dumbledore was a junior house. A little over three hundred years ago the last of the Ancient and Noble House of Allen died out. The family was firmly in the light and had many junior houses allied to it including House Dumbledore. Unlike the other junior houses, House Dumbledore did not ally with a new Ancient and Noble House. This was the first step in his house being elevated to ancient and noble status.

Harry learned the process it took in his traditions and culture class. For a family to be elevated to a junior house, they had to remain independent for two hundred years, own land, and have at least five families allied to them. At the end of two hundred years a council of junior house heads selected randomly from all the junior houses would vote. If the vote passed the family was elevated to a junior house.

To become an ancient and noble house, the junior house needed to be sponsored by a current ancient house, remain independent for three hundred years, have continuously owned the same land for five hundred years, have at least twenty families allied to it, and remain in good standing, meaning its head could not be convicted of

any capital crimes. After three hundred years a full council of all the current heads of Ancient and Noble houses was called and a vote taken. If the vote passed with a two thirds vote the junior house was elevated.

What clicked for Harry was when House Dumbledore spoke with the Head of the Ancient and Noble house of Potter three hundred years ago seeking a sponsor, they were turned down. Harry had read the small entry about that request in the Potter journals, but didn't understand it at the time.

House Dumbledore did end up finding a sponsor and the clock was started. What Scott found out was that House Dumbledore was up for vote in four years. With only a handful of Ancient and Noble houses still around; keeping Harry from claiming his birthright would have kept the Potters from voting giving him a better chance.

If all this was true it was just politics and it wasn't the first time for it to happen. Dumbledore could have also been hoping to look like the savior to Harry, gaining Harry's trust then just before the vote, tell Harry of his birthright saying he just found out and have Harry vote for him. There was no way to be sure of any of this. Before the war with Voldemort and the deaths of the entire Potter house except Harry, the House of Dumbledore was on good terms with the Potters and would have received a yes vote, not so much now. Plus Albus and his brother Aberforth were the last of the House of Dumbledore; once they died that would end the line unless they had children that no one knew about.

What had made Sirius laugh was that the House of Malfoy was trying for Ancient and Noble status. They were two hundred and fifty years into their three hundred. With Lucius on the run it didn't look like the clock was going to stop for them.

"Are you sure about your plan Harry?" asked Remus.

"Yes" was Harry's simple answer.

"Scott is everything ready?" Harry turned and asked Scott.

"It will all happen today while you are on the train. It's going to cause another shakeup in the Wizarding world and I'm looking forward to seeing what falls out from it." Scott gave Harry a big smile. Scott had

not been a pranker in his life but being around Harry and the two Marauders kind of rubs off on you. Scott had been caught in no less than twenty pranks over the past year and had even gotten his revenge on Harry and Sirius three times. He was still unable to get Remus.

"I am looking forward to tomorrow mornings Daily Prophet or do you think they will do a special edition for this?" questioned Harry.

"If the Prophet gets wind of it before the special edition deadline it will be out tonight." Scott just shrugged his shoulders.

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Minerva had just left Dumbledore's office; she had delivered him some very good news. She had received a reply from Harry Potter accepting the invitation to attend Hogwarts. He let out a long breath realizing that he had been figuratively holding his breath for the past year. Since Harry had gone missing his plans for the boy had been going up in smoke. He knew Harry was the boy in the prophecy made all those years ago, true it could have been Neville Longbottom as well until that night. After telling Alastor about the prophecy and his plans the old Auror had shot so many holes in his plans that he wasn't sure what to do except continue forward until he knew how things had changed.

He was hopeful that some of what needed to be done and that he had planned for would be salvageable. His plans for Harry's first year were still in play, his hope that the trap he had set for Voldemort would still happen. The suggestion to Quirrell that he should get more experience in DADA and the rumors of the dark forest in Albania had worked perfectly. Dumbledore wasn't against sacrificing a few for the greater good of all, or for the good of his own plans. Quirrell was a second-rate professor to begin with, and his political views were more in line with Voldemort and the purebloods anyway.

Albus had heard all the rumors about the forest in Albania going Dark; he had even traveled there a couple years ago to look for himself, and he found what was lurking there in the shadows. It wasn't his place to deal with the shade that was Voldemort, that was Harry's destiny.

A week later, after receiving Harry's reply, he got word that Sirius and a young man had appeared and gone into Ollivander's shop. Dumbledore was not unaware of what day it was on the lunar calendar. The second prophecy that Dumbledore heard from Trelawney was coming true. That Harry was the subject of it had been until now up to interpretation. The fact that he was at Ollivander's buying a wand made Dumbledore believe his plans were still viable since Harry would not have been able to train this entire time without a wand. Sure he could be learning about magic and the theory but not actual spells.

He knew that Harry would be at Ollivander's for some time so he left his office immediately. When he arrived at Diagon Alley, Auror Shacklebolt greeted him letting him know that it was Sirius who entered the shop but that the boy with him did not fit the description of Harry. Dumbledore pulled out his wand waving it in the direction of the shop, Shacklebolt giving him an inquiring look.

"Just some anti-apparition and anti-portkey wards Mr. Shacklebolt, nothing to worry about." Albus told him.

They waited outside the shop for almost an hour before Dumbledore figured it was safe to go in. Ollivander would not take kindly to him interrupting a wand choosing. Not many people knew it but Ollivander could give Albus a run for his money in a duel and he was at least several years older than Dumbledore, no one really knew how old he was though, not even Albus. Ollivander had been a young wand maker when Dumbledore received his first wand.

The meeting with Harry didn't go quite as planned as Albus had hoped. Within moments of him entering the shop Sirius and Harry disappeared without a trace. The only thing that was left behind was the galleons on the floor that Ollivander waved his wand at making them fly into his cash box.

"Just couldn't wait until he walked out could you Albus? You would be wise to leave that boy alone, he will do great things, good or evil is still to be seen." that was all Ollivander said before disappearing in to the back of the shop.

Albus walked back out contemplating what he had seen and heard. Harry was not the small scrawny boy that he had seen twelve months earlier. He was taller by several inches and had a healthy

weight. He wasn't wearing the broken glasses but instead Albus could see his deep green eyes that turned black as Albus looked into them before Sirius blocked his view.

'Well I found him.' Dumbledore mused as he turned and left the store pulling down his wards.

"What happened, Headmaster?" asked Shacklebolt.

"He will be at Hogwarts on the first of September. They were able to portkey out despite the wards and I can see that Harry was not very happy to see me." replied Dumbledore before he returned to Hogwarts.

As Albus entered his office he considered the events of the past couple of hours. Two things stood out above all the rest. The first being that for the second time he had been warned by someone that he respected to stay away; to keep his hands out of Harry's life. The second was the way Harry's eyes had changed color while he was looking at him. What could that mean? His eyes had turned completely black losing all color.

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The trip to King's Cross station took little time using the public access floo station on platform nine and three quarters. Remus stayed back at the manor in case of trouble so he could alert Amelia. No one was expecting trouble today since Dumbledore was getting what he wanted, Harry in the castle. The trouble was going to come when Harry got to the castle.

Harry had his trunk shrunk in his pocket and a book bag slung over his shoulder. The book bag was expanded inside and charmed to be feather light, he had several books in the bag including several Hogwarts history books. He was hoping to work on some more of his history project while enjoying the ride. He was wearing nice casual clothes that Tula had laid out for him, just some jeans and a polo shirt. Sirius was wearing semi formal robes with the Ancient and Noble house of Black crest sewn on to the breast.

Tula was riding along in Harry's trunk; she was going to look after Harry while he was at Hogwarts. It wasn't against the school rules but it was frowned upon for students to bring personal house elves.

Neither Harry nor Tula cared about what was frowned upon. Hedwig was back at the Manor, she told him that she would join him after he got to Hogwarts.

The platform wasn't too busy since it was still early, Sirius figured that if Dumbledore had anyone watching for him they would assume him to be one of the last to arrive to avoid being seen. Harry looked around the platform; he was interested in the beautiful engine that pulled the Hogwarts Express. It didn't look from the outside that there were many passenger cars lined up behind the engine. He had read that the Hogwarts Express would add or remove cars as need magically and each of the cars was magically expanded to have many more compartments than a normal passenger car.

Sirius helped Harry find a compartment on the train after taking a close look at the engine while waiting for Neville and Susan to arrive. They were going to come early as well to stay with Harry. It wasn't long before Harry saw Neville arrive at the station. He waved to him from the window getting a nod from Neville before he joined Harry in his compartment. Susan arrived not long after, joining Harry and Neville. They talked about the people and kids on the platform as they arrived. Neville would point out kids that he knew from the formal parties his Gran dragged him too. Susan knew a few more of the kids and families; she wasn't as sheltered as Neville had been.

Susan had a few friends that she knew growing up and was hoping to introduce Harry to them during the ride. After the past year she considered Harry and Neville as her closest friends. She hadn't been hanging around her old friends as much, so she wasn't going to invite them to sit with her during the ride unless Harry suggested it.

Sirius waited on the platform watching the parents dropping their kids off. He could see the tears that most of the parents shed saying their goodbyes. He was feeling the same way watching Harry and his friends talking through the compartment window. He had hidden himself in the shadows to keep an eye on everything. It was difficult for him letting Harry go off to Hogwarts knowing that the old codger Dumble-dork had something planned. If anything at all happened he was going to pull Harry out of the school until Dumbledore either resigned or was fired, and he would see that one of those two things happened.

It was getting close to eleven and the train would be leaving soon. The platform still had a few parents standing around talking and waving to their children on the train when a group of red heads came running through the barrier from the muggle side. Both Sirius and Harry took note of them.

"That's the Weasley clan, seven children; the oldest Bill graduated two years ago, his brother Charlie graduated last year." Neville started telling Harry.

Harry nodded his head to indicate he heard Neville. "I met Bill at Gringotts back in September last year. He was being trained to be a curse-breaker by the goblins. He removed the Signature block from me so I could receive owls." Harry replied not taking his eyes off the group of redheads.

"The others are Percy, he is in fifth year, then Fred and George who are starting third year, Ron is starting this year with us, then Ginny is the youngest, she will be starting next year." continued Neville. His Gran dragged him to many events over the years, and he knew most of the pure-bloods even though the Weasleys didn't hang around in the same circles. His Gran forced him to keep up on all the pure-blood families even though she didn't subscribe to the bigotry.

The thing that caught Harry's attention was the mother. Unlike all the other parents that had dropped off their kids she was looking around the platform not paying much attention to her own kids. It was like she was waiting for something or someone and hadn't found them yet. Harry looked to where his godfather was standing and received a nod from him in the direction of the redheads indicating the mother was one of Dumbledore's group, Sirius called them the Order of the Phoenix.

The train whistle blew indicating the train was going to be leaving, that was when the mother finally started saying goodbye to the four kids getting on the train.

As the last of the Weasleys stepped up onto the train, it started moving. Harry waved to Sirius before seeing him disappear from view. He sat back in his seat and pulled the glasses he had purchased last year out of his pocket putting them on. He wasn't

going to hide from the Wizarding world and they all knew him wearing glasses.

Neville, Susan, and Harry settled into a conversation about herbology. Susan and Harry both enjoyed listening to Neville talk about his favorite subject. As they settled down the door to the compartment opened and a young redheaded boy standing there.

"Can I sit in here, everywhere else I full?" He was dragging his beat-up trunk behind him with a small cage sitting on top.

"I highly doubt that is true, the Hogwarts Express always has room for more students. It will magically expand to make room for students." Harry stated matter of factually. The boy had already started putting his trunk up in the overhead. "But seeing as you didn't wait for an answer, please join us."

"I'm Ron Weasley." The boy held out his hand. "And this is Scabbers my rat." Harry looked up at the boy from where he was sitting then down at the cage he was holding that had a rat in it. If it wasn't for his Occlumency he would have been up and firing every curse he had been taught this past year at the cage and the rat inside. He schooled his face seeing the rat was sleeping and shook hands with the boy.

"This is Susan Bones, Neville Longbottom, and I'm Lord Harry Potter." Harry replied to the boy formally. 'Let's see if he gets the hint.' Harry thought to himself.

"WOW! Harry Potter.!" Harry watched as Ron's eyes looked up to his forehead for a second. 'Nope didn't get the hint.'

"No, Lord! Harry Potter." Harry punctuated the lord part. "Or Lord Potter, only my friends can call me Harry." punctuating the lord again. This time it looked like Ron got the message as he sat down quietly not apologizing but with a dirty look on his face like he had just ate something he didn't like.

"Neville, Susan if you would excuse me a moment I need to use the loo." Harry stood up, walking out the compartment door and closing it behind him. He walked to the end of the car and found the bathroom empty. After going in and closing the door he reached into

his pocket and pulled out one of the mirrors Sirius had given him for his birthday.

"Sirius!" Harry called into the mirror. A moment later Sirius's face appeared in the mirror.

"Trouble already Harry?" Sirius asked with a little hint of distress, the train ride was the part of the trip that he couldn't reach Harry quickly.

"Yes and no. I'm not in any trouble nor has anyone tried anything other than some kids named Ron Weasley trying to force his way into a friendship with me. Ron, has his pet with him, it's a rat, one that is missing a toe and looks a lot like Wormtail." Now that got Sirius's full attention.

"Are you sure Harry, please tell me this is not one of your pranks." Sirius's face was turning darker.

"Yes I'm sure, please don't do anything stupid and get tossed back in Azkaban." Harry scolded his godfather. After a moment Sirius's face lightened up but you could see the determination behind his eyes.

"I'll contact Amelia; I'll have Aurors on the platform in Hogsmeade. Don't do anything or give away that you know anything. Don't worry Harry I won't do anything that will take me away from you again." Sirius gave Harry his best smile and the mirror went blank.

Harry turned around opening the door, stepping out into the passageway to go back to his compartment Harry bumped into a bushy brown haired girl dragging her trunk up the passage. She looked like she was upset with a few tears running down her cheek.

"I'm sorry; I didn't know you were out here. Are you okay?" asked Harry. He wasn't very good with crying girls. Susan had come to the Manor one Saturday upset; she had been crying because she failed a quiz that her tutor had given her. Harry had been at a complete loss as to how to deal with it. He just told her it wasn't the end of the world and helped her study for a few hours. He was lost as to why that simple thing had made Susan smile for the rest of the day.

"Are you going to tell me I'm not worthy to learn magic too?" this was said between soft sobs.

"Why would I tell you that?" Harry asked confused.

"Every time I tell someone that my parents are muggles they have looked at me like I'm some kind of lower life form." The girl was now watching for the same reaction from Harry.

"Oh, I understand now, you're Muggle-born. You have had the pleasure of meeting some of the pureblood bigots. Don't listen to them they think their better than everyone else because they can trace their magic back so many generations. The truth is most are the weakest the Wizarding world has to offer." Harry had gone into what Remus called his teacher mode.

"The purebloods families are so into their blood lines they don't see the fact that muggle-born and half-bloods tend to be a lot more powerful and a lot smarter. Those families are so inter-married most are first or second cousins to each other." Harry gave a small laugh at that. The girl was looking at him, her mouth slightly open and the start of a smile showing in her eyes.

"Tha...Thank you, I'm Hermione Granger, Muggle-born." She introduced herself. "I've read about the bloodlines but didn't know it was that bad. The books I have read have all said to be a pureblood made you more powerful." She looked like she was about to argue with him.

Harry held his hand up to stop her. "And what books have you been reading?" Harry asked her. Hermione started listing off the books she had read; it took her a minute to list them all.

Harry had to stop her again. "Greatest Wizards of the Twentieth Century only lists the pureblood wizards because it was written by a pureblood. Magics Power tells its readers that magic begets magic and I quote "For the power of magic to be increased one must come from a long line of wizards and marry into a long line of wizards, only then will the power of the child be increased" that book was also written by a pureblood and is not in fact true."

Hermione was staring at Harry with something akin to awe on her face. She had never met anyone her age before that could quote from a book that she had read and he had gotten the quote completely correct. It took her a second to get her voice back. "You

quoted that word for word. You must read a lot." The last was part question and statement.

"Yeah, you could say that, I'm sorry I haven't introduced myself, I'm Harry Potter." Harry watched as the girl's eyes widened and her eyebrows shot up into her hairline. "Why don't you join me in my compartment, you look like you could use a place to sit down."

Harry reached forward to help her with her trunk and started down the passage. He didn't get more than three steps when Hermione found her voice again. "Your Harry Potter, I've read all about you. You're in Greatest Wizards of the Twentieth Century, Downfall of a Dark Lord, and you have an entire line of books based on your adventures."

Harry stopped, turning back to the girl that was following him and talking a mile a minute, he was getting upset that even the muggle-born were stupid enough to believe what they had read in all those books. "Miss Granger." Harry started letting a little of his anger out in his voice. "Are you one of those people that believes everything that you read to be true and fact?"

Hermione stopped, looking at the anger in his eyes. Not that that bothered her. She was getting angry at being called, she wasn't sure what he called her but she didn't like it. "I know what the difference is between fact and fiction!"

"Really, you believe a three year old was able to subdue a dragon on his own and turn it into a pet? You believe a five year old was able to kill an entire pack of forty werewolves with the flick of his hand? All of it is fiction even what is in the history books. I have NEVER given a single reporter or book writer a quote. The only thing the history writers got right was my parents were killed and I became an orphan. Not everything written in a book is true or fact even History books are one sided and sometime bigoted."

Harry took a deep breather he didn't mean to lose his temper. With Pettigrew only a few compartments down sleeping in the cage of a boy he was sure he wasn't going to like, Harry was a little on edge. Hermione was staring at him like he had two heads and was growing a tail.

Hermione was going over everything she had read about the Boy-Who-Lived and comparing it to the Harry Potter standing in front of her and she was coming up short. 'The books couldn't be all wrong, this can't be the real Harry Potter, but there is the scar, but he says the books are just stories, they can't be wrong.' Hermione was conflicted. All the books she had read about him had been written as if they were true stories.

"I have to think about this." Hermione finally replied.

Harry just shrugged his shoulders. "You're still welcome to join me and my friends in our compartment." With that he put down Hermione's trunk and walked away letting her make her own choice.

Harry returned to the compartment where his friends were waiting for him. He sat down across from Neville his eyes flicking to the rat still sleeping in the cage. Moments later Hermione opened the compartment door and entered. Harry helped her put her trunk in the overhead then sat back down. Hermione sat next to Susan as Harry introduce everyone around.

Ron just grunted when Harry indicated who he was not bothering to look at her. Harry just shrugged at the boy's rudeness. Conversation started again between Harry, Neville, and Susan. They were now into Harry's favorite subject History more precisely Hogwarts history. As the conversation got into more and more detail Harry could see Hermione getting frustrated.

"You look like you don't agree with what we are talking about Miss Granger." Harry was still using her family name because he wasn't sure about her yet.

"I've read Hogwarts: A History from cover to cover and what you're saying just isn't true. Your talking like Salazar Slytherin was a good guy, and that it was one of his son's that gave his name a bad reputation. He didn't have any sons." Hermione pulled her copy of Hogwarts: A History out of her bag and flipped to the page with the correct information on it.

"What revision of Hogwarts: A History is that one Miss. Granger?" asked Harry.

Hermione looked up from where she was reading the passage out loud and then looked back to the book flipping to the front page. "Seventh Revision." she replied.

"Ah" replied Harry. "You are aware that Hogwarts: A History gets revised every one hundred years?"

Hermione nodded. "It says that here in the front, yes."

"So you are aware that there have been ten revisions since Hogwarts opened?" Again she nodded. "I have a copy of all ten revisions." stated Harry. Hermione's eyes widened again.

"Can I borrow them?" she asked excitedly.

"I don't know Miss. Granger, you do not appear to be able to think for yourself, since all ten copies contradict each other I'm not sure if your brain could handle it." Harry smirked at the bushy haired girl who was getting a very offended look on her face. "In the fifth revision written by a Slytherin alumnus, Salazar was the kindest of the four founders and the greatest. That seventh edition was written by a Gryffindor alumnus and paints Salazar as the most evil of evil. So tell me which of the revisions would you believe?" Harry could see Ron smirking out of the corner of his mouth at the mention of the Gryffindor revision.

"The seventh revision, everyone knows Slytherins are all evil." Stated Ron matter like everyone should know that. Harry and everyone else just ignored him.

Hermione huffed putting the book back in her bag. "So you're telling me that you know better than the books."

"Not at all Miss Granger, I am simply pointing out that when it comes to History you should check multiple sources for the facts and come to your own conclusions and when faced with the actual subject of some historical event to take his word at it." Harry grinned at her and then pointed to the scar on his forehead.

After that, Hermione sat quietly listening to the three friends talk about the History of Hogwarts some of which she had not even heard before. Harry pulled several books out of his book bag along with several sheets of parchment that had notes on them. Hermione

noticed the titles as he pulled them out, three Hogwarts: A History and two others she had not heard of before, Headmasters Chronicle and Founders Biography, the last one looking very old.

"Harry, where did you get those?" asked Hermione.

Ron finally lost what was left of his sanity after being in a compartment full of bookworms for several hours with nothing to do but listen. "WHY DOES SHE GET TO CALL YOU HARRY AND I DON'T, SHE'S ONLY A BOOKWORM!"

It was like being called a freak which was his relative's favorite name for him after 'boy'. Harry snapped his head around to look at the redheaded boy. Ron had a smug look on his face. Harry's eyes changing color to a deep icy blue scaring Ron who was losing his smug look.

It was Harry's contacts, Remus had noticed a few time that Harry's eyes tended to change color when he was feeling some extreme emotion. He had told Harry about it one day when Harry's eyes had turned yellow while he was laughing after getting Sirius with a prank.

Harry replied in a very calm but icy voice. "You will apologize to Hermione, and you will apologize to me as the Head of the Ancient and Noble house of Potter for saying such a thing in my presence."

Ron gulped, he was used to his temper tantrums getting overlooked, and he knew what he said was bad but he was too stubborn to apologize for it. After staring into Harry's eyes for a second he huffed and walked out of the compartment leaving his trunk and rat sitting there.

Harry got up and closed the compartment door behind the git. When he turned back to Hermione she was staring at him in wonder. "How did your eyes change color like that?" She had a lot of things on her mind but her inquisitive mind just had to know. Harry started laughing. He had been using passive legilimency on Hermione and could see all the thoughts and emotions running around in her mind. He had noted that she was very close to having as good a memory as he had.

Right now he was feeling guilty for the way he had treated her and for what the git Ron had said. "I'm sorry, you should not have been

called that and I am sorry for the way I treated you earlier. You are a very smart person, you just haven't been given all the information you need to come to your own conclusions."

"Thank you, you didn't need to apologize for him, I'm used to being called names and you're right I shouldn't believe everything I read." She smiled at Harry getting a smile in return and his eyes turned back to green. "Now tell me how your eyes change color like that." She asked again excitedly.

The rest of the trip went by uneventfully. Harry kept an eye on the rat that was still in the compartment and other than during Ron's outburst it stayed asleep. They got a couple more visitors, friends of Susan's, who she introduced but no one stayed. Other than several people passing by the compartment multiple times and looking in, mostly girls, things stayed quiet for the rest of the ride.

As they were pulling into Hogsmeade station Harry started to get a feeling in the back of his mind. It was the same kind of feeling he got when he first met Hedwig. Like something was just out of reach. As the train came to a stop, an announcement was heard all over the train. "All students please remain in your compartments until further notice."

Harry looked out the window and could see several adults dressed in uniform robes getting on the train. "What's going on? Why are we waiting on the train?" asked Susan. Before Harry could answer the compartment door opened.

"You four please step out of the compartment. We are just checking for contraband." stated the Auror standing in the doorway. The four students exited the compartment past the Auror and found five more Aurors crouched down outside the door in the hallway. The four kids were herded down the passage, as they got to the end they heard a bang and saw several spell being thrown into the compartment. As Harry looked down the passageway an Auror came out of the compartment holding the rat cage.

"HEY WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY RAT?" Came the voice of Ron from the other end of the car. He had been in the loo the rest of the trip sulking, he wanted to be Harry Potter's friend, his mum told him that she thought they would make good friends, but now he

really didn't want anything to do with the Boy-Who-Lived. LORD POTTER had acted just like a Malfoy and had looked down on him.

"This is no rat boy." came the gruff voice of the Auror. "Was this your pet?" Harry almost laughed at that question, was this guy stupid, Ron just yelled to the entire train that it was his rat.

"YEAH" yelled Ron again.

"Then it's a good thing we got it, this is no rat, it's an illegal animagus. We are taking it in for questioning." The Auror then turned and walked up the passage toward Harry and his friends passing them and leaving the train. Ron look like he was about to pass out, all the color had drained from his face.

Harry and friends ignored him. Another announcement was heard telling the students they could now exit the train and to leave their trunks. Harry turned around making his way to the exit with Neville, Susan, and Hermione. When the four got onto the platform they heard someone calling for the first years.

"First years thi' way." Harry looked around seeing the giant of a man waving his arm in the air, he recognized him immediately. Hagrid the gentle giant his mom used to call Hagrid, he remembered. He also remembered Hagrid handing him over to Dumbledore just before he was placed on the doorstep of his relatives.

Harry wasn't sure how he felt about Hagrid. He knew that he was very loyal to Dumbledore, but didn't know where the man's heart was in Harry's case. He would keep an eye on him for now and try to figure out if Hagrid could be trusted later.

The first year were herded down to the shore of a lake where several small boats waited. "Four to a boat." Hagrid called out. Harry, Neville, Susan, and Hermione took a boat together.

Chapter 16:

And let the Adventures Begin

"FORWARD!" Harry heard Hagrid call out, after all the first year students settled into the boats. The boats all started forward at the same time with a small lurch. It was a very clear night, full of stars and a waning moon. The boats didn't get more than a few feet from the shore when Harry felt someone or something enter his mind.

At the edge of the mist that protected Harry's mind he found a distinguished looking older lady. She had a timeless face surrounded by long flowing silver hair. Her eyes captured Harry's attention; they were the color of granite and held the same strength as strong stone. Harry watched her from inside the safety of his Library for a long moment; his mist had not confused her as she was looking directly at the walls of his library.

"Who are you?" Harry called out. He didn't get a reply in a way that he expected. An image of a huge castle appeared around the woman. She looked at the image and smiled.

"Can you talk?" was the next question Harry had. He was confused by the Lady and the image. In reply the image changed and showed a beat up old wizard's hat and then a large book. Harry recognized the book, it was Godric's Hogwarts: A History.

"I don't understand." replied Harry. The image then changed again, this time it flashed five pictures. The first was the family crest of the Ancient and Noble house of Potter followed by the crests of the four founders. The lady then bowed deeply in Harry's direction before turning around and exiting Harry's mind. Harry felt a welcoming excitement and happiness coming from all around him.

Harry focused his attention to the real world again and a sight that he would never want to forget. Sitting atop the cliff overlooking the lake was the castle that his ancestors had built, Hogwarts, with what looked like all of its windows lit up. All the towers had beautiful flags flying from their tops, and Harry was getting the feeling this was just as much his home as Potter Manor was.

Harry caught a comment from the boat behind him, it was Hagrid. "Never see' the castle so lit up befor'." Harry smiled again. It was as if the castle itself was putting on a show just for him.

After entering the cave below Hogwarts, getting out of the boats, and being directed up several flights of stairs by Hagrid, all the students came to a stop just before the top of the last flight. "The firs'-years, Professor McGonagall." Hagrid called out. Everyone was staring at the intimidating looking witch at the top of the stairs.

She had a stern looking face with square glasses perched on her nose. Her robes and witches hat were all in tartan plaids. She wasn't smiling, her mouth was a straight line and her eyes were holding all of the students as if she was look at each one of them all at the same time.

"Thank you, Hagrid. I will take them from here."

"Welcome to Hogwarts," said Professor McGonagall. "The start-of-term banquet will begin shortly, but before you take your seats in the Great Hall, you will be sorted into your houses. The Sorting is a very important ceremony because, while you are here, your house will be something like your family within Hogwarts. You will have classes with the rest of your house, sleep in your house dormitory and spend free time in your house common room.

'The four houses are called Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw and Slytherin. Each house has its own noble history and each has produced outstanding witches and wizards. While you are at Hogwarts, your triumphs will earn your house points, while any rule-breaking will lose house points. At the end of the year, the house with the most points is awarded the House Cup, a great honor. I hope each of you will be a credit to whichever house becomes yours.

'The Sorting Ceremony will take place in a few minutes in front of the rest of the school. I suggest you all smarted yourselves up as much as you can while you are waiting.' Her eyes lingered for a moment on Harry as he stared back at her with only a hint of nervousness.

'I will return when we are ready for you,' said Professor McGonagall. 'Please wait quietly'. (JK Rowling)

Harry stood silently with Neville and Susan. Harry noticed that Ron was all the way to the back of the group and Hermione was standing right behind him. He listened to the other students as they tossed one crazy idea after another out about what the sorting was. 'Fight a troll? What will they come up with next' Harry thought to himself and then he heard someone say something about a dragon. Harry just quietly chuckled.

"Are you Harry Potter? I was told you would be here this year, I'm Draco Malfoy. You would do well to choose your friends well, I can help you there. This is Crabbe and Goyle." Harry watched as Draco indicated the two larger boys that were standing behind him before he held out his hand to Harry and sized up the three people that Harry was standing with.

"You will find that some families are better than others." Draco finished while looking at Neville and Hermione with a sneer.

"Ah yes, Draco No-Name isn't it? Sirius Black told me all about you; he terminated the marriage between your mother and father leaving you without a name. Better hope you don't get sorted into Slytherin." replied Harry with a casual tone but loud enough for those around him to hear. After living with Vernon 'I am better than everyone else' Dursley for eight years, he just couldn't stand people who acted like they were better than everyone else.

Draco paled as he pulled his hand back without Harry shaking it. Harry then did something Draco didn't expect, he leaned forward toward him and whispered.

"I honestly hope you don't go to Slytherin, Sirius is hoping that he can welcome his cousin and you back into the Black family. Oh- until you lose the attitude its Lord Potter." Harry backed away from the now very pale looking Draco, but Harry could see that the boy had gotten the message. Draco quickly moved back over to the other side of the stairs with his two thugs. Crabbe and Goyle reminded Harry too much of Dudley.

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Minerva watched the first years from under a disillusionment charm that made her invisible. She was unaware that Harry could still see her thanks to his special glasses. As she watched and listened she

was always amused by the ideas that the first years came up with for the sorting. She did take notice of the messy black haired boy standing next to the Longbottom and Bones scions.

When Draco Malfoy introduced himself she was ready to intervene, the Malfoy's were known for trouble in her opinion. When Harry didn't returned Draco's offer of friendship, and announced to all the first years that Draco was now nameless, she was shocked. That he was in contact with Sirius Black was just confirmation of what Albus suspected, he hadn't told her whether or not he had confirmed that suspicion, but now they're was no doubt. She couldn't hear what Harry whispered to Draco, but whatever it was made the boy pale.

"Move along now," Minerva said in a sharp voice as she dropped the disillusionment charm so the children could see her. "The Sorting Ceremony's about to start." She then turned toward the double doors of the Great Hall, throwing them open.

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Harry and the other students followed the professor into the Great Hall. When Harry past through the doors he got his first look at the Great Hall he had read so much about. The four house tables were full of students all looking at the first years as they walked and stumbled into the Hall. Harry looked up at the ceiling seeing the powerful charm that Rowena Ravenclaw had developed that was currently showing the night sky above the Great Hall and was full of stars.

Harry was very impressed with the work and had been waiting to see it since reading about it in both *Hogwarts: A History* the Gryffindor copy and from Rowena's personal journals. The charm could do much more then show the night sky, it could be directed to show any area outside the walls of the castle, even different external views of the castle itself by order of the headmaster or one of the founders. Harry was sure that the knowledge of that ability had been forgotten over the centuries.

After marveling at the work of art that was the ceiling of the Great Hall, he turned his attention to what Professor McGonagall was doing. He watched as she brought out a stool and an old beat up wizards hat. He recognized it immediately as the same hat the Lady had shown him in his mind while on the boats.

Harry knew about the sorting hat, Godric had created it to sort the students into the four houses. Sorting the students was suppose to be random and equal but as the years passed each of the founders wanted to teach only certain types of children. Gryffindor wanted the brave, Ravenclaw the smart, Slytherin wanted the cunning, and Hufflepuff wanted the loyal, so the hat was imprinted with the personality and memories of the first caretaker of Hogwarts who was only known as Gideon.

Harry watched the hat after the professor placed it on the stool. A tear appeared along the edge of the hat, and the wrinkles of the cone formed into dark eyes. It then started singing, the melody was bad and the words sung off key but it was good enough to explain the four houses and what the hats purpose was. When it finished all the students clapped, a few cheering.

"When I call your name you will sit on the stool and place the hat on your head so you can be sorted." stated Professor McGonagall. Harry was waiting his turn to be called; it was going to be very interesting.

"Abbott, Hannah" McGonagall called the first student. Harry watched as the girl that had been and still was Susan's friend walk up to the front, sit on the stool, and place the hat on her head. Maybe five seconds later the hat called out "Hufflepuff"

"Bones, Susan" The hat took considerably more time with Susan and finally called out "Hufflepuff".

"Granger, Hermione" The hat was on her head all of three seconds "Ravenclaw".

There were a couple more names before the next interesting name for Harry came up. "Longbottom, Neville" Again the hat took its time, in fact it took over a minute before it called out "Gryffindor".

As Neville walked over to his house table he gave Harry a happy smile. Harry returned the smile and then looked over to the Hufflepuffs giving Susan a bright smile.

"Ummm..." Professor McGonagall looked in deep thought for a moment, before calling out "Draco, formally of the Malfoy family."

To say that Draco looked upset being publicly humiliated was an understatement. Harry could hear several groups of kids start whispering. The hat barely touched Draco's head. "Slytherin" Harry watched as Draco walked over to his table with his head held high. He would let Sirius know about Draco later.

A few names later it was time for the main event. Harry, Sirius, Remus, and a few others had talked about this for a long time. Harry didn't want to hide who he was; he had been hidden long enough, first by Dumbledore, then by his own choice because of the old man that was currently sitting in the middle of the head table. So in true Marauder fashion Harry, Sirius, and Remus had planned this out.

McGonagall looked down at the list of names on the parchment; Harry knew what was written there for him.

"Potter, Harry" Everyone in the Great Hall started looking at all the remaining first years to see who would step forward. Dumbledore was watching him but Harry didn't make eye contact with him. Instead of walking to the stool, Harry waited.

McGonagall called out again. "Potter, Harry" Harry just stood there waiting, as if disinterested. "Harry Potter" she called the third time before looking down at her list again. This time when she looked down at the name a word was being circled in red ink. She looked up and then turned slightly to catch Dumbledore's eye. He just nodded to her not knowing what she was seeing.

With a deep resigned breath she called out one last time. "Lord Harry Potter" Harry smiled and started walking to the front. As he walked up he allowed the Potter Family ring to become visible on his finger. Dumbledore had stood up from his seat when McGonagall had used Harry's title. He wasn't happy that Harry had forced the issue, but he sat back down as Harry started walking to the front.

Harry was laughing in his head all the way to the stool, knowing the true fun hadn't even started. He sat on the stool and placed the hat on his head. Oh Harry was in for his own surprise.

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Harry immediately felt the intrusion but this time he was prepared and knew what it was. Out of the mist in his mind, Harry watch the older man walk, what he wasn't expecting was the Lady to be with him. The old man had long gray hair and a short beard with deep brown eyes. Harry stepped out of his Library to great his guests. "Hello Gideon, I have read a lot about you from Godric's book." Harry started.

"My lord, we have waited a long time, we did not expect that one person would hold the title to all four founder. That was a bit of a surprise." replied the old man. Harry began to laugh out load.

"Call me Lord one more time Gideon, and I'll find a younger hat to do the sorting." It was Gideon's turn to laugh.

"Don't make promises that I hope you will keep. When Godric asked me to imprint my personality and memories into this hat instead of a portrait I didn't know what I was in for. I would welcome a decade's vacation from looking into eleven year old minds." Gideon gave a chuckle.

"But where are my manners. Let me introduce you to Lady Hogwarts."

Harry looked to the Lady and finally realized who she was. "How... how is that possible, the founders didn't imprint anyone into the castle?" While one Harry was outside the library talking to the two people, another appeared inside the library and started going over everything he read about the founders and Hogwarts.

"It's simple Harry." Gideon started. "When the founders built this castle it was nothing more then stone, wood, metal, and magic. Then three things came together to give our Lady here intelligence and consciences, Godric's book gives her voice and memory, myself and my hat gave her a foundation, and almost a millennium of excess magic performed by student and teachers have given her a life-force all of her own."

"... magic" Harry simple stated to himself.

"Yes, magic.' replied Gideon. 'Now, are you going to let me get a look at you? We must be sure that you hold all the qualities of the four founders, besides you wearing the four rings of our creators." It

took Harry a moment to understand what Gideon wanted, then another moment to gather the courage to let Gideon enter his library.

Harry watched as Gideon walked into the library, and not a moment later walk back out with a troubled smile.

"I am truly sorry for what Albus has put you through. It is all there in your mind, are you sure about this plan? Yes you are sure!" Gideon nodded to Lady Hogwarts who disappeared from Harry's mind. 'You have a bravery to rival that of GRYFFINDOR,' Harry heard the hat call out into the hall and people started clapping. Harry even heard someone start singing 'We got Potter, we got Potter.' As he felt the magic that hid the Gryffindor ring fall away making it visible.

"A thirst for knowledge that RAVENCLAW would be proud of," This time the noise in the hall stopped and there was silence as the Ravenclaw ring became visible on his finger.

"A loyalty to your family and friends that only HUFFLEPUFF could feel," Now Harry could hear the whispers starting. The ring of Hufflepuff became visible.

"And a cunning to which only SLYTHERIN could match." Again Harry could hear the Great Hall fall into silence as the last founders ring appeared on his finger.

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Albus didn't like the that Harry had exposed his title to the school as he watched the young man walk up to the stool and place the sorting hat on his head. Albus was sending his thoughts to the hat with legilimency telling it to place Harry in Gryffindor. Albus felt Harry would need certain kinds of friends to keep him on the light side but the hat was not responding to him as it had in the past when he would make a suggestion.

Albus was also keeping an eye on the faculty. Severus was paying attention to the sorting with his customary indifference. The other subject of Dumbledore's careful scrutiny was Professor Quirrell. He wasn't sure yet that the professor had fallen pray to Voldemort's spirit over the holidays as Albus had planned, but he wasn't taking any chances.

Albus was starting to get concerned when almost five minutes had gone by without the hat deciding on what house to sort Harry into, then he felt something in the magic surrounding Hogwarts, an excitement.

"GRYFFINDOR" the hat finally called out. As the Gryffindor table started to celebrate he felt it again, excitement and something else.

"RAVENCLAW" the hat called a second house. Albus slowly stood up leaning forward slightly. The entire Hall fell quiet both because of him and the hat.

"HUFFLEPUFF" the hat called out the third house. 'The Heir of the FOUR comes' remembering the prophecy given by Trelawney a little over twelve months ago, Albus paled.

"SLYTHERIN" Albus was shaken back into his seat. The entire castle felt like it was shaking with the sounds of large stones grinding against each other.

Albus heard a gasp from Professor Flitwick, knowing it took something of great importance to unsettle the half dwarf professor, Albus turned and looked at him. He was staring up at the ceiling of the Great Hall with a great deal of surprise. Albus looked up to the ceiling and again didn't know what to think. The view of the ceiling, a view that had never changed, always giving the Great Hall a view of the sky above was now showing the castle.

That the view had changed was not the most fascinating thing happening. Atop the center of Hogwarts a tower was being built stone by stone. The stones were fitting together as if they had always been together, other objects, roof tiles, already cut and fitted wood, and metal could be seen putting themselves together.

Then the hat spoke again. "The heir of the four founders has arrived. The Founders' Tower, hidden since the last day of Helga Hufflepuff, is reclaimed."

"HOGWARTS" the hat lastly called out as a smaller fifth table appeared between the Gryffindor and Hufflepuff tables complete with a single place setting.

Albus watched in complete and utter dismay as Harry calmly took the Sorting Hat off his head and walked quietly to the new table and sat down with both his hands above the table where Albus could now see the five Lords rings on his fingers.

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Quirrell watched the sorting with disinterest; his master was waiting for the Potter kid to get called. Voldemort wanted the kid dead, but was much more interested in getting the stone from the old muggle loving fool. Quirrell had been asked to add to the defense of the stone, but didn't yet know what the other professors contributed. He was going to have to keep up the masquerade until he could get more information.

When Potter was finally called, he felt his master take more of an interest. When the brat hadn't responded to the first call Voldemort started to get impatient, by the third call he was getting angry. He could have been else where in the castle under some stupid excuse instead of being at the welcome feast and risking the old man detecting him.

When the old bitty McGonagall called out Lord Harry Potter, and the boy responded he lost his anger and took a great interest in what was happening. The old man jumping to his feet was very telling. Dumbledore either didn't know or didn't want it known. Voldemort watched the boy-who-lived through Quirrell's eyes; the kid was average at best.

After waiting for the stupid hat to call out Potter's house for close to five minutes Voldemort was starting to get angry again. It was obvious that the old fool wanted the kid in Gryffindor and the hat was arguing with him.

When the hat finally called out the muggle lover's favorite house, Voldemort wasn't surprised. From where he was sitting he could see one of the kid's hands and noticed the ring appear. 'Heir of Gryffindor, there was rumor about the Potters.' Voldemort thought and Quirrell agreed, not that Voldemort was asking for the idiot's opinion.

When the hat called Ravenclaw and another ring appeared on the same hand he took interest. 'Heir to two founders, how interesting, maybe I will need to adjust my plans for the boy.'

"HUFFLEPUFF" If being the heir to two founders was surprising three was disturbing. 'How? I need his blood; if I use him in the resurrection ritual I will have the blood of all four, I'll be the heir to Hogwarts.' Voldemort was already changing his plans but he still needed the stone first.

"SLYTHERIN" Quirrell had to grit his teeth at the sudden intense pain as Voldemort silently raged. Quirrell was doing all he could to keep his master from exposing them just to kill the boy as he walked calmly to the table after the Hat called out "HOGWARTS" and declared this boy the heir of the four founders.

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Harry calmly sat down at the new table making sure that all the rings could be seen by Dumbledore. The pandemonium that was breaking out all around him was music to his Marauder's ears. Students were yelling at each other some in support some calling it a hoax. There were kids standing not just on the seats but up on the tables as well trying to get a look at him.

Personally, Harry was starting to think that this had been a bad idea. Even as he was getting ready to dispute his fame from the books about him, here he was taking on a whole new fame and one that would draw a lot more attention. The very argument that Harry had used on his godfather and Remus was starting to look like it may not have been worth it. That announcing his status as the heir and lord would keep Dumbledore away because of the attention that would be paid to him was starting to look like to high a price.

Harry took a quick look around. Neville was looking at him with a grin on his face. Neville knew about Harry being the heir before today. Harry hadn't wanted to drop that on Neville by surprise and strain their friendship. He wanted Neville to join him at his table but knew he couldn't yet

Susan had been told at the same time as Neville and was currently trying to hold in the laughter. Susan had told Harry she would stand

by him no matter what. That he was the Heir to Hogwarts didn't seem to matter to her, having "Harry" as a friend mattered more.

Harry then noticed Hermione sitting at the Ravenclaw table. She was wide eyed and looked to be going into shock with her mouth opening and closing. He winked at her, causing the girl to take on a look that said, 'I have a thousand questions and you will answer them'. Harry just nodded his head.

BOOM! Harry jumped, being dragged out of his thoughts. Dumbledore was standing with his wand in the air. "QUIET! Yes, yes, this is a most exciting time for Hogwarts. We can properly celebrate at a later time." All the students quieted down and took their seats.

'Is that what Dumbledore thinks this is?' Harry thought.

"Let's finish the sorting of our new first year students and have a wonderful feast." Dumbledore sat back down and looked to McGonagall. She was still standing there with a shocked look on her face. "Minerva, continue please."

Professor McGonagall looked at Harry for a moment longer before returning to the list of first years.

The final students were called to be sorted. Ron Weasley was sorted into Gryffindor and the last student, Blaise Zabini, going to Slytherin.

"Thank you all" Dumbledore called out as he stood again. 'This has been the most interesting sorting I have ever been privileged to witness, but before I get to announcements I'm sure we all require some food, all I have to say for now is Nitwit, blubber, oddment, tweak." Dumbledore sat back down as the food appeared on all the tables.

Harry looked at his table finding a large assortment of foods to enjoy but he was alone. Looking around he made eye contact with Neville and then Susan. Having been around Harry for so long Neville could see the invitation in Harry's eyes, gathering his Gryffindor courage he got up from his place and walked to Harry's table. All of the students and professors watched Neville Longbottom as he approached Harry, then sat down with him getting a big smile from Harry.

It was then that Susan Bones stood up from the Hufflepuff table and walked over to Harry's table, getting another big smile from him as she sat down with the two boys.

Whispering to Neville and Susan, Harry asked if they should invite Hermione to join them, he could see from where he was sitting that she was unhappy sitting at the Ravenclaw table by herself with the other first years that were ignoring her. Neville and Susan both agreed with him. Harry caught Hermione's eye and nodded to her. Again everyone in the Great Hall watched as a new first year Ravenclaw got up and walked over to the new table and sat down with a big smile on her face.

Place settings appeared for the three new students sitting with Harry and the four started eating and talking quietly. Hermione wanted to know what was going on and how Harry was the heir to all four founders. "I'll tell you later Hermione." Harry responded, getting a stern look from her.

Halfway through the meal Harry could see out of the corner of his eye that Dumbledore kept looking in his direction trying to catch Harry's attention as he continued to talk to the other professors. Harry was getting tired of it so decided to give the old man what he wanted.

Harry turned his head and looked up at the staff table catching Dumbledore's eyes. As soon as their eyes met Harry felt the intrusion he had expected. Sirius and Remus had warned Harry that Dumbledore was a Legilimens of some power. Harry maintained eye contact with the old man allowing him to make a better connection.

Harry looked into his mind and found Dumbledore looking confused wandering around in the mist. Harry allowed Dumbledore to find his way to the edge of the mist where he could see Harry's library. Inside the library on the third floor a door that had remained locked for last year clicked open and the hundreds of books that contained Harry's life at the Dursleys flew out of the room and toward the window. The window opened, the books flying outside and toward Dumbledore.

Dumbledore was confused at first finding himself in the thick mist. It then parted and he could see the building within Harry Potter's mindscape. That Harry had a mindscape was troubling in the first place. Harry's mind should be an open book, unprotected. He

walked toward the building, when he reached the edge of the mist it surprised him to see a window toward the top of the building open and hundreds of books start flying out at him.

Dumbledore tried to pull back to get away from the books that were fly straight at him, but he couldn't find the link back to his mind. The books then collided with him, passing through him. Each book that past through him delivered memories, each one rocking him with the abuse that Harry endured during his time with the Dursleys. After the last book past through him he heard Harry call out to him.

"Now get out of my mind old man, and think about what you have put me through." Dumbledore then felt himself forcefully ejected from Harry's mind.

Back in the real world of the Great Hall no more then a few moments had passed, Harry watch as Dumbledore was rocked back in his chair then slumped forward putting his face in his hands as he had to deal with the memories that Harry had just forced on him. Harry could see the twinkle in the old man's eyes die. Professor McGonagall was sitting next to him and looked at Dumbledore with some concern. Harry caught Dumbledore's eyes again and could see the tears building up there. Harry just nodded to him, not getting a response back.

Harry finally looked at the rest of the people at the head table to see who was there. He knew who Professor McGonagall was, sitting next to Dumbledore asking him if he felt okay. To the other side of Dumbledore was a very short Professor, Harry concluded that it was Professor Flitwick from the descriptions given by Sirius of all the professors. He recognized who he thought was Professor Sprout; she was a plump witch with a dirt stained robe sitting next to Flitwick. To the other side of Professor McGonagall was a black greasy haired Professor that had a hooked nose.

As he looked at the Professor, the professor turned and looked right at him, making eye contact. The intrusion was more forceful than what Dumbledore had done. Harry was getting tired of this already and wasn't going to let it go this time. Then he felt a second intrusion.

Harry knew who the greasy haired man was. Sirius and Remus had warned him about Severus Snape many times. They had both told Harry about the history between Snape, The Marauders, and Lily,

Harry's mum. Harry again looked into his mind seeing that Snape was lost in the mist.

The second intrusion was not what Harry had thought at first. He found a shadow that wasn't even able to get into the mist that surrounded Harry's mind, so was still on the outside, but Harry was getting a headache from it. He then heard a noise from the upper floor of his library. A part of Harry rushed up to the third floor; the wall that blocked the soul fragment in its room was shaking and showing small cracks. Harry could see small wisps of black starting to slip out through the cracks. Harry was now getting scared and pissed off. He ejected the shadow from his mind causing the wall to seal back up and cutting off the small wisps of black that had gotten out. He watches as the wisps withered and died on the floor of his library.

At the same time that Harry was watching the shadow and dark room in his mind it caused the mist in his mind to thin enough for Snape to find his way to the front doors of Harry's Library. Snape pulled on the handle of the door opening it enough to slip in. He found another small room with two wooden doors in it. He approached the door on the right opening it slightly and looking in. Within the room he found a lounge with chairs, desks, and many bookshelves. He slipped in making his way to the book shelves. Snape picked a book off the shelf absorbing it into his memory; it was a muggle fiction novel.

"I am tired of people intruding into my mind, first Dumbledore, then you, and then some kind of shadow." Snape spun around looking for who had spoken. He had been surprised to find a mindscape within the Potter brat. Now the brat was talking to him in his mind. The door to the room then slammed shut and disappeared leaving a blank wall, and severing the link back to his mind. Severus being a Master Legilimens lashed out at the wall where the door had been, but nothing happened.

He continued to lash out at the wall, all the while the bookshelves and furniture in the room disappeared. Snape was in a towering rage, he had just been trapped within the mind of an eleven year old. Without the link back to his body he didn't have access to his magical core, and so was completely powerless.

"You attacked the Head of an Ancient and Noble house, Mr. Snape, and lost the duel. I will let you think about what that means for a while.

"POTTER"

Harry watched as the mindless but still alive body of the greasy hair Professor slumped forward in his chair, falling face first into the plate of food in front of him. Once again pandemonium broke out in the Great Hall. McGonagall being the closest to Snape jumped to check on him pulling him back up to a sitting position, Snape had a blank look on his face. Dumbledore finally got moving and reached Snape's side at the same time that another witch reached him that was wearing what looked like a nurse's uniform.

Harry watched as the Medi-Witch ran her wand over Snape for a moment then spoke to Dumbledore and McGonagall. She then waved her wand again conjuring a stretcher, levitating Snape onto it and rushing out of the hall with him. Dumbledore looked out at the students catching Harry watching them with a neutral expression. Harry was quietly hoping that Dumbledore would try again; he had another trap room waiting if he did. Dumbledore didn't try anything.

BOOM! Dumbledore let off another noise maker to get everyone's attention. "QUIET!" The students all stopped talking and yelling. 'Professor Snape is fine; he has been under the weather for a few days and should be back in time for his first class.'

'Not likely' thought Harry.

"I see that we are ready for dessert then I will have a few announcements." Dumbledore sat back in his chair.

Harry listened to all the students around him talking; it was all about Snape now, he being the heir to the founders seemed to have fallen to the back of people's minds. Looking to the friends sitting with him, Neville gave him an inquiring look, Susan just shrugged her shoulders, and Hermione was looking at him again with a questioning expression. When he didn't indicate that he knew anything she gave him an 'I know you did something' look. Harry started to think he wouldn't be able to get much past her.

A little later the dessert plates disappeared and Dumbledore stood back up. "Welcome to another year at Hogwarts. This has been a very interesting opening feast." He looked around the hall the twinkle back to full force.

"First, to the first years, the forbidden forest is just that forbidden, a few of our old students would be wise to remember that." He looked to the Gryffindor table. Harry followed his eyes to the Weasley twins.

"Mr. Filch, our caretaker would like me to remind you that there is no magic allowed in the halls and that the list of banned items has increased to three hundred and ninety seven. The full list is in his office." He looked around again.

"I would like to welcome back Professor Quirrell for his second year as Defense against the Dark Arts teacher. I know you all have questions for Mr. Potter. I ask that you please give him time to settle in. Professor Snape will be back for his first class I'm sure." Dumbledore smiled.

"I must warn all of you, the third floor corridor on the right hand side is strictly out of bounds to all that don't wish a painful death." Dumbledore gave everyone a stern look.

"Now it is getting late. Prefects please escort the first years to their common rooms, Mr. Potter you will be staying in the Gryffindor tower until we find out where the entrance to Founders Tower is." He looked at Harry. Dumbledore really wanted to call Harry to his office, but needed to check on Professor Snape first thing. He had an idea of what may have happened, but until it was confirmed there was no use confronting Harry about it not to mention all the other topics he had to discuss with the boy.

Harry stood up. "Thank you Headmaster, but I am already aware of where the entrance is and am looking forward to seeing it." Harry sat back down. Dumbledore didn't look happy to hear that but recovered quickly and nodded.

Students began to get up to leave. The Prefects started calling for the first years. Harry stood up looking around waiting for the other students to leave, when what sounded like a crystal wind chime could be heard. Harry looked around then toward the ceiling above the head table. "Hoot"

In a burst of silvery light Hedwig appeared and glided down to settle on Harry's shoulder. He reached up to scratch her under her chin, before noticing that Great Hall had gone quiet again. He looked around to find himself the center of attention once again.

"Just had to make an entrance didn't you girl." Hedwig hooted what sounded like laughter. Harry made his way to the doors of the Great Hall with Hedwig on his shoulder. Neville, Susan, and Hermione had joined their houses to be lead to their common rooms. Harry waved to each of them and left.

-oo00oo-

Peter woke and found himself in a large white walled room. Immediately he looked around to find any hole he could slip through. He didn't know where he was, and he didn't like it. He was sitting at an empty white table in a straight backed white chair. All the walls of the room were blank, nothing on them. He was facing the only door into the room. He decided to change and try to slip out when someone came in.

He concentrated on his animagus form expecting to change right away, but nothing happened. His hands were free so he reached for where he normally kept his wand, it was gone. He reached into another pocket, he had kept his masters wand on him since that night almost ten years ago, and it was also missing. That was when he noticed the small bracelet on his wrist. It was solid and too small to fit over his hand. He finally reached to his chest, feeling for the emergency portkey that his master had given him so long ago that hung from a chain around his neck, and realized with a start that it was gone too.

Peter tried to get up to go to the door but found he couldn't move from the seat, he was stuck to it. He was panicking now, where was he? He remembered getting on the train with that sniveling Weasley kid. He remembered waking up once when the kid started making a fool of himself, something about why he couldn't call one of the other kids in the compartment Harry too. He had slept the entire time, the Weasley kid had kept him awake all night fussing about going to Hogwarts.

The door across from him opened, he could hear two people whispering to each other before the last person he wanted to see walk into the room.

"Hello Peter, longtime no see."

"SS...SSirius, you're supposed to... to... be in Az...kaban."

Chapter 17:

Pranks and Prats

Barnabas Cuffe sat in his office waiting as owl after owl dropped letters on his desk. He was opening and reading each letter quickly and sorting it in to one of three piles. He had just called his three best reporters to his office, and was waiting for them to arrive with some annoyance; he didn't like to be kept waiting. The first reporter to arrive oozed eagerness, which was no surprise, Rita Skeeter delighted in tearing down reputations. She was a bug in more ways than one and he loved her way of writing a story.

Following her in was his other two best reporters. Dempster Wiggleswade, who covered the Department of Magical Law Enforcement; he was good at the legal stuff. The next was Phentum Phenux; he was like Rita, all excited about writing for the Prophet again. His article last year about the fall session of the Wizengamot and Sirius Black's trial had earned him a place at the top. Barnabas waited for all three to get inside his office then waved his wand closing the door and putting up a few more privacy charms.

The three knew better than to ask what was going on. Barnabas didn't like to be interrupted when giving out assignments, and when called into his office it was best to stay silent until called on. He had a nasty reputation for hexing people that talked before he did, other than that; he was a nice guy, mostly.

"Wondering why you're all here? Hmmm?" He had a smile on his face, telling the three reports that this was big.

"Three reporters, three stories, too bad it's too late for an evening special edition. Rita, I'm going to warn you ahead of time, I want hard facts on this story, you make anything up or embellish it and you're out, and I won't protect you from the fallout." He watched Rita's face fall slightly. Another owl flew in, dropping another letter. Barnabas read it and added it to the largest pile.

"Dempster, they found and captured Pettigrew. He's in interrogation at the ministry now; get over there and get me that story." Barnabas handed the smallest stack of papers to him.

"Phentum, Merlin this is big, Sybill Trelawney, Professor of Divination at Hogwarts and Gilderoy Lockhart are being sued for false stories about the head of an Ancient and Noble House." Barnabas watched as Phentum thought about what he just said, and then the quizzical look appear.

"Go ahead, ask." stated Barnabas.

Phentum just blurted it out. "How is this big, she's nobody and he's an idiot?"

Barnabas got a big smile on his face. "They are being sued by Lord Harry James Potter." He held up the slightly larger bundle of papers to the man as he watched the surprise, and then the dawning of the implications appear on his face. Phentum grabbed the papers from his hand and ran out of the office.

He turned and looked at the last. "Rita... Rita..." He then looked at the largest pile of letters. "Harry Potter... Lord Harry James Potter... Lord Gryffindor... Lord Ravenclaw... Lord Hufflepuff... Lord Slytherin... just got sorted at Hogwarts. A new tower appeared; the sorting hat called it the Founders' Tower and then called Harry Potter, Heir of Hogwarts..." Barnabas watched the look in Rita's eyes go from surprised to enlightenment to glee to feral.

"Don't make anything up, facts Rita, only facts. I don't need him coming after the Prophet, understand?"

"Ya boss." She still had that feral look on her face. She continued in a dreamy kind of voice. "Facts and only the facts... you got it boss." She grabbed the last pile of letters off the desk, and ran from the office.

-oo00oo-

Albus sat in the school Hospital Wing, watching as Poppy Pomfrey continued to run her wand over Severus Snape. She hadn't told him anything since Snape collapsed at the welcoming feast. When she had first scanned him at the feast, all she would say was that he was alive. Now it had been well over an hour, and still she wasn't letting anyone know what was going on.

The wait was taking up time that Albus didn't think he had. He needed to talk to Harry, he needed to... Albus stood up quickly running out of the Hospital Wing toward the Owlery. When he got within sight of the owlery he stopped, it was already too late. Albus stood watching as a line of older students and a couple of first years trooped down the stairs, chatting about what had happened at the feast.

He turned around, making his way back to the Hospital Wing. He returned to thinking about what Harry had given him tonight. It was more than obvious that Harry was a natural Occlumens of master or prodigy level. The memories that Harry had forced him to watch were disturbing, and he was sincerely regretting having put Harry with his relatives. It was for the right reasons, he reminded himself, for the greater good. He had ignored the reports from Mrs. Figg, after all, how could anyone treat family with anything but love?

Now he knew it was worse in some ways to what Tom Riddle had gone through at the orphanage where he grew up. As Albus sorted through the memories, he found gaps, mostly in the later years, in what Harry had given him, but all the memories were crystal clear. Memories faded over time, even with a pensive an old memory would get blurry after a few years, granted it took longer for an Occlumens for them to blur.

There was still something missing, things Harry didn't want him to see. Maybe Harry's time with the Dursleys was not as bad as he wanted Albus to believe. 'That must be it' Albus thought.

When he got back to the Hospital Wing, Poppy was waiting for him.

"What's wrong with him Poppy?" Albus glanced at where Severus was still laying on the bed.

"Nothing that I can tell, physically he's fine. It's his mind that worries me." replied Poppy.

"Go on, will he be back for first day of class?" Albus asked concerned.

"I do not know Albus, his mind is gone! I have never seen anything like this before. It is like he is disembodied, If does not return I'll

have to transfer him to St. Mungo's long term ward." Albus was shocked.

"No... no, he will remain here. I'll see what I can find out. May I see him?" Poppy just nodded her head.

Albus walked to the bedside and sat down. The history he had with Severus prevalent in his mind. The Death Eater turned spy, friend, and confidant, well maybe not the last completely, was still lying motionless on the bed. Albus sat down on the edge of the bed; using his thumb and finger he opened one of his friend's eyelids. He looked deep into his friend mind, and found nothing. It was true, he was out of his body but how was that possible? Albus tried to recall what was happening just before Severus collapsed.

He had just had Harry force years of memories onto him. He was sitting in his chair silently weeping over what Harry had shown him. Minerva was trying to console him, while at the same time find out what had happened. The last he remembered, Severus was quietly eating his dinner and watching the students. Quirrell was sitting next to him, but Albus didn't feel any large magical energies happening.

He had looked out at the students when it happened thinking it may be some kind of prank, but the Weasley twins looked completely surprised and when he looked at Harry, he found only a neutral but interested expression.

After leaving the Hospital Wing moments later; he started on his way to his office. He would have summoned Harry to his office, but at the moment he didn't know where Harry was or where the entrance to the Founders' Tower was.

-oo00oo-

She had to know, there was something she didn't know about and it was driving her nuts.

After getting to the Ravenclaw common room, which was past the door with the talking bronze door knocker, she had been shown to her dorm. It was a nice one person room connected to a small year mate common room that was then connected to the house common room. The house common room was huge and was lined from floor to ceiling with bookshelves. The prefects pointed out that the books

in Ravenclaw could not leave the tower. They had been supplied by alumni over the centuries, most hand written by graduating students, and Ravenclaw students didn't share with the rest of the school.

Hermione was currently sitting in the Ravenclaw common room looking around her. The furniture was covered in a deep blue suede material with bronze accents. It was well past midnight and she had been going over all the titles on the bookshelves. She had found all ten volumes of Hogwarts: A History so she wouldn't have to borrow them from, 'Harry... Lord Potter... Lord... what do I, call him?' he was heir to all four Founders'.

She had pulled down the first volume of Hogwarts: A History and started reading it. What she had found so far was completely different from what her version had made out to be fact. She had listened to Harry, Neville, and Susan while on the train talk about Hogwarts history; Harry was researching all ten books to get the truth. 'Maybe he will write his own book about it.' That's what it looked like he was planning.

Hermione had just finished doing a quick skim of the first volume, and had found nothing about the Founders' Tower. It looked like the first volume had been written just after the death of Helga Hufflepuff, so why didn't anyone remember the Tower or at least mention it?

She knew where to get the answers, she was planning on having a very long talk with Harry in the morning; she needed to know.

-oo00oo-

The red headed twins escaped the Great Hall as soon as Dumbledore told the prefects to lead the first years to the dorms. There was a new place in the castle and they wanted to know all about it. Fred and George waited in the main hall in one of their favorite hiding spots to wait for Harry Potter to leave. They had with them the map they had found in Filch's office in there first year at Hogwarts.

That had been the most fun. They had just pulled their first prank at the school, and it just so happened to be on Filch. Flooding the boy's bath room on the third floor had been the best, but when they left Filch had been waiting for them. "Detention" he had cried out with a gleeful expression. While in his office something had created

a large noise on the floor above his office and Filch had run out to determine what it was. Since he left the two boys with no instructions, they had decided to see what they could find.

The large cabinet marked 'Confiscated Items' looked like fun. They had found all kinds of thing in that cabinet, joke items from Zonko's, a few naughty magazines, and a box marked 'Marauders'. Inside the box they had found potions, powders, more Zonko items, and the map.

At first they didn't know what it was and it had taken them months to finally figure how to make the parchment show them what it was.

"Messrs. Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs, purveyors of aids to magical mischief-makers, are proud to present the Marauders Map"

Since that first year, the map had been on their persons at all times tucked away in a hidden pocket, spelled to be summon proof and a notice-me-not charm on it. Now hidden in one of the alcoves they pulled it out to watch where Harry Potter went. They watched as he left the Great Hall and turned toward the main stairs. He stopped for a moment beside another alcove, and then walked into it, disappearing from the map. The twins hurriedly scanned the rest of the map, but didn't find him anywhere.

"Mischief Managed"

"He either..."

"Left the castle..."

"Or it's not on the..."

"Map..."

The twins looked at each other before heading to the Gryffindor common room.

-oo00oo-

Harry walked to the alcove that wasn't far from the central stairs. He was following the pictures that the Lady was flashing him in his head. When he got to the alcove he stopped then turned and walked into it.

As he walked in, the back wall slid open to reveal a short passage that led to the bottom of a spiral staircase. The staircase was revolving upward. He stepped onto the staircase and he was taken up.

When the stairs got to the top he got off and turned to the left. He wasn't sure what floor he was on, but he would find that out later. The corridor was long and had a lot of doors on each side. At the end he found a large floor to ceiling portrait of four animals, an eagle, snake, badger, and lion.

"Show us the rings" the badger called out from the painting.

"True heir hassss the ringssss" hissed the snake.

"Final proof he must provide." growled the lion.

"Show us the rings." The eagle finally called out.

Harry held up both of his hands displaying the five rings he was wearing. Over the past year he had only worn the Potter family ring, keeping the others in his room at the manor. He had put them back on that morning before leaving for the train. He had found a few passages in *Hogwarts: A History*, the first edition that said the castle would know the heir's by their rings.

"He is Hufflepuff." stated the badger.

"He issss SSlytherin"

"He is Ravenclaw"

"Thou art Gryffindor." The lion finally called out. The painting slid into the wall, revealing a short passage leading to a large round room. A round open fireplace took up the center of the room with a brass smoke hood and flue going up into the ceiling. The outer walls of the room looked like one big window that surrounded him, except for six doors that broke up the effect.

"The walls must be charmed like the ceiling in the Great Hall." Harry said to himself.

Harry walked around the room once taking it all in. Everything was done in whites and gold and looked to be in four sections split up and centered around the fireplace. The doors and wooden furnisher were all a rich deep cherry color. A quarter of the room was a lounge with several settees, chairs, and end tables, it looked very relaxing. The next section had several study desks and chairs, there were a couple bookshelves but all that was on them was Ink wells, parchment roles, a beautiful calligraphy set, and other materials used for studying.

The third area had a round table and four chairs. Harry understood the setup, no one sat at the head of that table, and everyone was equal. A second smaller square table with only two chairs had a magnificent chess set setup. There were also a couple shelves that held rolled up pieces of large parchment. Harry took one down and looked at it; it was a partial map of the castle and grounds. He looked at a couple more and found more maps of the castle each with varying degrees of detail.

The last quarter of the room was for the most part empty. It had one weapons rack near the wall that held several swords and other medieval weapons. As he walked through the area, he felt himself pass through a magical barrier. He had felt it before back at Potter Manor every time he entered the training room, it was a dueling ward.

When he had entered there was small fire going in the fireplace. The walls showed the darkened grounds of the castle and the night sky. After looking around the room he walked to the first door to the right of the entrance. Opening it he found a set of stairs going up, he would go up there later. The next door behind the sitting area had a Badger engraved on it in gold. Opening the door he found another small sitting area with another door in it.

The sitting area was done in Hufflepuff colors with the same rich cherry wood. The other door in the room opened into a large bedroom. It had a four post bed and was also decorated in Hufflepuff colors. There was also an attached bathroom that looked to be about as big as his at the manor.

Leaving that room Harry opened the door behind the studying area in the common room that had an Eagle engraved on it in gold. It was Rowena's private rooms, sitting area and bedroom all in her colors.

So far he had not found any books, disappointing him. The bedrooms had armoires and dressers all made of the same cherry wood. Behind the Gryffindor and Slytherin doors he found their private areas and bedrooms done up in their colors.

When he opened the last door he found another set of stairs going up. Harry climbed the stairs to find another large circular room, but this one had his eyes popping out of his head. Floor to ceiling shelves filled with books all around the outer wall. The ceiling was at least twenty feet above him and again it was charmed like the Great Hall ceiling. In the center of the room was another round fireplace and sitting areas. The colors in the room were all neutral and didn't represent any one of the founders.

"This must be their common library." Again Harry was talking to himself, until he felt Hedwig nodding her head up and down. He had forgotten that she was even there on his shoulder.

"Thank you for being here with me Hedwig." She nodded her head again. Harry looked into her eyes and saw the same excitement he was feeling himself. There where was one other door in the room and it looked like it would lead to the other set of stairs from below and it did.

Harry returned to the common room, and since he liked the Ravenclaw colors the best, he chose Rowena's room for himself. He pulled his trunk out of his pocket and enlarged it at the foot of the bed. Opening it, he called for Tula.

"Harry has made his big entrance?" Tula asked as she appeared next to him.

While chuckling, Harry replied. "Bigger." Harry sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled out his mirror. Tula remained next to him; she wanted to hear all about it. Tula loved to laugh Harry had found out, and loved to help him with his pranks on Sirius and Remus. Harry knew she wouldn't go anywhere until she heard the story or he told her to, which he wasn't going to do.

"Sirius" Harry called into the mirror. A few seconds later Remus's face appeared in the mirror.

"Harry is the sorting over? It's later than normal for it to end, where have you been? What house did the hat put you in?" Remus strung all the questions together in his excitement, Harry started laughing.

"I'll tell you all about it, where is Sirius, he's going to want to hear this too?" asked Harry.

"He should be home soon; Amelia floo called and wanted him to come say hello to an old friend." Remus had a feral grin on his face. "I'll be going tomorrow to say hi."

"Pass on a hello for me will you?" Harry got the same look in his eyes as Remus. "Both of you call me back when he gets home and I'll tell you all about the Founders' Tower, Dumbledore, Draco, my possible new friend Hermione, and Snape." Harry tapped the side of this forehead at the last. Remus's eyes widened and his jaw dropped open.

"You mean to tell me Snape actually tried? Oh this is too good." Sirius and Remus had found out in their seventh year that Snape was practicing Legilimency so had figured he may try something on Harry, being James's son.

Harry had practiced with Mr. Crandall a couple times in case of this happening. Harry, with Lynn sitting in the room to make sure her father didn't die on her, had trapped Scott in his mind severing Scott's link back to his body. Just like Snape, Scott had fallen over. It was easy to allow Scott to return to his own mind, all Harry had to do was pry open one of his eyelids and make a new connection for him to follow. Harry had found this technique in one of the Black Library books on Occlumency after Sirius had cleared them for Harry to read.

Mr. Crandall didn't consider the technique illegal or dark, it was just something to use in a Legilimens duel. After that Harry, Mr. Crandall, Sirius, and Remus, had concluded that if Snape tried anything it was up to Harry what he would do about it.

Harry sat on his bed waiting for his godfather to call back. He looked into his mind; he had a slight headache from Snape pounding on the walls of his room. Looking into the room holding Snape he found him sitting in the center of the room with his eyes closed.

"Snivellus, I was warned about you. I have not yet decided if I will release you back into your own body or put you in a squirrel." Harry had no intention of doing that but Snape didn't know that.

Snape opened his eyes and looked around. "Just like your father, your nothing but an arrogant brat. You won the duel, what would you have of me?." Snape replied dejectedly.

Harry took that moment to dive into Snape's mind. Without access to his magical core, Snape was an open book. Harry found the memories of Snape's time before and during Hogwarts, he skipped through them, what he found surprised him.

"You were friends with my mother!" It wasn't a question.

"Yes, she lived in my neighborhood. I was the one that told her she was a witch."

"I read the letters my mother sent to her sister; she really was your friend until..." Harry let that statement talk for itself. Snape just growled.

Harry dug deeper into Snape's mind.

'Master, may I make a request?' Snape was bowing to a middle aged man. The man looked more like a snake than a man.

'You have done well for me Severus, I will grant you one request.' replied the man with a hissing voice.

'The female Potter, My Lord, I wish to have her for myself.'

'I grant you this request.' hissed the man.

Harry pulled out of Snape's mind, he was in a rage. Snape found himself thrown across the room and pinned to the far wall. A wave of pain washed over him that was worse than any Cruciatus Curse.

"YOU WILL NEVER!" Snape stayed pinned to the wall, his mouth open in a silent scream. Through the pain Snape felt the brat dive deeper into his mind.

'My Lord, I bring news.' Snape rushed into the throne type room where the same man was sitting on a dark throne.

'Severus, what news is so important that you barge into my presence! Crucio...' Snape fell to the ground screaming. After a short moment the man raised his wand. 'Now what is so important?'

It took Snape a moment to get up and kneel before the man. 'A prophecy, My Lord, made to Dumbledore.' The man's eyes widened slightly.

'Tell me this Prophecy.'

'The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies...' Snape repeated what he had overheard that night.

'Is that all of it? There was no more?' demanded the man.

'I'm sorry, My Lord, Dumbledore had seen me and cast me out of the pub before I could hear anymore.' Snape answered.

'Who was it that gave this Prophecy?' asked the man.

'Her name is Sybill Trelawney, My Lord, Dumbledore was interviewing her for the Divination position at the school.' replied Snape.

The man sat back in his throne and stared off into nothing for a long time ignoring that Snape was still in the room.

Harry pulled out of Snape's mind again. He was more enraged now than he had been before. Here was the person that overheard and told Voldemort at least part of the prophecy. Snape, while still pinned to the wall but no longer in any pain, watched as the walls of the room closed in on him. Just before the walls would crush his mind into nothing they stopped leaving him with his nose pressed against the cold stone wall with not enough room to move.

Harry pulled out of his mind. The look on his face was one indication of his inner turmoil and rage, the furnisher and bed shaking was another. Tula place a hand on Harry's knee to comfort him even though she didn't know what had angered her young charge.

Several minutes past before Harry calmed down enough that everything stopped shaking. It helped that his mirror was buzzing for his attention.

"Harry?" called Sirius. Harry picked up the mirror and looked down into it. He could see Sirius with Remus and Mr. Crandall behind him.

"Hey kiddo, how did the opening feast go?" asked Sirius.

"More happened than I expected..." Harry went on to tell his godfather everything that had happened. By the time he was done, he was much calmer.

"Wish I could have been there kiddo, sounds like the prank of the century." Harry could see Sirius and Remus both with wide grins.

"Sirius... It was... It was Snape... He told Voldemort the beginning Prophecy. He was the one that got us targeted. He even asked Voldemort to spare mum so that he could have her." Harry looked down directly into the mirror. He could see the grins of both his guardians turn to looks of utter hatred.

"Don't let him go... just put his mind in the closest small animal and be done." Sirius was finally able to reply through clenched teeth.

"Harry, what are you going to do?" Mr. Crandall asked. He knew he needed to be the voice of reason. "If you do as Sirius suggests, your no better than Snape." Harry looked into the mirror again to see Remus holding Sirius back from Mr. Crandall.

"Stop Sirius... he's right."

"Harry... Snape... He killed your parents as much as Peter did... or Voldemort... they all deserve whatever they get." Sirius tried to plead with Harry.

"I... I know... but Scott's right... I would be no better than them. I'll think of something..." replied Harry. Neither Sirius nor Remus looked happy, but at the moment they couldn't do anything about it. Harry talked with them for a few more minutes before saying goodnight.

"Harry, don't forget about the morning. You have the stuff?" called Sirius before Harry could close the connection.

"Yah, I have it, and I haven't forgotten." Harry smiled again for the first time since the discussion about Snape.

"Okay kiddo, have fun, let us know what you decide." Sirius closed the connection.

Harry stood up from the bed; Tula stopped him giving Harry a hug. "Harry will be okay, Tula make sure." Harry gave Tula a hug back before finally getting up. Tomorrow was the first day of classes and he still had work to do tonight.

"Tula, can you find out who the head house elf is here?" Before Tula could reply Harry heard a soft pop and another elf appeared next to Tula. The elf immediately bowed deeply to Harry.

"Lord of Hogwarts calls Rupor, Lord of Hogwarts needs anything?" The elf was dressed on a nice tea cozy and looked to be healthy.

"Rupor, this is Tula she is my personal elf and friend. I wanted to make sure that you were informed that she is here." Rupor turned to Tula and bowed to her.

"Tula will be most respected elf, Lord of Hogwarts." replied the elf.

"Rupor first please call me Harry, I don't require formality when I am alone or with friends. Second I forbid any elf at Hogwarts to answer any question about the Founders' Tower or my goings on, that includes questions from the headmaster."

Harry could see the conflict cross the face of Rupor.

"Rupor you're not a Hogwarts elf are you?" Before Rupor could answer the question, and it didn't look like he was going too, Tula snapped her fingers and the elf dropped to the floor.

"Bad elf, elf bonded to Dumb-le-do-re, not to Hogwarts, bad elf lie." Tula snapped her fingers again and the elf opened his eyes but wasn't able to move.

"Rupor, tell your master that you have been found out, deliver that message and then you are hereby banned from the castle and grounds." commanded Harry. His temper was once again heating up. Tula snapped her fingers a last time, allowing the elf to stand. Rupor bowed again then disappeared.

"Tula will find true head elf." She then disappeared.

-oo00oo-

Dumbledore was pacing again. It didn't look like Severus was going to be up by morning to teach his classes and he didn't know how long it would be until he was able to return. He decided to teach the classes tomorrow himself and look for someone if Snape wasn't back by the next day.

POP!

"Master..." Rupor bowed deeply to Dumbledore.

"Ah, Rupor did you find out where our Mr. Potter is?" asked Dumbledore.

"Master... Rupor was found out, Lord of Hogwarts has own elf, Rupor has been banned from the castle and grounds." Rupor started to get a pained look on his face. "Hogwarts house elves..." Rupor then disappeared.

Dumbledore looked at where his personal elf had just been standing. He had been with Dumbledore for over half a century and was a good friend. For the first time since he defeated Griswold, Dumbledore was feeling anger.

"Dilly..." Dumbledore called out to the Hogwarts head elf. POP!

"Headmaster call Dilly?"

"Dilly where is Rupor?" Dumbledore asked in a kind voice, though he was felling anything but.

"Rupor has been expelled from Hogwarts. Lord of Hogwarts has commanded it." Dilly was looking down at his feet. Dumbledore had a good relationship with the Hogwarts house elves.

"Lord of Hogwarts has also commanded Hogwarts house elves from talking about him to anyone, including you headmaster." Dilly looked like he wanted to punish himself but then straightened up and looked at the headmaster.

"Dilly will assign headmaster a personal house elf." The house elf then popped away.

Dumbledore walked back to his desk putting his fisted hand on the corner of it. Standing there, he took a moment to get his temper under control. For the past year, Harry had been outmaneuvering him at every turn, it was like he was one step ahead all the time.

'If I can not control the boy...' Albus thought to himself. Fawkes gave a loud trill. Dumbledore turned to him. "He is needed Fawkes, he must fulfill the prophecy, I need to guide him and I can't do that unless I can control him." Dumbledore replied to his familiar. Fawkes gave another loud trill before jumping into the air and disappearing.

Albus fell back against his desk. This was the third of his friends, his familiar that had just told him to leave the boy alone. The exception was Fawkes had given him a choice, leave Harry alone or he would leave Albus. Albus' world was crumbling beneath him, was what he was doing dark, was Fawkes telling him he was going to far?

-oo00oo-

The next morning Harry woke up ready for the first day of school. It was still early, but he was looking forward to it. After showering Harry returned to his room to find his school robes laid out for him. On his robes over the breast pocket was the Hogwarts crest instead of the Potter crest. He put the Potter family ring on first, then the four founders' rings. His school bag was waiting for him in the private sitting area. It had been charmed to be feather light and it expanded to hold all his school books for each class since he didn't know what he would have that day. In the bag was also several other books for each subject, reference books like Potion's, Potions A Guild to your Ingredients By Anton Potter and A Spell Crafter's guide to Charms by Stacy Potter.

Harry walked in to the founders' common room ready for the day. The walls of the room showed it was a beautiful day outside with the

morning sun shining on the lake. Snape was still in his little cage, and Harry didn't at this time have any desire to let him go. He had a half formed plan in his mind for the git, no, the monster, that started all his troubles. The fact that the Death Eater had switched sides because Moldewarts had killed his mother didn't make up for his crimes.

Just as Harry was opening the door to the hall of doors, as he was calling it, Hogwarts flashed an image into his mind. Turning around Harry found a marble pedestal against the side of the fireplace. On the top of the pedestal were five slots imprinted into the marble. Four of the slots were lined up together in the center and the fifth was in the center top.

Hogwarts flashed him another image. Following what the castle wanted him to do he took of the four founders' rings and placed them in the four slots. He watch in fascination as each ring fit perfectly in the slots as if this was the mold in which they were originally made.

Once he placed the last ring in the last slot the top of the pedestal slid backwards into the fire of the fireplace. Harry tried to stop it at first, grabbing for it before it could get all the way into the fire. He pulled his hand back before it could get burned. He watched in horror as the fire within the fireplace intensified to the point were he had to back away and cover his face from the heat. As fast as it had flared the fire died down and the pedestal slid back out.

Where there had been four rings there was now only one in the top slot. Harry looked at it and found the symbols for each of the founders' on it, each of the original jewels now fashioned into the new ring. Again the Lady Hogwarts flashed and image into his mind. The four rings becoming one and the one becoming four.

Harry picked up the ring; it was barely warm after being in the fire, as he slid it onto his finger, it resized itself to fit just as the others had done.

"Thank you... Lady Hogwarts."

Harry started heading to breakfast once again. Again he entered what he was calling the hall of doors. He wasn't sure what was behind each of the doors, and didn't have time to find out at the

moment. He made his way to the spiral stairs finding them turning in the opposite direction, going down.

Harry appeared in the same alcove just outside the Great Hall. Smiling Harry made his way to the Great Hall for his breakfast, a quick image flashed in Harry's mind, one of the flagstones glowing a deep red color. Harry stepped over the particular floor stone even though it didn't look any different, and heard a groan come from the alcove above him.

Entering the Great Hall, Harry watched as the fifth table appeared again. Most of the head table was occupied; the only professors missing were Snape and Trelawney. Dumbledore was watching him as Harry made his way to the table and sat down. Most of the house tables were already full with students filling up on breakfast. Neville joined Harry at his table before Harry could get anything on his plate, and Susan wasn't too far behind him.

Harry took a sip of his pumpkin juice, his eyes roaming over all the house tables, he made eye contact with Neville, hiding a grin behind his glass. Neville could see that Harry's eyes had turned yellow or as Neville, and the others at the Manor called it, 'Mischievous Eyes'.

Last night it had been particularly difficult to sneak up to Gryffindor Tower without being spotted from the revolving staircase entrance near the Great Hall. The prefects always took their jobs very seriously the first week back, and Harry narrowly avoided three different sets of prefects making their rounds. By the time he reached the painting of an enormously overweight lady in a pink dress, the adrenalin was rushing in his ears. Neville was standing in the shadows off of the portrait, and he and Harry maneuvered their way back down to the great hall. They were almost caught creeping into the great hall by a pair of red heads, who looked to be about 13. Harry grabbed Neville by the shoulder and hauled him behind a suit of armor. The red heads looked at something they were holding, and turned to stare at where Harry and Neville were hiding. Harry was sure they'd been caught, but then one of the boys murmured something to the other boy, and they quickly made their way up the stairs. Harry sighed in relief and waited a moment before motioning to Neville to follow him. They slunk into the great hall and Harry removed a vial of something and a piece of cloth from his robes.

"How do we do this?" whispered Neville.

"Soak the cloth, but be sure to not get any on your hands, and rub the potion along the ends of the tables and all the benches. I'll do the sticking charm. After you rub the potion, tap the table and benches and say, 'Wingardium'. Got it?"

"Are you sure it won't activate too early?"

"I'm positive, Remus helped me brew it. I can't wait for breakfast!" Harry said with a gleeful look and bright yellow eyes.

They made quick work of the tables and benches, and managed to get back to their separate dormitories without anymore incidents.

Harry waited till all the students had arrived in the hall. Then, motioning under the table, he said, "Leviosa" and then "Activate".

All the tables started to rise slowly. The students were shrieking and a few tried to stand up, but their bums were stuck to their seats. The tables and benches continued to rise until they were about five feet from the ceiling. Even the head table was floating near the ceiling; the professors were trying charms to reverse the floating, but gave up after everything they tried failed to work.

Harry had gotten the idea from a muggle movie that Mrs. Figg had let him watch once. In the film two children and their nanny were having tea at the nanny's uncle's house, and they had tea floating near the ceiling. It was obvious who was muggle born or a half blood, as those students explained the joke to the other students.

The house elves, not being informed of the floating tables, caused the food to appear. Some of the more pragmatic of the students, shrugged, and began to serve themselves some food. They didn't care if they were floating or not, they were hungry and breakfast had just appeared. The rest of the students and staff followed suit. The students looked to be enjoying the novelty of having breakfast near the ceiling; one Hufflepuff girl was heard commenting to a girl next to her, that she felt just like a fairy.

Soon everyone was eating and another odd phenomenon occurred. People started giggling for no reason at all. Pretty soon almost everyone was laughing noisily. Harry suspected that there was something in the juice. He had definitely not planned this part of it,

but it fit into the prank nicely. After about an hour, the tables slowly descended, and the students returned to order.

Above the head table, appearing in gold sparkling letters were the words, "The Marauders, Prongs 'RIP', Moony, and Padfoot, would like to introduce the next generation of Marauders, Messrs. Griffon, and Helios and command them to create as much chaos as possible during their tenure in this most noble institution."

Most of the Muggle born and Half Blood students stood up and started laughing, clapping, and cheering while all the Purebloods just sat, still confused..

Harry looked at the head table; Dumbledore was trying to suppress his laughter while his eyes twinkled like mad. McGonagall was giving Harry the eye. Neville and Susan were both laughing. Harry then looked to the Ravenclaw table and could see Hermione scowling. 'Going to be trouble that one' Harry thought.

The twins sat dumbstruck, staring at the words. The marauders? They couldn't believe it.

"My dear twin, I'm afraid we might be replaced." Fred said, turning to George.

"I wonder if they know the original Marauders, or if they're just using that title." George mused.

"It must be Potter and Longbottom, we saw them on the map last night sneaking in."

"Indubitably, maybe, we should..."

"Join forces, versus competing?"

"Hmm, perhaps, they have proven themselves..."

"To be capable of a complex prank."

"It merits a discussion with them at the least."

"Very true you handsome devil, I agree."

With that settled, the twins turned their attention back to the head table.

After everyone settled down Dumbledore stood up holding his arms and hands in the air to get everyone's attention.

"Yes... Yes, wonderful prank, a tribute deserving of the Marauders."

Just then there was the sound of hundreds of wings in the Hall. Everyone looked up as someone called out "MAIL". Hedwig was part of the flock coming in through the windows. She swooped down, landing lightly on Harry's table. Attached to her leg was a copy of the Daily Prophet.

"Thank you Hedwig, is it good?" The Owl bobbed her head up and down. Harry removed the paper from her leg and unrolled it. His eyes lit up as he took in the front page. Just like last year, there were three Headlines all trying to get top billing, only this time there were three by lines.

Lord of Hogwarts, Heir to Founders' Sorted

Pettigrew Captured on Hogwarts Express

Lockhart and Trelawney, Fraud Revealed

The first story was about Harry's sorting and for the first time, a story by Rita Skeeter was completely correct. It was a detailed description of Harry's sorting from the time he was first called, to the time he left the hall.

'The new Lord was not available for comment. This reporter wishes the new Lord and Heir all the best in his future, may Lord Potter Gryffindor Hufflepuff Ravenclaw Slytherin's time at Hogwarts be peaceful.

By Rita Skeeter

'In a frightening turn of events, on a day when we all send our children off to school for the year, on a train that's suppose to be safe, Fugitive, Death Eater, and Traitor, Peter Pettigrew was found hiding. An inside source within the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, who wishes to remain un-named told this reporter that

at just around the time the Hogwarts Express was to pull into Hogsmeade station, the Aurors received an anonymous tip that Pettigrew was on the train. It turns out the tip was correct. Pettigrew was found in an illegal Animagus form, a rat, in one of the compartments.

Inside sources tell that he was captured after a short fight where not one of our well trained Aurors was injured. Pettigrew is currently being held at the ministry for questioning. It seems our current Minister of Magic; interim Minister Crabtree is doing more to clean up the messes of the past than his predecessors.

By Dempster Wiggleswade

'Do you own the Harry Potter books, did you get your child the doll, and have you read the history? Well forget the history and toss the books away, It was all a fraud and scam by none other than our beloved Gilderoy Lockhart and his accomplice Sybill Trelawney Divinations Professor at Hogwarts. Papers filed today by Lord Potter are calling for restitution and royalties for the use of his name and image without his permission.

How could Lord Potter not have known about the books and other memorabilia? He has been living with his Muggle relatives for the past nine years and has had no contact with our world. Solicitor for Lord Potter told this reporter that Lord Potter only just found out about our world this past year, and upon learning of the books was outraged. This statement was delivered by Lord Potter's solicitor from Lord Potter who is currently at Hogwarts.

"The only truth in all this is that I lost my parents to You-Know-Who (note that Lord Potter called him by name) on that Halloween night and You-Know-Who (again called by name) disappeared after attempting to kill me. It should be my parents that everyone calls hero, they gave their life for me."

It should also be noted an investigation has also been opened by the DMLE. The whereabouts of Gilderoy Lockhart is unknown at this time and he was not available for comment.'

BY Phentum Phenux

Everyone in the hall was quiet as they read the paper. Harry noted the looks on the faces of some of the staff. Professor Dumbledore looked like he expected the news. He may have expected the first two stories but Harry was sure he didn't like the last one. Professor McGonagall had a look of joy on her face; Harry started to wonder about that. The rest of the Professors were a mix. Harry listened to the rest of the students discussing the articles, people were whispering, some pointing. Harry just ignored it.

Dumbledore then stood again. "Classes are about to begin, everyone should be on their way." Dumbledore then walked around the head table in Harry's direction. "Mr. Potter, a word please."

"Of course Headmaster." Harry nodded to Neville and Susan. Harry watched as Neville and Susan moved a respectful distance away but stayed in sight then started comparing schedules that Harry assumed were handed out before he got there.

"Mr. Potter...Harry..."

"Lord Potter, Headmaster." Harry turned to face Dumbledore after watching his two friends. Harry's eyes turned completely black.

"I'm sorry?" Dumbledore felt like he had just been slapped as he took note of the change in Harry's eyes.

"MR. POTTER, you will show the Headmaster respect." This came from McGonagall, who was just behind Dumbledore.

"Professor, only my friends are allowed to call me Harry, as head of the Ancient and Noble House of Potter and the four Founders' I wish to be addressed as Lord Potter, it is the respect due my station." replied Harry with a normal and neutral tone.

"Yes, yes Lord Potter. Seeing as you are outside of the normal houses I find that I must assign a professor as your Head of House or in this case well as a mentor." continued Dumbledore as if all was right in the world.

"I have assigned you to take classes with the Gryffindors, so it is only fitting that Professor McGonagall be that mentor."

"Headmaster, I would be happy to attend classes with the Gryffindors but I must decline Professor McGonagall..." Harry didn't get to finish.

"Lord Potter, I will have you know I have been looking after students for many years..." Harry returned the favor and cut McGonagall off.

In a soft voice that was still audible, Harry's eyes turning from black to an icy blue, he explained "My refusal is personal, I believe your words were 'Worst kind of Muggles'... yet you allowed the Headmaster to do what he wanted. I would prefer Professor Flitwick if you must..." McGonagall had a look of shock and shame on her face as Dumbledore interrupted.

"That would be fine Lord Potter; I will let Professor Flitwick know. If you're not in class, how will he find you? He and I both need to have access to the Founders' Tower in case of emergency."

"Only those I choose have access to the Tower. Please inform the Professor I will find him after class today. Do you have my schedule?"

"I'm sorry I must insist on access, as Head..."

"As the Lord of Hogwarts, Headmaster, I determine who is and is not allowed in my ancestor's tower." Harry was getting tired of this. Harry's eyes turned back to black.

"Headmaster Dumbledore, you and I have an issue, until that issue is resolved; I neither trust you nor wish any contact with you." The twinkle died completely from Dumbledore's eyes. McGonagall looked fit to be tied.

Dumbledore finally replied. "I understand... I will let Professor Flitwick know to expect you after your last class." He turned to McGonagall. "Professor I believe you are going to be late for your first class." Effectively cutting any retort she may have had.

"Very well Headmaster." After handing Harry his schedule she turned and left.

"I hope, we can resolve our differences. Now off to class and have a good day." Dumbledore just stood there as Harry walked out of the Great Hall, Neville and Susan joining him.

Chapter 18:

Companions and Confrontations

"Herbology then double Potions before lunch." Harry heard Neville saying to Susan as he walked up to them. Harry's eyes were back to green with hints of yellow in them as his good humor returned.

"Susan, let me see your schedule for a minute?" asked Harry.

Susan handed her schedule to Harry, who looked it over before pulling his own out. After comparing it to his own schedule he turned back to his friends.

"Okay, I'll set up a study schedule for us. I have a meeting with Professor Flitwick sometime around dinner. Meet me here after dinner and I'll take you both up to the tower." Harry finished.

"Harry, who are you going to be having classes with?" Susan asked.

"The Gryffindors, so I'll at least be with Neville all day." Harry said happily.

Susan looked down for a second, shuffling her feet before saying, "Wish it was the Hufflepuffs, I didn't get to spend as much time with you this summer as Neville did." Neville looked uncomfortably between his best friends, and started inching discreetly towards the door.

"Don't worry Susan; we can spend more time hanging out in the tower. Wait till you both see it, it's amazing!" Harry excitedly replied. "We best be off though, don't want to get detention on the first day of school." Harry grabbed Neville's arm and moved speedily through the main doors. Neville looked grateful to be getting away from the awkward conversation, but Harry didn't seem to have even noticed the tension that had hung in the air. Susan followed quickly behind them as Herbology was an all house class.

As he walked to class, Harry thought about Susan's puzzling behavior. He liked Susan as a friend, but he wasn't into girls the way that Susan acted like she wanted him to be. Sirius teased him about it whenever Susan was at the Manor, making Harry want to run away in mortification, so Harry was well aware of Susan's 'interests'

and made sure that Neville was always with him when she came to the Manor. It didn't dampen or strain their friendship much; Harry honestly thought she was in on some big joke set up by Sirius just to get under Harry's skin. It was definitely something that would appeal to Sirius' mischievous sense of humor.

Harry and Neville crossed the grounds to the greenhouses for their first class. They had to run to get there before it started because Dumbledore held them up. Harry wasn't surprised that neither Dumbledore nor McGonagall offered a pass to be late to class.

They both got there just as the last bell rang. Panting heavily they found seats in the back of the class. Harry waited for the Professor to start while Neville pulled out parchment and ink to take notes. Harry looked around at the other kids. He recognized all of them from the sorting the night before, the class was made of all the first years from all the houses. He could see Ron Weasley sitting next to another Gryffindor named Dean Thomas.

He also found Draco "No Name" sitting with the two thugs, Crabbe and Goyle. Draco sneered at him as their eyes met. Harry just ignored him and continued looking around the room. He spotted Hermione sitting with a group of Ravenclaws and Susan had moved to sit with a group from Hufflepuff.

The green house was nothing like the Potter greenhouses; it wasn't even expanded on the inside. Everything else looked like what you would find in a normal greenhouse. Plants covered every available surface and empty pots spilled out from underneath tables, slightly dirty tools hung from a shelf on the back of the door, and soil spilled out of bags piled haphazardly in the corner of the room.

A dumpy looking witch strode into the middle of the class, she had a smudge of dirt across her chin, and loose hairs were flying out of her messy bun. "Attention class! I am Professor Sprout and I will be your Herbology Instructor for the next five years or possibly seven years if you continue in to my NEWT class..."

Harry sat listening through the entire class looking over at Neville sitting next to him every few minutes to see if he was as bored with it as Harry was. Harry liked Herbology; he would even go so far as to say he enjoyed it, but not enough to go over the same material he had learned months ago. Neville seemed to be paying more

attention than Harry could muster and was nodding to himself every once in a while.

Harry whispered. "You do know we were taught this months ago."

"I know, but it is a good review, and well, you know how I am about..." Neville started defensively, but didn't get to finish the sentence as Harry held up his hand to answer a question Professor Sprout had just asked.

"Dragon Dung, Professor Sprout."

"That is correct; Dragon Dung is the best fertilizer for most plants. Five points to..." Professor Sprout stopped, not knowing what house to give the points to.

"To Slytherin would be fine Professor. If you like, you can just alternate between the houses for any points I get." replied Harry. Harry glanced around at the other students and could see that some looked outraged and others thankful. Harry saw out of the corner of his eye Ron Weasley turning red and had a hateful look on his face. Draco didn't look much happier than Ron, though several of the Slytherins looked happy that they had gotten the first points.

Harry and Professor Sprout both spotted the excited hand of Hermione held high to get the professors attention.

"Ms. Granger?" asked the Professor.

"Professor while Dragon Dung is good for most plants there are a few that it would be harmful to, such as Night Shade and Devil's Snare. Both of those plants like dead soils to thrive in and Dragon Dung would be harmful to them." Hermione expanded on Harry's answer.

Harry visibly flinched at having been out done by Hermione but only Neville caught it.

"Very good Ms. Granger, five points to Ravenclaw."

Harry then raised his hand again. Neville let out a soft grown, Harry had a competitive side to him.

"Yes, Lord Potter?" Sprout turning back to him.

"Yes, Professor, though the dead soil used for Night Shade and Devil Snare can be reused for other plants because both Night Shade and Devil Snape actually put nutrients into the soil that they are getting rid of." Harry added more information to the continuing answer.

"That is also correct Lord Potter, five points to Hufflepuff." the professor said, moving to the next house to give it the points. Harry smirked in Hermione's direction. She gave a hummmff and turned to look at the professor.

When the class was over, Harry packed up his book, he didn't need to have it out, he had read it months ago for his classes at the Manor. He only took it out for show, which he planned on doing in all his classes. He wasn't going to hold back in class, but he didn't want to show off. As book smart as Harry knew he was it was the practical side of things that he needed to learn, to be hands on so to speak.

Outside of the greenhouse Ron was waiting for him.

"Why did you give the Slytherins those points, their all evil, all Slytherins are evil?" Ron confronted him.

Harry's eyes turned that icy blue again as he replied. "Really, what does everyone say about Gryffindor? I assume they're all saints?" Harry asked in a cold tone.

"All Gryffindors are on the light side, everyone knows that." Ron replied, his voice quivering seeing Harry's eyes turn again to that icy blue.

Harry just looked at him for a moment before replying in an even icier tone. "You know that rat, the one that joined Voldemort, betrayed my parents, the one that's been living with you for how long? He was a Gryffindor. So don't tell me Slytherin is evil and Gryffindor is good. Ambition doesn't make them evil just like courage doesn't make you good."

Harry turned away from Ron and walked away with Neville next to him.

During the little encounter several of the Slytherins had been close enough to hear what Harry said and started talking amongst themselves. One boy in the green and silver group listened with a thoughtful expression on his face, but didn't say anything.

Harry and Neville made their way down to the dungeons for Potions class. It was a double period, and Harry was wondering who would be teaching it since he knew that Snape was still trapped in his mind.

Entering the class Harry could see the Headmaster standing at the front of the classroom. Harry and Neville found seats near the front and started taking out their books. After everyone was in the class Dumbledore cleared his throat.

"Welcome to first year potions." Harry got an idea at that moment. He focused inward for a second allowing Snape to see and hear the outside world as a projection on the wall of his little prison.

Dumbledore continued, not knowing his Potions Master was watching. "We will begin with basic principles and go over the types of equipment used in brewing."

The lecture continued for the entire first half of the class after which Dumbledore displayed the recipe for a basic potion to cure boils. Harry and Neville partnered together and brewed the potion the way they had been taught in their private lessons. They finished the potion a good ten minutes before anyone else.

During the first half of the class Harry could hear Snape mumbling to himself. While he was brewing Snape was yelling in his mind that he was doing it all wrong until the potion was finished and it turned out better than the recipe on the board. That shut Snape up. Harry was going to have to deal with Snape soon, having decided on a course of action that included copying Snape's entire potion brewing memories to his library.

Harry knew that the Headmaster was watching him closely. He could feel Dumbledore's eyes on him during the entire class. When Harry and Neville turned in their completed potion vials, Dumbledore gave them full marks. He awarded Harry five points to Gryffindor for the perfect potion, and completely ignored Neville's contribution. Harry could easily see through the old man's attempt to win him over

by rewarding and praising him, well Harry certainly wasn't going to fall for that.

Harry and Neville caught up with Susan outside the Great Hall for lunch, and the three walked in and sat at Harry's table. Not long after they arrived, Hermione came rushing into the hall and sat down across from Harry and stared at him. It didn't take more than a second before the questions started flying.

"What classes have you all had this morning? What did you think of your dormitories? What was the Founder's Tower like Harry? Are the teachers really going to let you stay there all by yourself? When did you learn about being the heir to the founders? What does that entail exactly? Does that mean you have special responsibilities and privileges like a prefect? Did you know about the new tower? I couldn't find any reference to it. Are there lots of books? You know if there are they belong to Hogwarts and should be moved to the library so everyone can use them, they're not yours." All the questions came out in rapid fire and would have continued if she hadn't been interrupted.

Harry slapped his hand down on the table startling Hermione who hadn't notice his eyes turn that icy blue. Neville and Susan sighed breaths of relief that the interrogation had ceased, until they caught sight of Harry's eyes. Neville and Susan slid a little further away from Harry. They knew a lot of people had been pushing Harry's buttons all day and that his patience was already thin. Sirius had pushed Harry too far once; he regretted it for a week as Harry practiced his stinging hex at every opportunity. They didn't want to be in Harry's line of sight at the moment, fearing some of the attention would fall on them by proxy.

Harry looked at her and in a tight controlled voice, which sounded a bit strangled asked, "Hermione how long did you spend in the loo getting ready this morning?"

"THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!" Hermione blurted out loudly.

"Just like not everything is your business? My life is not yours to know unless I am willing to share it. I am not a book you can just open and get all the answers you want out of it." Harry's eyes turned from icy blue back to green with just a hint of blue.

"I..."

Harry continued in a more normal voice. "I have known you for all of one day; do not presume to think I will tell you everything about me, how I'm feeling, or what I'm thinking. Lastly, do not tell me what to do with what I own." Harry paused to let that sink in.

"In case you did not realize it yet, I own this castle." That was the first time Harry had come out and actually said it. He had been avoiding that little fact ever since he found out he was the heir to the four founders.

"But..." Hermione's face was flushed red with embarrassment.

"Hermione, I think I understand you, I'm the same way, and I want to know everything. But you will not see me asking you personal questions unless I feel you are willing to tell me, not everything is my or your business."

Just then Harry felt a presence behind him. Looking over his shoulder Harry found Professor McGonagall.

"Is there a problem Miss Granger?" She was giving Harry a stern look.

Hermione gave a quick glance at Harry before answering. She could see that he was not very concerned about the Professor standing there watching him. She could also see more of the blue coming back into his eyes.

"No Professor, I asked some personal questions that Harry wasn't willing to answer."

"I see, please refrain from any more outbursts. Lord Potter, I am informed that Professor Flitwick will meet with you in his office after dinner." McGonagall stood there waiting for an acknowledgement.

"Thank you Professor." replied Harry in a normal conversational tone. Harry didn't have all that much against Professor McGonagall. Yes, she had allowed Dumbledore to leave him at the Dursley's that night, but she had continued to inquire about his well being for several years after. He understood that she was just blinded by the trust and loyalty she had in the headmaster, but he wasn't going to

give her any slack unless she came to him first with at least an apology.

After the Professor departed, Harry turned back to Hermione before starting to fill his plate with food. "Hermione, everyone has secrets, some more than others, I have a lot of secrets. I share some with friends I trust, some only with the friends I trust can protect their own minds, and some I keep to myself." Harry took a bite of his sandwich.

"I'm sorry Harry, it's just who I am, if there is a mystery or problem I can't solve I don't stop until I solve it. I'm sorry if I offended you. You're a mystery to me, what you told me on the train just didn't fit in my world, yet what you told me is true." replied Hermione while she had a chance. "I'd really like to be friends with you; maybe eventually you can trust me enough that you'll tell me some of your secrets." Hermione gave Harry a shy smile and tentatively stuck out her hand.

Harry leaned across the table and shook her hand. "I'd like that too," Harry grinned, "but as to the whole mystery thing, you're just going to have to deal with it, your welcome to join us in the tower later, but what you see or hear stays between us."

Hermione grinned and nodded, but then got a thoughtful look on her face. "What did you mean 'friends who can protect their minds'?" asked Hermione tentatively, she had caught that little detail, but she was wary of making Harry mad again.

"There are forms of magic that allows others to invade and read your mind, it's called Legilimency and there is a form of magic that can protect your mind, it's called Occlumency. Neville, Susan, and I are all trained in Occlumency, Neville and I more so than Susan. The point is, unless you want some wizards, like the headmaster, poking around in your head, you better learn it. Oh, and it also makes your memory and recall a lot better."

"The headmaster would never do anything like that, would he?"

"Dumbledore has already tried with me once; he got a headache for his troubles." Harry smiled his eyes turning yellow.

"Harry, it's about time for our next class, we need to go." Neville poked Harry in the side.

Harry and Neville told Susan and Hermione they would see them later and made their way to their next class. History of Magic turned out to be a waste of time for both of them. Professor Binns was a ghost who was stuck on the goblin conflicts of the past and all he did was lecture from his place at the front of the class, not even looking to make sure the students were paying attention. Harry had no choice but to pay attention, he would remember the class even if he sat there reading or daydreaming.

After the class was over Harry followed Neville out. "I am going to have to do something about Binns. Does he even know that he's dead?" Harry asked.

"Gran told me about Binns. He was teaching history when she went to school. She told me he was like that even in her time. I heard some of the older students telling some first years last night that Binns died in class and his ghost just kept on teaching." Neville replied.

"Dumbledore should have replaced him." stated Harry as they got close to the door to their last class of the day. Transfiguration turned out to be very interesting at the start. Harry found a seat at the front with Neville and pulled out his book. It looked like Professor McGonagall was going to be late, but Harry knew about the large tabby cat that was sitting on the professor's desk watching the students find their seats.

It was several minutes after the last bell, when Ron Weasley and Dean Thomas showed up and found some seats in the middle of the room.

"Thank Merlin McGonagall is late." Harry heard Ron say.

The cat then leaped off the desk turning into Professor McGonagall mid leap and walking toward Ron.

"Wow that was bloody brilliant." Again that was Ron.

"Thank you, Mr. Weasley for that colorful critique. Maybe I should transfigure you into a pocket watch so at least one of you will be on time to my class in the future." McGonagall gave both boys a stern look.

Harry watched Ron gulp as he quickly pulled out his books.

"I am an Animagus, and it is one of the most advanced forms of Transfiguration. You may have the opportunity to learn it in your seventh year. Today we will go over the rules of my class and start on the basics." McGonagall started the lecture, it was a double class so Harry settled in for three hour class.

Everyone was listening to the Professor and taking notes. As Harry listened to McGonagall his respect for her as a teacher increased. She was able to hold the attention of the class through the boring stuff.

"Lord Potter, do you feel you need not take notes in my class?" asked McGonagall about half way through the class. Harry had been paying his full attention to her but had not been taking notes, he didn't need to.

"I'm sorry professor, I am taking notes." Harry replied.

"I do not see a quill or parchment?" questioned McGonagall as she looked down on his desk. Harry just looked up at her.

"Lord Potter see me after class." She stated after Harry didn't answer her.

"Yes Professor."

The rest of the class continued as McGonagall started in on the principals and theory of transfiguration. They would not start doing it until their next class later in the week.

Harry waited after class for everyone to leave; Neville was going to wait outside.

"Lord Potter, do you feel you are too good for my class. That transfiguration is not worth paying attention to?" McGonagall started right in on him.

"Professor," Harry started in a normal voice, he just didn't feel like letting his temper get to him this time. "I was paying attention and taking note of everything you said during class."

"You obviously..." Harry didn't let her finish, he started reciting her lecture. McGonagall stared at him for a full five minutes while he recited what she had said during the middle of the class and it was word for word.

"Lord Potter?" she finally stopped him.

"I have an eidetic memory. I remember everything. I remember the night you and the Headmaster dropped me on a doorstep without even making sure I was taken into the house." Harry's eyes had turned black. McGonagall sat in her chair looking at Harry like she had been slapped across the face. She was feeling the shame of her actions from that night so many years ago. Lily Potter had been a friend and Minerva had allowed her son to just be dropped off on a doorstep like a bottle of milk.

"Is there anything else Professor?" Harry asked after a minute, waiting for McGonagall to reply.

Minerva snapped herself out of the memory and looked up at Harry.

"Lord Potter, I... I apologize. Your mother was a good friend and I feel I have let her down." The normally stern looking professor's face cracked a little.

"Professor McGonagall, I accept your apology. If you would please not tell the Headmaster about my ability I would appreciate it. He has much more to account for and Professor you can call me Harry." Harry smiled.

"Thank you, Harry. I will keep what I have learned to myself. Are you planning on telling anyone else?"

"Just Professor Flitwick since he is my head of house."

"Very well, if you need anything, I am here to help. You may go."

"There is one thing Professor, do you know where my parents are buried?" asked Harry.

"I remember the funeral but I don't remember where they were buried." Minerva looked like she was trying to remember.

"Thank you professor, I believe the Headmaster has them under the Fidelus Charm. It is one of the things the headmaster needs to account for." With that Harry turned around and walked out of the room.

Neville was waiting for him outside the door.

"So...? What happened?"

"We cleared the air." Harry replied. Neville just nodded his head in understanding. After the past year Neville and Harry knew each other almost like twins. Harry had spent enough time in Neville's head during Legilimency and Occlumency lesson and vice versa that neither needed to say much to know what the other was thinking.

As they walked down the hall toward the Great Hall it was the first time all day that the two were alone, Neville asked."Did you capture him?"

"Yeah, I have him bottled up for now. I learned a few things that are disturbing, I have a plan though."

"Just be careful." replied Neville. Just as they were passing the second floor on the stairs two redheaded boys popped out from behind a suit of armor.

"Oi, Lord Potter," started the first redhead.

"Mr. Longbottom." continued the second.

"May we have a word with the two of you?" finished the first.

Harry and Neville looked at each other and grinned.

"The Weasley twins, we meet at last. I have heard of the two of you." started Harry.

"We assume it was you that had something to do with the prank this morning." continued Neville. Sirius had taken the time to look through Hogwarts: A History to see if any good pranks had been

pulled since the Marauders, the Weasley twins names had come up a lot over the past two years.

The twins looked at each other grinning.

"It is annoying when we do that..."

"Twin speak? I do believe we have been told that once or twice..."

"A handful of times,"

"Somewhere around, daily perhaps hourly,"

"I can't quite recall exactly, but I'm sure the ladies appreciate it."

"Oh, indubitably."

"Then we should continue, ah, but back to the point." The twins looked back at the two first years.

"I'm Fred Weasley and this handsome gentleman next to me is my brother George." spoke Fred.

"Are you sure your Fred, I thought I was Fred."

"Okay, what do the two of you want?" asked Harry.

"The Marauders, you know the Marauders..." replied Fred.

"We want to know the Marauders" finished George.

Harry looked at Neville who was grinning like he had just found a new plant. "How do you know about the Marauders?" asked Harry.

Fred and George shared a look before Fred reached into his pocket and pulled out a folded up old piece of parchment. Before Fred could say anything the parchment flew out of his hand straight into Harry's waiting palm. Fred and George both looked at each other and then at Harry who was pulling out his wand.

"I solemnly swear that I am up to no good." Harry intoned the password as he touched his wand to the parchment.

"Padfoot and Moony were wondering where this had gotten to. Last they had seen of it, it was in Filche's office." On the parchment appeared the "Messrs. Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs, purveyors of aids to magical mischief-makers, are proud to present the Marauders' Map"

The parchment did something the twins had never seen before. Instead of showing the map it started writing on itself. Harry moved over to the doors of a classroom and entered, Neville and the twins following. Once in the classroom Harry looked at the map.

"Prongs detects a descendant to my Noble line."

"Padfoot agrees with the distinguished Prongs."

"Moony can smell the truth of Prong's words"

"Wormtail concurs."

The twins were looking over Harry and Neville's shoulders.

"You're the son of Prongs?" asked George.

Harry just nodded his head with a big smile on his face. The twins immediately dropped to their knees and started chanting.

"We're not worthy, we're not worthy." bowing in time with the chant. Harry started laughing along with Neville.

"Get up you two, I'm just Harry unless you prank me in any way, then we'll be back to Lord Potter." Harry had a smile on his face, and his eyes had turned a bright yellow.

-oo00oo-

Harry knocked on the door to Professor Flitwick's office. Neville, Susan, Hermione, and the twins, were waiting down the corridor just around the corner for Harry to finish his meeting with the Professor Harry had promised them they would get to see the tower afterwards. Harry had allowed the twins to sit with him and the others at what he was now calling the founder's table during dinner.

"Come in." Harry heard from inside the office. He opened the door and walked in to find Professor Flitwick sitting atop a stack of books behind a nice desk that was strewn with papers, books and other things. The small professor looked up from what he was working on.

"Ah, Lord Potter, I have been expecting you. Please come in, come in, the headmaster told me you requested me to be your adviser." Harry walked in and sat down in the chair offered.

"Thank you for taking the job Professor, and please call me Harry, I only make people I don't like call me that." replied Harry.

"I do have to ask the question Harry, why me and not Professor McGonagall, or Professor Sprout?" asked the diminutive Professor.

"The reasons I did not want Professor McGonagall were and still are personal, though we have come to terms with that issue I still feel the professor and I need time to adjust. While I have no issue with Professor Sprout and I understand she is well liked and respected, you Professor came with a recommendation." explained Harry.

Professor Flitwick looked at the young man in front of him trying to think of who would have pointed the young man in his direction.

"Oh, who is this someone?"

"Ragnok the leader of your goblin clan at least your goblin half." replied Harry.

Professor Flitwick almost fell off his stack of books hearing the name Ragnok. It took him a moment to steady himself again; he took a moment to re-evaluate the young man sitting respectfully in front of him.

"Harry, how do you know Ragnok?"

"Ragnok is the Potter account manager, I see him regularly. We have become very good friends; Ragnok has also helped me out of a few issues and is still working towards resolving some. He asked me to pass on a message to you. He tells me you should get out of the castle and look in on your goblin family sometime."

Harry had to hold in a giggle as Professor Flitwick almost fell off of his book stack again. While the Professor was situating himself Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out a letter.

"Professor I was also asked to give you this." Harry handed over the letter.

Professor Flitwick being half goblin and raised by the goblin side of his family was still in shock that Harry was a personal friend to the head of the biggest goblin clan, the next in line to be goblin king if anything should happen to the royal family. He took the letter from Harry with a steady hand even though he was felling anything but at the moment. The letter was sealed with Ragnok's own personal seal and the Gringotts Bank seal. This was both official and personal.

He opened the letter and started reading his eyes getting bigger and bigger the more he read. After finishing the letter he looked up at Harry.

"Anything you tell or show me will be strictly between us and those you indicate, even though I have not lived outside of Hogwarts for many decades, I am still bound by the Goblin laws." Flitwick looked down at the letter again and smiled. 'This is going to be fun' he thought to himself.

"Would you like to see the Tower now, Professor? I have some friends waiting to see it as well." asked Harry.

"Yes. Yes. I would love to. Did you find any books? How do we get there?" Flitwick asked with a big smile.

Harry was just about to tell the Professor that they needed to go back down to the ground floor when he received a mental image from Hogwarts showing a portrait of two oak trees with a cat climbing up and down one of them. It was just down the hall from the Professors office and quarters.

"Well it looks like there is more then one way to get to the tower professor, There is an entrance just down the hall."

"Oh good that will make things easier." Replied Flitwick as he jumped down from his stack of books and walked around to the front of the desk.

"Well best not to keep your friends waiting Harry lead the way."
Flitwick indicated the door.

-oo00oo-

It was a couple hours after curfew, and Albus was still waiting to hear from Professor Flitwick. He was starting to think his only option was to just back away for a while and let things play out. Albus was worried about Professor Quirrell; it was obvious after observing him for most of the day that he was not himself. Albus had several listening charms in the Professors quarters, hoping to catch some confirmation that Voldemort was in possession of him.

The trouble with Harry was still bothering him as well, he needed to guide Harry to his destiny, but the boy was already out of his reach at least for the moment. The revelations over the past couple of days would take some time to plan around and for. All of his original plans were up in smoke.

Fawkes had returned and for that Albus was grateful, but the phoenix was keeping a very close eye on him. Albus was truly afraid of what his long time companion had suggested to him by leaving the day before. Was he, by his actions or inactions, going down a path that only someone with a truly dark heart would follow? For the greater good was starting to sound hollow, even to his ears.

Fawkes trilled a happy note. Albus looked up to his friend meeting his eyes. Fawkes had always been able to follow his thoughts and give his approval or disapproval. This time he was approving of what the headmaster was thinking.

"Thank you Fawkes. I wish you could tell me what to do. Voldemort is not dead; he will regain a body and his power at some point."

Again Fawkes trilled a kind of yes.

"The Prophecy, only Harry will defeat him."

This time the trill was not so encouraging. Fawkes flew down to Albus's desk and walked over to the morning Prophet. Fawkes tapped his foot on the article that had appeared there that morning. Fawkes tapped his foot on the last article.

Albus picked up the paper and reread it. He looked up at Fawkes who had flown back to his perch.

"I know about Lockhart." Albus stopped there. He hadn't known about Trelawney's involvement. When had Lockhart and Trelawney gotten together? It was another problem he didn't have the time to deal with.

As Dumbledore sat at his desk contemplating all that had happened, he was surprised to see the portrait of the first headmaster of Hogwarts swing open like a door and Professor Flitwick step out of a passage he didn't know existed.

"Good evening Headmaster, I apologize for the late intrusion but you requested that I report to you when I was done with young Harry. " Professor Flitwick conjured a chair suitable for him and sat in front of Albus's desk.

"Yessss..." Albus was at a loss for words at the moment. He just stared at the portrait of the original headmaster that was smirking back at him.

Professor Flitwick looked back over his shoulder at the portrait and smiled. "Forget it headmaster, the tower is... is like a Gringotts high security vault, by invitation only of the owner."

Dumbledore pulled his eyes away from the portrait. "And Harry controls who is allowed..." it was said as a statement but was also a question. "How many passages are there?"

Flitwick stared at Albus for a long moment. "Albus there are some things I can tell you and some I cannot. I will tell you that you need to stay out of young Harry's way for a while. He knows that you are not a bad person, but you have wronged him greatly and the list is long and painful to listen to. Albus I have known you and been your friend a long time, but if you ever cast that elf ward in my presence I will turn you over to the Aurors myself."

Albus was rocked back in his chair, if Filius had ever seen a fish out of water he would be able to say that Albus was doing a great impression of one now. "Albus he could take you before the Wizengamot right now and charge you with the Merlin Law and win.

Please just leave the boy alone." Flitwick stood up from his chair and walked over to the office door.

"I will keep an eye on Harry and his friends to make sure they stay safe. I have given him permission to allow Mr. Longbottom, Ms. Bones, and Ms. Granger to move into the tower with him at his request. I think Founders House is an appropriate name." with that parting information, Professor Flitwick left the office knowing full well that he would not have gotten away with that if Albus wasn't already distracted and off balance. Everything Harry had told him had him off balance and his respect for Dumbledore had dropped considerably, but Harry had pointed out that Dumbledore was still a great wizard and good person. just a little misguided.

Albus sat at his desk well into the night going over and over what Filius had told him. It was clearly evident at this point that he needed to reconcile with Harry any way he could and at the moment, leaving him be was for the best. Harry could sink him in one day if he wanted to and Dumbledore needed to be where he was when Voldemort returned.

-oo00oo-

Gilderoy was running, he had been running since that morning when the Daily Prophet was delivered to his home. At the moment he really was running down a crowded muggle street somewhere in London. He wasn't even sure where he was, all he cared about at the moment was finding someplace to hide from the Aurors that were chasing him.

He had apparated several times to different hiding places he had to hide for a few days, but each time the Aurors that had shown up at his home that morning were able to follow him quickly. He didn't know how they were tracking him; the Aurors didn't have time to tag him with a tracking charm. and he had checked himself twice not finding anything.

Gilderoy turned down an alley hoping to lose whoever it was that was following him. He was out of breath from the running and the muggles were giving him strange looks, like he was crazy. He felt crazy at the moment and frightened, since leaving the Obliviators

department at the Ministry of Magic he had never been this scared.

He had met Sybill Trelawney two years after starting at the Ministry. He was the top Obliviator in the department, but he could barely do anything else. "Master Obliviator" that was what she had called him that day she came looking for him. Trelawney was working in the Department of Mysteries, more specifically in the Hall of Prophecy; she had been studying them for several years and had come up with a spell that would register as a true prophecy.

Trelawney as a brilliant researcher, she could take small facts from many sources, come up with a probable future outcome and then give a false prophecy. She had more than twenty prophecies stored at the Ministry that she gave to some principle player in whatever scheme they cooked up. She had tempted fate, going too far and giving a prophecy to Dumbledore about the Dark Lord. Now she was a virtual prisoner at Hogwarts, the old man not wanting her out of his sight.

"If we work together we can be rich." That was all it had taken for Gilderoy to sign on to her little scheme. There were no longer any records of either of them having ever worked at the Ministry. She had been able to destroy everything that had their names on it while he had Obliviated almost everyone at the ministry that knew they had worked there. It took months to do, starting in their departments. Trelawney was sure that they had gotten everyone in the Department of Mysteries, Gilderoy was never too sure.

Now he was running, it was all coming down around him, the Potter boy had slipped his leash, and Dumbledore had lost control of him. Trelawney reassured him she could deal with it. Somehow she knew it was the boy who was behind Sirius Black getting a trial. Gilderoy didn't have the slightest clue how she knew. He was sure she had listening charms all over the ministry, special charms created in the Department of Mysteries.

"Lockhart, so nice to see you!" Gilderoy was snapped out of his thoughts as he had just turn down another alley and run straight into Kingsley Shacklebolt. The Auror just smiled at him. Gilderoy gave a little twist to apparate but it didn't work.

"Don't bother, anti-apparition charm." Gilderoy snapped back around pulling his wand at the same time. "OBLI..." His wand flew from his

grip directly into Shacklebolt's waiting hand, and then he saw a red light and blackness overtook him.

-oo00oo-

Harry lay in bed that night in the tower looking at Snape's memories. He wanted to copy all of the gits potions knowledge to his own library, but was finding it very difficult to do. The knowledge was too integrated into the mans own memories that if Harry tried he would have to copy all of Snape's memories, and he really didn't want to do that, Snape had too many dark memories for Harry.

Harry spent an hour removing Snape's memory of the past couple of days. For Harry's plan to work Snape could not be allowed to remember that it was Harry that had defeated him. He could remember that he was defeated, but not by who. Harry ripped out the memory of the last person Snape was looking at during the feast, and all of the following night and day's memories. Snape would wake up not knowing what had happened, only that he dueled someone and lost.

Harry used the Hall of Doors, that he had found out earlier were secret connections to many important places in Hogwarts, to sneak around the castle unobtrusively. Each door was more like a portal to a small room at each location. The small room was then concealed behind a portrait or hidden in some other manner. There was a door to each of the four houses' common rooms, the hospital wing, headmaster's office, and a dozen other locations.

Harry slipped into the Hospital Wing and made his way to where Snape's body was laying on one of the beds. He had to do this fast, he was sure Dumbledore or the nurse had alarm wards up around the git. Harry walked up to the side of the bed leaning over Snape. He then pried open both of the gits eyes and looked directly into them. He forced a connection and then forced the mind of Snape out of his own.

Snape started to blink quickly as Harry scurried to the hidden room and the portal back to the tower. Moments later both Dumbledore and Madam Pomfrey rushed into the room to find Snape sitting up in his bed looking around confused with a scowl on his face.

"Severus, do you remember what happened to you?" Dumbledore asked, not even worried about how his Potion Master was doing at this moment.

Severus looked up at the approaching Headmaster. "Why am I not in the Great Hall enjoying..." Snape stopped. "I lost a duel..."

"Do you know who it was Severus?" asked Dumbledore a second time.

Snape's scowl deepened as he tried to remember who it was he was fighting. He remembered looking around the Great Hall in disgust. That Potter brat was the four founder's heir. He remembered making eye contact with several students including Draco. In fact the last person he remembered making eye contact with was Draco, but he knew Draco didn't have any skill in the mind arts.

"The last person I looked at before waking up just now was Draco; he does not have the skill to defeat me. I know this because I have trained him at his father's request." He searched his memories again, even that place where he keeps really important memories had nothing. "I do not know Headmaster. May I return to my quarters I have classes tomorrow."

"Not before I check you out Severus, you have been out of your body for twenty six hours." Madam Pomfrey told him.

Snape's mind stopped. He had lost a day and didn't have a single memory of it. Dumbledore could see that Severus was troubled by the news and figured that he had been obliviated of the entire event.

"Get some rest Severus, I will take your classes tomorrow to give you time to recover." Albus told him.

Snape just nodded his head and laid back down on the bed. For the first time since the Dark Lord had disappeared, he was afraid, whoever had done this was as good or better than the Dark Lord at... these thoughts stopped as he realized the implications.

Chapter 19

Strategizing and Socializing

Narcissa sat in the little one room flat she had rented for the past year. Since her cousin Sirius had dissolved her marriage to the idiot Malfoy, 'oh yes he was an idiot' she thought, her life had been at a stand still. She had been waiting for the letter she had in her hand for almost a year, the letter telling her what house her son was sorted into.

She looked down again at the words, but only one stood out, 'Slytherin'. She had tried to get rid of Lucius's influence on her son, but the boy worshipped the ground the snake slithered on. 'Slytherin', she looked again. It took her another few minutes to gather her thoughts. For Narcissa the current state of living was unacceptable, as much as she hated Lucius, he had provided her a standard of living that was worthy for a member of the Black family.

Narcissa was a pureblood and proud of the fact. She believed that purebloods were better than all others, but not for the same reasons that Lucius or the other bigots did. To Narcissa it was just about station, like old money families in the muggle world. Oh yes she knew about muggles, at least the muggles worth knowing. Right now she was below all of it, not a Malfoy, as bad as that had been, and not a Black, what money she had hidden away from Lucius would keep her where she was now for many years but it would not get her back into the social circle she enjoyed.

All because her son had to go and get sorted into Slytherin, now there was only one way to get her family name back. Narcissa loved her son, she loved the boy that she gave birth to, but not the boy that her former husband had created.

Pulling a new sheet of parchment in front of her she started writing.

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Sybill Trelawney was in a panic. Everything she had worked for was falling apart. She had miscalculated the effect the prophecy she gave Dumbledore almost twelve years ago and got herself, for all intent and purposes, imprisoned inside the walls of Hogwarts. At first

the idea of being trapped in her tower, inside Hogwarts was infuriating.

Over the years she had come to enjoy being at the school. Dumbledore went out of his way to make sure she was well provided for, and all the while she was getting rich on the Potter stories and the fallout from the fall of the Dark Lord. When she made that prophecy all those years ago, she did not expect a Death Eater to be at the Three Broomsticks who then ran off to his master. It was only suppose to be one of her little scams to get some money out of the Dumbledore and the Potters.

If it had not been for Severus Snape she would have gotten the job at Hogwarts and spent a few months teaching children Divination, a branch of magic that could not be taught unless you have the inner eye of a seer. She would have then left, after giving another prophecy that would bring her more money and notability as a seer. None of that had worked out, it had turned out better.

The dark idiot had heard part of the prophecy and run to kill the Potter's. Sybill wasn't cold hearted and didn't want to see anyone die, loss their memories sure, have their life savings drained into her vault, sure. To see someone killed over her prophecies, no. Was she going to confess to her crimes? Not bloody likely. She sat the first few months stewing over the misfortune until her partner had sent her a message with the idea for the Boy-who-lived books and memorabilia.

Since then her vault at Gringotts was full to over flowing, she had a rent free place to live and do with as she pleased, house elves that saw to her every need. The only down side was having to teach all the little brats Divination. So she picked a student from every class and year to get the death prediction and that would scare off all but the truly stupid from taking her N.E.W.T classes. As it was, she didn't have any sixth or seventh year students this year.

But now she was in a panic, keeping one eye on the door to her quarters. She was expecting Dumbledore to come barging in any time now. She couldn't get away; the old goat had the wards of the castle blocking her. Her floo was cutoff, and if she was out on the grounds there was always Hagrid watching her. Not that she had been out on the grounds in ten years, so to even walk in that direction would bring attention to her.

The Potter boy just had to take offence to the books that she and Lockhart had written about him, and for once she didn't see it coming. Sybill had an information network that the wizarding world had never seen likes of in all its history, it was one of her greatest secrets. Not only did she develop the prophecy charm but she had also developed a listening charm that was completely undetectable and only she knew it. She never even told Lockhart about it. She knew he suspected but didn't have any proof. Those listening charms were everywhere. She had them in every office in the Ministry, every hallway, every lift, and even on a few key people. Diagon alley was covered in them. She had them in every room in Hogwarts, and spread out in the hallways. She even had one on Dumbledore that the old man had not detected once in fifteen years.

All of the charms fed into a special pensieve she created. She could search all the big news and get information for the prophecies she would make. It had taken her years to get it all set up. Last year when a Mr. Crandall had entered the office of Madam Bones, she got a new idea to play up the Potter scam. Sybill was a researcher and she knew everything about everyone, she had had access to family records going back a thousand years and sometimes she just guessed. Maybe she did have a touch of seer in her; her great grandma was a true seer.

Now she was waiting, waiting and panicking, it was all coming down, Lockhart had been picked up last night, and he was talking, telling the Auror everything. It wasn't going to be long now.

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At breakfast in the Great Hall, Draco was watching Potter while he ate. The buzz in the Slytherin common room the night before was enough to make him want to puke. 'The Heir of Slytherin' this and the 'Heir of Slytherin' that. 'Potter, Potter, Potter,' that was all everyone was talking about. He had been able to, with the help of most of the sixth and seventh years whose fathers were on the run like his, to get about half the house on his side against Potter.

As he was going over what had happened the night before in the common room, the morning mail arrived. Two owls descended toward him as he waited. He was sure one was from his mother, and

the other from his father since it was the family owl. After removing the letters he opened the one from his father first.

Draco,

I am proud of you. Keep watch on Potter, find out all you can. Try to get friendly with him if you can so he may take you to the Founders' Tower. You have lived up to the name Malfoy.

Father

Draco read the letter again. His father had never told him that he was proud of him before. He was going to have to think of a way to get into Potter's good graces and still maintain his position in Slytherin. He then picked up the letter from his mother and opened it.

My beloved Draco,

It shames me to think that you would still follow your father into the snake pit that has become Slytherin. I am proud of my Slytherin heritage, but our house is not what it once was. I had high hopes that you would be sorted into Ravenclaw as you are smart enough to be there.

I am sorry my son, I cannot live without a name. As of this letter, you are disowned. I will be rejoining the proud, Ancient and Noble House of Black without you.

Mother

Draco sat stunned by the letter. His mother was abandoning him to his own fate. Without the support from either his mother or his father, who at the moment could not, he was knotless. He knew his tuition was paid for at Hogwarts for all seven years, but that was it. He had about one hundred galleons in his trunk. Where would he stay during the summer and holidays? Draco again looked over at Potter, his scowl deepening as he watched Potter laugh at something being said by that squib Longbottom.

He would find a way to get what his father wanted, but he would never soil himself to be around a mudblood and blood traitors. Maybe if the mudblood had an accident...

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Quirrell was afraid, since that night in the Albanian forest he knew he was a dead man. If the possession of his body by the Dark Lord was not enough, the peck he received from the Night Crow would have finished it. His new master had promised him that if Quirrell served him well, that he would spare his life. To die a painful and cursed death from the Night Crow was a certainty if he did not do as his master asked. Quirrell, from that little corner of his mind that he was able to keep from the Dark Lord, cursed Dumbledore for sending him to that forest.

He needed to find out the other protection that lay around the stone for his master and that was going to take time. Quirrell had been pleading with his master for patience, but since the Potter boy had turned up and been declared the heir to all the founders his master had been more and more persistent.

"Quirrell!" hissed Voldemort from the back of Quirrell's head.

"Master please be patient, it would not do well to be discovered by Dumbledore. It will take time to gain the trust of the others and find out what they have placed in our path. Snape is still in the Hospital Wing, and it is not known when he will return. Without finding out what he has placed before us, I could fail you Master."

"You presume to tell me what to do!" hissed Voldemort as Quirrell was dropped to his knees in pain. "Find the answers or you are of no use to me. You have until all hallows eve, I wish to be reborn that night."

"Yes, Master." Quirrell stuttered.

"And watch the boy, he must be present that night so I may reclaim what is mine." hissed the spirit again.

"Yes, Master" stuttered Quirrell again.

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It had been an exciting night for Harry, having his friends stay in the tower with him. He wouldn't give up the Ravenclaw rooms for Hermione, so she was stuck in Slytherin's suite. Of his friends that

he invited to stay with him, only Neville and Susan really mattered at the moment. Having Hermione stay in the tower was a spur of the moment idea after seeing the look on her face. Harry had made it clear to all of them it was only going to be for the night.

Professor Flitwick told him he would inform the headmaster that the students would be in the tower for the night. The twins begged off saying they didn't like to leave their dorm unattended for too long, they had things brewing. So they left early through the secret passage for the Gryffindor Common Room.

Later that night after returning from his extra curricular activities in the Hospital Wing, Harry had gone to Neville's rooms to let him know he was invited to stay permanently if he wanted to. Neville was excited at the opportunity, but told Harry he wanted to stay in the Gryffindor house dorm for at least a little while. Truth was, and since Neville and Harry had no secrets he told Harry, that he didn't want to be singled out and Harry was going to be drawing a lot of attention for some time to come. Harry understood that, Neville wanted to be there with him but didn't want to look like he was riding on Harry's coattails. Neville needed to find his own path, it was not the end of their friendship, just a new chapter in it.

Harry didn't offer it to Susan or Hermione. He didn't invite Susan because he didn't want a girl in the tower with him without Neville being there. It wouldn't look right and could paint Susan or Hermione as something they were not. There was another reason for not inviting Hermione; he just didn't know her well enough yet.

The four made it down to the Great Hall for breakfast on time and were ready for the second day of classes. Harry was waiting for the mail so he could get his paper. He wasn't expecting anything else today, not that it would come via normal owl anyways. All his mail went to a drop box at the Diagon Alley Owl Post shop; Tula would then pick it up and sort it. The only thing he received by Owl was the Prophet and a few week or monthly publications. Harry loved The Quibbler, he found all the stories hilarious and at the same time seeing all the truths hidden in it crazy articles.

When the mail came Hedwig appeared over the head table again with the sounds of crystal chimes being heard throughout the hall. She landed on his shoulder holding out her leg for him to remove the news paper.

"Anything good in it this morning Hedwig?" Harry asked.

Hedwig hooted bobbing her head up and down.

"Harry, Hedwig isn't a normal owl is she?" It was one of the questions Hermione had been dieing to ask. She didn't think it was too personal a question that Harry would get upset over.

"Just figuring that out Hermione?" replied Harry sarcastically with a smile on this face. "No, Hedwig is not a normal owl, she is a..." Harry got interrupted.

"Moonowl. I had hoped to see one in my lifetime. I'm sorry Lord Potter I did not mean to interrupt your explanation." Harry turned to see the Headmaster standing behind him with what looked like a genuine smile. He was looking at Hedwig and she was looking right back at him.

"That is fine Headmaster. I'm not trying to keep her a secret. Hedwig found me or I found her, we argue over that, a year ago. She has been a remarkable friend and is my familiar." Harry's eyes hadn't turned black again during his reply and Dumbledore took this as a good sign.

"Simply remarkable, Fawkes has been with me for many, many years, I do hope you have as wonderful a time with Hedwig as I have had with Fawkes. May I ask a simple question Lord Potter, and please feel free to decline to answer?" asked Dumbledore.

Harry turned to look at Neville with a questioning look, Neville just gave a small shrug. Turning back Harry nodded to Dumbledore.

"Lord Potter, I would just like to know how it is you turn your eyes black?" the look on Dumbledore face told Harry all he need to know, he had stumped the old man with that trick. He wasn't sure if he wanted to give it up just yet.

"Headmaster," and Harry's eyes turn black. "Once we have resolved our differences, if we even can resolve our differences, and I am not saying that is possible yet, I will be happy to tell you." Harry kept looking at Dumbledore, but forced his eyes to flash through several other colors.

Dumbledore was taken aback for a moment. "Ah yes, well, I see, maybe at some future time of your choosing we can sit down and discuss our differences as you put it, and come to a middle ground. You are of course welcome to have anyone you wish there with you. Thank you Lord Potter."

"You're welcome Headmaster." Harry had been able to see a small change in Dumbledore's mannerisms toward him.

Dumbledore turned to leave, but stopped and turned back looking at Hedwig, but he spoke to Harry. "For what it is worth Lord Potter, I... I am sorry." Dumbledore turned away quickly and went back to the head table.

Harry just sat there looking at the retreating Dumbledore; it took a few moments and a hoot from Hedwig to get Harry to snap out of it.

"Maybe Harry, he is seeing the light again?" offered Neville as way of an explanation.

"Maybe... but I'm still not going to trust him. There is too much history... Maybe Neville." replied Harry.

Hermione had sat listening through the exchange between Headmaster Dumbledore and Harry. She was excited that the Headmaster had paid her some attention, but was confused by what had happened between him and Harry. She was just about to ask when Susan nudged her in the side. She turned to look at Susan and was about to go off about interrupting her when she saw the look on Susan's face. She had seen it a few times the night before in the tower, it meant don't ask and don't push.

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Hermione and Susan had gotten along ok the night before. After everyone was in the tower and had the tour, Susan had pulled her aside for a little talk. Hermione had been an almost non stop questioning machine from the moment they had arrived. Most of the questions were directed toward Professor Flitwick, but he didn't have any answers and Harry was filling in some as they went. He didn't answer all of them, but he did answer a few. Hermione was getting frustrated with Harry, when Susan motioned to her.

Susan pulled her into Hufflepuff's rooms and turned to her.

"Hermione, I know that Harry likes you as a friend, but I will tell you this right now, stop with all the questions. He doesn't have all the answers either and you're just going to annoy him. I have been his friend for a year and I don't know everything. My Aunt is the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement and I'm not sure, but I don't think even she knows everything about Harry and they have spent hours just talking." Susan stopped to take a breath.

"Listen Hermione, Neville, Harry, and I, have spent a lot of time together. If he won't answer my questions sometimes, what makes you think he will answer yours? There are only four people he tells everything to, Sirius Black his Godfather, Remus Lupin who is his Uncle, Tula his house elf, and Neville, oh wait there is Mr. Crandall too, he's his solicitor. My point is, you're not going to get to know Harry by asking him a thousand questions; he will open up to you the longer he's around you and gets to know you." She paused for breath again.

"As for the tower here, he knows as much as you do, maybe only a little more. This thing was a surprise to him, he didn't know about it before it happened. So just stop and listen, you will get more answers that way." Susan's rant finally ran out of steam, and she turned to rejoin the others. Hermione just stood there looking at the floor, but Susan could see she was mad.

"Oh and by the way, don't try coming between Harry and me." Susan gave her a smile. Hermione just looked shocked at Susan for a moment before Susan started laughing. "I'm joking Hermione, Harry and Neville have been best friends and I've felt like a third wheel, maybe you and I can be best friends. Want to share the Hufflepuff room with me tonight?" Hermione got a big smile on her face as Susan turned to open the door.

"Yeah, I would love that Susan." replied Hermione as she chased after her out the open door. She did end up in the Hufflepuff room talking until late into the night with Susan, but took the Slytherin room in the end when they both couldn't keep their eyes open.

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The first class of the day was Charms and Harry was looking forward to it. He was a charms prodigy and loved everything to do with the subject. He had all the theory down through the fifth year, but he had a long way to go on the practical side of things, he was only through third year material in that department. He figured out that Remus was trying to hold him back a little so he wouldn't overdue things. Remus had eventually explained, and so had several of the family portraits, that as strong as Harry was he was still only ten going on eleven, his magical core needed years to develop to a point where he could perform the more complex spells. If he tried to do anything beyond his core's ability it could damage it and he would be in big trouble then because it could put him in a magical coma or worse.

So Harry was ready for this class, he was ready for all of his classes, but this one was his favorite. It was a double with Ravenclaw and Professor Flitwick. The previous night Harry and the Professor had started off on the right foot. He had told the Professor a general overview of his life with a few details, that talk had happened in private while the rest of the group was exploring the tower. The two of them had then gotten into a discussion about charms. If it had not been for that, Professor Flitwick would have gotten to the Headmaster's office much sooner.

Harry found a seat at the front of the class; he was one of the first there. Hermione arrived not long after, not finding a seat in the first row she sat behind Harry and one row over. The rest of the class soon arrived finding seats and waiting. Professor Flitwick entered the class just as the bell sounded around the castle. It took him a moment to get up on his pile of books that he used to gain some height and get behind his podium.

"Welcome to your first day of Charms. I find this area of study to be the most exciting of all the classes here at Hogwarts; it is definitely the most widely used field of magic in the world. Now let us take attendance and get started."

After taking attendance the professor got right down to business, and Harry soon found himself in Neville's shoes from the day before. Sure he had read and studied all the first year material, he even had it explained to him several different ways by Remus and some of the Potter portraits, but to hear another view on it was exciting to him. He now understood why Neville had been so engrossed in the

lecture during Herbology the day before. Harry looked over at Neville who now had a smirk on his face as he winked at Harry.

The first half of the double class was all lectures on the theory of charms, the second half started with Professor Flitwick demonstrating the seven most common wand movements of Charms and having everyone practice. With only fifteen minutes left in the class, Professor Flitwick started asking several questions.

Harry answered the first, receiving five points to Ravenclaw. Hermione got the next getting five more points. Then the class was asked what Wingardium Leviosa was. Hermione beat Harry to raising his hand and answered the question.

"Wingardium Leviosa is the levitation charm." answered Hermione with a smile.

"That is correct Miss Granger..." started Flitwick, but he noticed Harry with his hand up. "Mr. Potter?" Flitwick had decided to use Harry's title when in class, but Harry's objections the night before changed his mind, Harry really didn't use the title for gain, only to annoy some people.

"Wingardium Leviosa is fine for lifting an object up and down, but to move the object after it is in the air you must add tactus to the spell. So the entire spell would be Wingardium Leviosa Tactus." replied Harry with his own smile.

"That is correct Lord Potter five..." Flitwick was interrupted again this time by Hermione with her hand raised. "Miss Granger?"

"There is an easier spell for setting an object floating and with movement that can be directed by your wand, Paroimotus." This time Hermione was smirking in Harry's direction.

"That is correct Miss Granger, and we will be discussing it in a later class. I think ten points to Ravenclaw."

Harry gave Hermione a scowl, but she could see it wasn't reflected in his eyes, they were currently a light yellow in color.

After Charms, Harry and Neville had a free period so they returned to the tower to relax before going to lunch. Professor Flitwick had

assigned a foot of parchment on the theory of Charms. Harry walked into his rooms Neville following him, opening his trunk Harry descended into the library compartment going to a filing cabinet.

"Did you save all your work from classes with Remus?" Harry asked Neville as he pulled out a two foot long rolled up parchment that he had done in the first charms class a year ago.

"Ya, I saved them all why?" answered Neville.

"Did you bring them with you?"

"No I left them all at home." Neville saw what Harry pulled out and slapped his hand to his head. "I should have known the assignments would be the same or close to it."

"Well my homework is done." replied Harry as he tapped the parchment roll in his hands with a smile

"Want to have lunch up here or in the Great Hall?" Harry really didn't care one way or the other, but figured he would ask. If he could get Neville accustomed to being in the tower he figured Neville would move in faster.

"Nah, I like eating in the Great Hall." Neville wasn't fooled by Harry's ploy. They exited the trunk Harry putting the roll of parchment on the desk in Rowena's sitting room to be recopied later in better handwriting.

After sitting around for an hour they left the tower using one of the doors in the hall of doors that opened into a corner of the Great Hall. Harry was looking forward to the defense class as it was his weakest subject practically. He knew the theory and the spells but had trouble casting them without a lot of practice. It had taken him a week to get the Protego shield to work right, once he got it though, it was as strong as Sirius'.

When they got into the Great Hall and sat down, Harry noticed Snape was sitting at the head table eating. To Harry, Snape looked worried, not that you could tell by his face, his scowl was firmly in place. It was the way his eyes darted around and the slow measured movements as he ate lunch. Harry just smiled to himself, his plan was already working.

During lunch Hermione was doing nothing but talking about the charms class between bites of food and how she received ten points for Ravenclaw which had Harry giving snorts in the appropriate places, although on the inside he was having a good chuckle. Hermione was so incredibly competitive Harry thought.

Harry and Neville headed toward the DADA class room. Harry was really hoping that Professor Quirrell had a different way of performing defense spells from what Remus and Sirius had taught him, something that would make them easier for him. Sitting in the second row next to Neville, Harry pulled out his book and some parchment for notes.

Quirrell entered the class and took the role before starting in on his lecture or rather stuttering through what Harry assumed was his lecture. Five minutes in and Harry had stopped taking notes and just tried to listen, in his mind he was pulling all the stuttering out, finding that Quirrell wasn't really telling them anything substantial.

It was during the second half of the double class that Harry felt an intruder in his mind again. It was subtle and had not even entered the mist around his mind. Harry looked inward and found the shadow he had encountered during the opening feast was back. In his minds library the door holding that part of Voldemort's soul was trying to break free again but the re-enforcements that Harry had put up were holding this time.

"I really need to get this thing out of the Library and my mind." thought Harry.

The shadow circled around the outside of the mist before disappearing from Harry's mind. The scar on his forehead was a little sore after the intruder left. Harry quickly looked around him, but found no one looking in his direction and Quirrell had his back to Harry writing on the blackboard. This worried Harry that he couldn't find the intruder, legilimency required line of sight, the intruder had to be in the room.

Harry scanned the room again using his glasses function to see invisible objects or persons and found nothing out of the ordinary. It was now Harry's turn to be worried. He wasn't worried that someone was entering his mind, as he could deal with that, it was that he

couldn't fine who it was and since the person had not entered deep enough Harry couldn't counter attack. He was going to have to tell Sirius and Mr. Crandall about his.

After learning nothing new in DADA from the bumbling Professor, Harry returned to the tower for his second free period of the day. Neville went to Gryffindor Tower to write to his Gran asking her to send all of his notes and homework from the past year to him and then to spend time with some of the other students.

Harry decided to forgo dinner in the Great Hall that night, and asked Tula to get him something, which she was more than happy to do. After eating Harry sat down to do the homework for DADA that turned out to be just slightly different from what he had done for Remus so he had to do it fresh.

A little after dinner finished in the Great Hall, Professor Flitwick walked into the tower's main common room. He spotted Harry sitting in the lounge area reading.

"Harry, I missed you at dinner, is everything ok?" Harry looked up at hearing the question from his Hogwarts advisor, head of house, mentor, and friend? He wasn't sure what to call Professor Flitwick yet though he did trust him.

"Everything is fine Professor; I just didn't feel like eating in the Great Hall, Tula brought me dinner here. It gave me a chance to just talk to her for a little while." replied Harry.

"Ah good, but please let me know in the future if your going to be missing a meal, I worried. I know you have seen nothing dangerous in the tower so far, but that doesn't mean there isn't something up here that you could get hurt by. Would it be alright if I took a closer look around this weekend to rule out and possible problems?"

"Thank you Professor, for worrying about me, I don't see a problem with you taking a look around, but I have to ask that nothing be removed from the tower, if it is dangerous let me know and we can discuss what to do, but if there is something dangerous like a book or object I would prefer we find a way to lock it up in the tower, because whatever is removed from the tower could find its way into meddlesome hands or worse."

"That sounds reasonable Harry. I think any of the books in the library up stairs would be trouble if they found their way into any other hands. I would ask that I be allowed to use the library. I find I am most interested in finding out what is there in the way of charms and other knowledge."

"You have free access to the library Professor, speaking of the library, there is a Potter family spell that will create an index book for the library. I have tried casting it in the past, but it is way above my skill or power level and knocked me out for two days the last time I tried it. Would you consider casting it for me if I give you the book detailing it? The spell would fall under the goblin law being as it is privileged. You could use it in school library, but not teach it to anyone else."

"I would be happy to help Harry."

Chapter 20

Ending the First Week

The first class next morning for Harry was double Herbology with all the houses. Harry met up with Neville, Susan, and Hermione, during breakfast in the Great Hall. About halfway through breakfast, Harry looked up from his plate to tell his friends about what Professor Flitwick wanted the night before and about the teacher performing the spells to create an Index Book in the tower, when some movement near the entrance caught his eye. He looked in that direction to find several people standing there talking.

"Hey, Susan, it looks like Aunt Amelia is here with some Aurors." Harry told Susan.

Susan jerked her head up from the grapefruit she was just about to dig into to survey the doors just as Madam Bones started walking toward the head table. Susan waved to her aunt and got a small smile in return before her aunt returned her attention to the head table.

Harry glanced up at the head table and could see Dumbledore already rising out of his seat to meet the formidable woman.

"Madam Bones, to what do we owe the pleasure of this visit?" Dumbledore asked as he stood behind the Head Table. Harry turned back to look at the entrance and found that of the six other people that had been there only one was left and he appeared to be guarding the door.

"Headmaster Dumbledore, as a courtesy I'm informing you that Sybill Trelawney is being taken into custody, a full list of the charges will be heard at her trial, but I wanted to tell you in person. May we adjourn to your office or would you like the entire school to hear?" replied Amelia.

"No, no, please let us go to my office where we can talk." Dumbledore started moving toward the side door that was behind the head table. Madam Bones turned to the students and looked at Harry.

"Lord Potter," She called out. "If you would please join us, this involves you as well."

Harry looked around as he stood up, seeing the eyes of all the students had turned toward him as well. Harry started walking toward Amelia; he could hear the whispering start up behind him as he approached. Harry got an annoyed look on his face.

"What's the matter Potter, found out for the fraud you are?" This came from the direction of the Slytherin table. Harry turned and looked to see Draco smirking at him.

Before Harry could respond, Amelia did it for him.

"Absolutely not Mr. ..., Lord Potter needs to sign the parchment handing ownership of the castle over to him." Amelia turned back to Harry who had a bewildered look on his face as he reached her. If Harry had not known Amelia better, he would have missed the smirk she gave him. Harry's eyes instantly turned yellow as he tried to contain the laugh that was threatening to escape.

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When the door burst open and the yelling started, Sybill knew they had come for her. "Sybill Trelawney, drop your wand!" Sybill pulled out her wand. She was never very good at dueling, but she wasn't going to go quietly.

"Stupefy" That was the last thing Sybill heard before the dark took over.

When she woke, Sybill felt the ropes around her and she couldn't move. The most she could move was her eyes and she could see an Auror waving his wand over her.

"Remove her earrings, all the necklaces, and her glasses, they're all magical." spoke the Auror. Sybill could feel her earrings being removed and the necklaces being pulled off over her head, than the world went back to normal as her glasses were pulled from her face. The glasses only slightly corrected her vision; it was all the other charms on the glasses that made them special.

Her biggest regret was the emergency portkey earring that had been removed. She had been hoping that as she was taken outside Hogwarts wards she would have been able to escape, now the Auror made that option, moot.

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The walk to Dumbledore's office was filled with Harry still trying to control his laughter. Aunt Amelia, as he was instructed to call her months ago, kept giving him sideways looks with a little half smirk that he just couldn't look at without laughing. Harry had not been in this part of the castle yet so was intrigued by the fact that it was very non-descript in appearance, he honestly thought that as flamboyant as Dumbledore was that he would see more and more extravagances the closer they got to his office.

Finally they arrived at the gargoyle that guarded the office, and before Amelia could say anything the statue moved aside to reveal a spiral staircase. They both climbed the stairs stopping outside a dark hardwood door. Amelia raised her hand to knock but before she could they heard the Dumbledore call for them to enter.

When Harry entered the Headmaster's office he took a quick look around. The first thing he noticed was the many portraits hanging on almost all of the available wall space followed by the large bookcase full of tomes of different sizes. To one side of the large desk set in the center of the room, were several shelves with many small devices, some of which were moving and giving off small puffs of smoke and some were quiet, not moving or doing anything.

Atop the bookcase Harry spotted the sorting hat that was looking back down at him with a smile. "Lord Potter, it is good to see you again." spoke the hat.

"Gideon, how is next year's song coming?" asked Harry.

"I have not even started yet, Lord Potter, but I will come up with something." replied the hat.

Harry's eyes were then drawn to the bird sitting atop its perch, the beautiful red and gold feathers giving the bird a regal presence. Harry had seen this bird before, the night that Hedwig had revealed herself to Harry. At the time Harry hadn't known that the bird was a

Phoenix, Hedwig had clued him in later what the bird was and that its name was Fawkes.

"Good to see you again Fawkes, Hedwig has spoken well of you." Harry spoke to the Phoenix. Fawkes replied with a soft trill. Albus took note of the interaction; he smiled with the twinkle in his eyes going full force.

"Lemon Drop?" offered Dumbledore to his two guests though he was surprised to see Harry.

"Lord Potter, I was not aware you would be here. Madam Bones was there a reason you invited Lord Potter?" asked Dumbledore.

"This involves Harry and he needs to hear this as well." Amelia replied with a serious expression. "Albus Dumbledore, Sybill Trelawney has been taken into custody for questioning. It has been revealed that she at one time worked for the Department of Mysteries, during which time she developed a charm that mimics the effects and power given when a true prophecy is spoken by a seer. The reason no one remembers her working in that department is due to her partner Gilderoy Lockhart. He was a member of the Obliviator squads and was one of their best. Working together they removed all trace of their work history from the Ministry records and the memories of its employees."

"All prophecies given by Sybill Trelawney are now in question." When Amelia finished speaking Harry found that he had to sit down. Dumbledore looked at the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement like she had grown a second head.

In a whisper that both Dumbledore and Amelia had trouble hearing Harry finally spoke. "It was a lie, my parents died for nothing?"

"I'm sorry Lord Potter what did you say?" asked Dumbledore.

"The prophecy, 'The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches' it was a lie!" Harry was now glaring at Dumbledore. "You believed her, you got my parents killed, you put Sirius in prison too, too get control over me, you... you should have known, 'Most powerful wizard of our time' bollocks." At this point Dumbledore looked like he had tried to swallow a hundred of his lemon drops at once.

Harry didn't stop, his eyes were not the normal black he used when looking at the Headmaster; they were now the deepest ice blue they had ever been. Harry was now on his feet and all the objects around him, shelves, chairs, and Dumbledore's desk, had started to shake.

"YOU SENT ME TO THE DURSLEYS; YOU PUT ME IN HELL FOR YOUR OWN PURPOSES, YOU... YOU..." it was at that point that Dumbledore flew backwards from his chair and slammed into the wall at the back of the room where he slumped to the floor shaking his head and groaning.

Amelia placed a hand on Harry's shoulder, she had no fear that Harry would strike at her. "Harry, take a deep breath, get control of your magic." Amelia pulled him in, hugging him to her. While holding Harry she looked over at Dumbledore who was just pulling himself up off the floor. He looked shaken and was moving with a grimace of pain, it looked like one of his legs was hurt. Everything in the office had stopped shaking and Harry was sobbing into Amelia's robes, she could hear him repeating something over and over, but not what it was.

Amelia watched as Dumbledore slowly made his way back to his desk where he sat back down with a flash of pain. He didn't look up at Amelia until she started speaking.

"Albus Dumbledore, at this time I feel I should inform you that I have also opened an investigation into your involvement with the improper handling of the Potter Wills, your placement of Harry into an abusive home, your involvement in the Sirius Black affair or deliberate lack of, and any other charges that may come to light."

Albus just nodded his head.

"Madam Bones... Lord Potter, I am truly sorry for what I have put you through. I in all honesty believed what I heard and the events lent credence to the truth of the prophecy, that part of the prophecy found its way to Voldemort only added to the danger. The events that followed added more belief, I thought what I was doing was for the best and would keep you safe until you could fulfill your destiny."

Albus started his explanation but was cut off by Harry who turned around, his eyes still icy blue but with black spots creeping in. At the

moment Harry wasn't in control of his eye color, and his emotions were running too strong.

"Then you should have made sure I was being treated with love not loathing! You should have been training me to fulfill that destiny! You should have cared, but all you see is your weapon, something for you to control..." Harry couldn't take it any longer; he squeezed Amelia one more time since she was still holding him then turned, walking toward the door of the office. As he turned the handle, Harry looked back over his shoulder and addressed Amelia. Harry had no sympathy for Dumbledore now.

"Before you leave Madam Bones, I would like to report and ask that you look into whatever the Headmaster is doing in the third floor corridor on the right side, whatever it is he has warned students that they would meet a gruesome death if they wandered there." With that parting shot Harry exited the office and slowly made his way to the Founder's Tower.

Back in the Headmaster's office Amelia turned back on Dumbledore after the office door closed.

"I know Amelia; I made a mistake, several mistakes. If the prophecy is in fact false then I have wronged Harry more than I care to think about. Before you judge me too harshly, please believe me when I say, Voldemort did not die that night. Whether you or I believe the prophecy or not, Voldemort does. For that reason alone Harry needs to be protected." Albus had noticed that Amelia had not flinched at the name Voldemort. He also noticed she was still giving him a steely stare.

"Harry did send Voldemort into exile that night, and you know as well as I do that his followers would have tried to take their revenge on Harry. He was safe from them at the Dursleys. He was safe from Voldemort." continued Albus. "I also felt it would be better for Harry to grow up away from the fame..." Amelia cut him off; she was finally getting the idea.

"Albus, you can not distract me, what do you have on the third floor?"

With a heavy sigh and a painful wince Dumbledore sat back into his chair. "A friend has asked me to protect one of his possessions, He

is afraid, and I agree, that Voldemort is after it. The Gringotts break-in lent credence to our fears. There are several dangerous things protecting the object." replied Dumbledore.

"Let me get this straight. You have brought an object that is both dangerous and highly sought after by people of questionable morals into a school full of children then placed dangerous, and if the warning you gave the students is true, deadly protections around said item. Have you lost what is left of your mind! What is the object and what are the protections?" demanded Amelia.

"I'm sorry Amelia, I would rather not say." answered Dumbledore.

"Fine, I will have a team of Aurors here within the hour to remove the object and the protections. I will also be informing the school Board of Governors of your endangerment of the students." replied Amelia formally as she stood to leave.

"Madam Bones that won't be necessary, I will contact my friend and have the object and protections removed within the hour." Albus replied with a worried look on his face.

Amelia noted Dumbledore's quick reaction to the ultimatum with surprise, she was expecting more of a fight on the subject. Dumbledore didn't like his domain being invaded like she was now doing. Amelia figured there was more to this than was being told and she wanted to get to the bottom of it.

"Albus, I have known you for a long time, we have worked together during the last war several times, and there is something you're not telling me, if I find that this something endangers or injured any of the students..." Amelia let the threat hang there in the air.

"It will be taken care of Madam Bones."

Amelia nodded her head once before leaving the office. Albus sat back again in his chair trying to figure out how he was going to comply and still maintain the illusion that nothing had changed to the staff. But before he could do anything he wrote a note, giving it to Fawkes. "Please take this to Poppy, I believe I am in need of her services." Fawkes took the note and flashed away.

Albus sat back again, wincing as he contemplated what had happened. The power that Harry displayed was beyond even where he himself was at Harry's age. He was sure that neither Harry nor Amelia had noticed that he had raised a shield at the first sign that Harry was going to lose control of his magic. That Harry's magic blew through his shield gave Dumbledore reason to be concerned.

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Harry skipped Herbology, spending the morning in the tower alone after asking Tula to inform Professor Flitwick that he would be in the tower and not at lunch or dinner. Harry paced around the common room for most of the time trying to calm the anger and sadness he was feeling. After a few hours of walking in circles around the room, Harry finally pulled his mirror from the hidden pocket in his robes and called Sirius.

"Hey pup, how are you doing today?" His godfather greeted him, but seeing the look on Harry's face he became concerned. "What's wrong Harry? What did the headmaster do this time?"

"Aunt Amelia showed up here this morning, it was all a lie Sirius. Trelawney is a fraud, the prophecy was a fake." Harry was working himself up again. "He believed her, he got Mum and Dad killed, he put me in that hell, all for his greater good!" Harry exclaimed.

"Calm down Harry, start from the beginning, tell me everything that happened." replied Sirius. Harry could see the concern on his Godfathers face and that Remus had joined him, Harry could see him behind Sirius. Harry started explaining everything that happened in Dumbledore's office. He would have preferred to just have them look it up in Gryffindor's original Hogwarts: A History, but Harry had it with him. He would have preferred to erase that entire encounter from the book and his memory, but he could do neither.

After telling his guardians about what happened Sirius was ready to come get him from the castle after hexing Dumbledore into the next life. Remus wasn't much better, but he held Sirius back. The three talked for several hours during which point Amelia had arrived at Potter Manor to inform Sirius and Remus. She got an earful from Sirius about dropping that kind of information on Harry all at once. Amelia apologized to Harry over the mirror. He told her it was okay, that he would have wanted to know, and not to feel bad.

It was just before dinner when Professor Flitwick arrived to check on Harry. He found him sleeping on one of the settees in the common room, tear tracks running down his face and with Tula Harry's House Elf watching over him.

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Harry awoke the next morning depressed and wanting to avoid classes again, but Tula already had his uniform out for him after telling him he would be going to class. Harry made it to the great hall for breakfast and found his friends waiting for him. Dumbledore wasn't there, making Harry wonder what he was up to. He wasn't entirely sure he wanted to know.

When Neville asked if everything was ok, Harry told him he would explain later. Harry really tried hard not to keep any secrets from his best mate. Hermione just sat through breakfast looking like she was going to explode wanting to ask all of her questions. Harry actually found it rather funny watching as she open and close her mouth like she was going to ask something and thought better of it a second later.

Harry wasn't looking forward to the first class of the day, potions. He really was not in the mood to put up with what he knew Snape would put him through. He was seriously considering giving the Potions Master another out of body experience, but it was too soon for that so he avoided looking in his direction. It was too risky to do anything in the classroom because Dumbledore would be able to narrow down who was responsible to the people in that class.

After breakfast Harry and Neville made there way to the dungeon for potions with the Slytherins. They arrived early and waited outside the door with the rest of the class. Harry spotted Draco casually leaning against a wall with his two idiot body guards next to him; the other Slytherins with the exception of Pansy Parkinson were keeping their distance from the no name.

Draco looked up as Harry and Neville arrived. He didn't say anything to Harry or Neville, he just stared at them. Harry could tell that Draco wanted something and he had a good idea what it was. The door to the class room flew open a moment later. "Well, what are you brats waiting for? Get in here!" Snape called into the hallway.

Harry and Neville found seats in the back, after everything Harry had found out about Snape he didn't want to be anywhere near the greasy git. He was going to make Snape suffer, his plan was in motion.

A few moments later Snape walked into the room from his connected office with the normal billowing of his robes.

"You are here to learn the subtle science and exact art of potion-making," he began. [...] I don't expect you will really understand the beauty of the softly simmering cauldron with its shimmering fumes, the delicate power of liquids that creep through human veins, bewitching the mind, ensnaring the senses ... I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, even put a stopper in death - if you aren't as big a bunch of dunderheads as I usually have to teach." (Rowling PS8)

Harry's eye twitched ever so slightly at that, it was the same quote Snape used every year. It was all directly out of one of the books Snape had written while getting his mastery. Snape started calling the attendance, but stopped when he got to Harry's name.

"Ah, Harry Potter, our new celebrity." started Snape.

"Excuse me Professor, but that would be Lord Potter." replied Harry. He was going to have some fun. Snape didn't miss a beat.

"Ten points from..." this is where Harry got him.

"Slytherin I think professor, since they are the first house I got points for." Harry finished for him. Harry could see the anger building up behind Snape's mask of indifference.

"Detention Potter for your cheek!" Snape turned away from Harry toward his desk for a moment then turned back. "Potter! ... What would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?"

"Draught of Living Death, which will cause anyone who drinks it to fall into a sleep so deep, that they will appear to be dead." Snape looked at Harry with a hint of surprise but it quickly disappeared and the scowl was back.

"Where would I find a Bezoar?" Snape shot back at Harry.

"In the stomach of a goat." Harry replied in a calm voice.

"What is the difference between monkshood and wolfsbane?"

"Nothing sir, they are the same plant. Muggle botanists call it aconite."

("What is the most popular use of armadillo bile?"

"That would be the Wit-Sharpening potion," Harry replied frowning. That was a potion on the fourth year syllabus.

"Frozen ashwinder eggs?"

"Er, love potions, professor."

"Powdered moonstone and syrup of hellebore, Potter. What potion uses both ingredients?"

"That would be the Draught of Peace, sir." Snape was trying to trip him up with material much more advanced than Harry should know. The fact that Harry still knew the answers thanks to his grand father Anton's books must be driving the Snape mad. Harry knew he was pushing it, but he couldn't help himself.

"Pomegranate juice?"

"Strengthening solution, sir."

"When must fluxweed be gathered to be useful for potion making?"

"During the full moon, sir," Harry replied. Snape's face was darkening and the class had gone utterly silent. (Nightmares of Futures past by S'tar'Kan))

Snape glared at Harry tempting him to say anything else. He finally turned to the rest of the class yelling out. "Why aren't you taking notes?" Snape yelled out at the rest of the class.

Snape then turned to the board at the back of the class waving his wand. The notes for the lesson appeared on the board along with the instructions for brewing a simple potion to cure boils. "The instructions for the potion are on the board get to it." Snape snapped out at the class as he walked behind his desk sitting down.

Harry and Neville started the potion; both could do it from memory. Harry was the first to notice that the instructions on the board were incorrect. The instructions called for the potion to be stirred three times counter clockwise at the end before taking the potion off the fire. The correct way was to stir it clockwise three times after taking it off the fire.

The mistake would not change the potion by much and it would still be acceptable for use. The difference would be slight, a small change in color and in potency. Harry looked at Neville and could see that he had already noticed the mistake so Harry pulled out a piece of parchment and scribbled a quick note on it. He passes the note to the next group of Gryffindors over and went back to brewing.

Snape walked around the room sneering at the Gryffindors and giving small pieces of advice to the Slytherins. Harry noticed the note had made it around all the Gryffindors. Harry and Neville finished the potion first even with Snape glaring over their shoulder. Snape tried to find something wrong with their potion, when he was unable to he walked to the front of the class. Harry made sure to bottle up several doses of the potion before turning in the sample. He always kept a few potions in his trunk in case of trouble.

At the end of class as everyone placed their finished vial on Snape's desk. As Harry placed his vial down Snape bumped his desk causing Harry's vial to fall. Fortunately Harry was ready for this trick having seen Snape use it before while looking through his memories. Harry's vial had an unbreakable charm on it so he just picked it up placing it back on the desk.

Harry could see Snape was fuming mad; Harry could swear he could see steam coming from the man's ears.

During History of Magic which Harry had next he pulled out his Hogwarts: A History notes and books to continue comparing the different revisions. Harry was well aware that it would take years to get the comparisons done and then to put together a correct and

factual revision of the book. He was grateful that he had Gryffindor's original to reference and get the truth from.

That afternoon in the double Defense against the Dark Arts class the shadow intruder was back again only circling around Harry's mind never entering his first line of defense. He was still unable to identify who it was but he was narrowing it down and right now he had only one suspect, Quirrell. The problem with the conclusion was that it happened when Quirrell had his back to Harry.

Harry put the problem to the back of his mind for now as he had bigger fish to fry. After class Harry made sure to hook up with Susan and Hermione, all of his friends joining him at the Founders table. It didn't happen until half way through the meal but Snape finally looked his way at a time when Dumbledore was distracted talking to Flitwick. Snape attacked forcing his way into Harry's mist; Harry opened a path to his trap room which Snape fell for, not remembering the last encounter.

As soon as Snape was in the room Harry slammed the door shut cutting him off from his body again. Back in the Great Hall Snape's body pitched forward again landing in a pile of mashed potatoes that he had just dished out to himself.

As the dishes and utensils clattered Dumbledore spun around to find his Potions Master face down in his plate again. Madam Pomfrey was already moving toward the Professor. Dumbledore looked around the hall scanning everyone. He noticed first that Harry was calmly eating his dinner not even looking up at the head table until Hermione point the problem out to him. Harry looked up at where Snape was being pried out of his mash potatoes and shrugged his shoulders at Hermione.

Dumbledore turned to look at his school nurse getting a glance and nod from her confirmed his suspicions; it was the same problem as last time.

In Harry's mind Snape was already snugly confined, Harry didn't even bother talking to the man this time. He also placed a silencing area around Snape's mind so that he didn't have to listen to him yelling and screaming about how he was going to get Harry.

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Dumbledore walked into the Infirmary looking for Madam Pomfrey, she found him first. "Don't even ask, it's the same thing." Poppy told him as he started.

"May I take a look again, I may be able trace who or what is happening to him." asked Dumbledore.

Madam Pomfrey just waved her hand in Snape's direction as she walked away to her office. Dumbledore looked into Snape's mind again after waving his wand over the unconscious professor for a few minutes. The results where the same as last time, nothing, Snape was just not in his body and there was no trace as to how he came to be that way.

Before leaving the infirmary Albus place several wards around Snape's bed keeping everyone except him and Poppy away from Snape.

As he walked back to his office, deep in thought, Albus failed to notice that he was being watched from an alcove across from the infirmary entrance.

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The day's scheldule was History, Transfiguration, Charms and Astronomy but before History the Gryffindors had their first flying lesson with the Slytherins. While Neville joined the Gryffindor side of the lines Harry decided to join the Slytherin line. He received a few funny looks from the Slytherins but no one said anything. Draco tried to hide a scowl but Harry caught it. While waiting for the instructor to arrive Harry squatted down next to his school broom to take a better look at it. It was an old Cleansweep 400 that looked like it had seen better days. The Bristles needed trimming, but there was barely enough left of them to trim. The handle needed polishing and Harry could see a few small cracks in the handle.

Looking up he caught Neville's eye, giving him a look that told the boy everything Harry was thinking about the brooms and Neville completely agreed.

The professor arrived and introduced herself as Madam Hooch, and started giving her lecture.

"Hold your hand over your broom and say up." She called out after giving a safety lecture and warning everyone to follow her direction or get expelled. Everyone held their hands over their brooms and all Harry could hear after that was people yelling out the word "UP". He and Neville both got immediate responses from their brooms as the brooms jumped up into their waiting hands. Harry noticed a few others were also successful in getting their brooms off the ground; Draco, his two goons, along with a few more of the Slytherin purebloods.

"UP" Harry looked over, it was Ron Weasley that was yelling at his broom. Harry noticed it was an even older Cleansweep, a three hundred by the looks of it. Neville looked surprised by the boy's trouble. From what Neville had told Harry about Ron, the boy lived and breathed Quidditch. Harry assumed it was the broom, not that Ron didn't know how to fly. By the time Ron got the broom to respond everyone else had been waiting for a minute.

"Mount your broom but do not push off. Good, now when I blow my whistle you will give a good strong push, rise up, hover, then come... MR. WEASLEY GET BACK DOWN HERE."

Harry looked in Ron's direction in time to see him rise a few feet in the air before the broom took off like a bullet. Harry could easily see that Ron was not in control of the broom, he was hanging on for dear life. Harry watched in horror as Ron was thrown around, twirled, barrel rolled, and bounced off the castle walls a few times. Ron finally couldn't hold on any longer and was forced to let go when he was about twenty feet off the ground. When he hit the ground everyone heard the snap.

Madam Hooch rushed to Ron to check on him. Ron was sitting up holding his left wrist with his right hand and looked to be in a lot of pain. What happened next was a blur. After checking Ron and getting him to his feet, Madam Hooch warned everyone to stay on the ground or be expelled.

Harry moved over next to Neville to talk while they waited for the professor to return.

"Oh, look Weasley dropped his wand." Harry looked in the direction of the voice to see Draco hold up a wand.

In a calm voice Harry called out. "Draco, give the wand to Neville so he can return it to Ron." Draco looked shocked that Harry was the one standing up to him. Draco was already committed at this point. Draco wasn't expecting Harry to be the one to speak up.

"Why should I, the squib doesn't need it. He can't even control a simple broom." replied Draco.

"Just give it here." Harry spoke in a cold voice.

"I don't think so..." started Draco as he mounted his broom and slowly rose into the air. "I think I'll leave it somewhere he can find it, maybe the roof."

Harry was tempted to get on his broom to chase the idiot down but instead just pulled his wand out. "Accio Weasley's wand." Harry said in almost a whisper but those around him heard it, including a few Slytherins. The wand flew from Draco's hand to the blonde boy's surprise which caused him to lose his concentration. Draco's broom flipped over dropping him to the ground from about fifteen feet. Draco's landing was stylish and dramatic; his face met the ground first, followed quickly by the rest of him.

Harry knew Draco was alive; the idiot was groaning as he lay on his stomach. Harry had captured Ron's wand out of the air, handing it to Neville. "Make sure Ron gets this back." Neville nodded.

It was only several seconds later that Professor McGonagall appeared, rushing up to Draco who still had not moved other than to groan. McGonagall made a few tsks as she looked Draco over. She summoned a stretcher placing Draco on it before rushing into the castle with the stretcher following behind. Harry watched as the Professor and Draco disappeared into the front doors. He hoped Draco wasn't seriously hurt but figured he had got what he deserved.

Draco wasn't seen the rest of the day, missing lunch and dinner. Ron, after getting his wand back from Neville, nodded to Harry from the Gryffindor table at lunch. Harry still didn't like Ron all that much, he knew Ron was a closet bigot and jealous of everyone who had more than him. The incident on the train, him calling Hermione a mudblood, was proof of that.

Midnight Astronomy turned out to be a class Harry just wanted to drop. It was all memorization of star charts with a few calculations thrown in to find where to look in any night sky. Harry had learned all of this from Remus who had an intimate knowledge of Astronomy.

After class Harry found his way to the tower and crashed. It had been a long day and week; he was ready to go home, back to the private lessons where he wouldn't have to put up with all the people and personalities that he wasn't used to.

Chapter 21

Hufflepuff Legacy

Fraud, Theft and Seers

That was the headline in the Daily Prophet Saturday morning. Harry stayed in the Tower for breakfast, Neville, Susan and Hermione joined him after informing Professor Flitwick. The Professor informed them he would stop later to go over the tower and to set up the Library Index Book for Harry. Hermione was bouncing in her chair while eating breakfast in anticipation of watching the Professor casting the spells. She asked Harry several times to tell her about the spells but he kept telling her that they were and is family magic, therefore a family secret. He explained that not even Neville knew how to cast it before she would stop asking about it.

Susan and Neville talked with each other during breakfast while trying not to laugh at Hermione's antics. The fact that Harry's eyes had yellow specks floating around in them was enough to tell his two friends that he was okay.

Harry looked back down at the paper in front of him.

Seers, Divination, most of us would look on those that clam to see the future, the possibilities, to be a little off at the best of times. In the past eleven years many have been taught Divination at Hogwarts by Sybill Trelawney. Many who have sat through her class agree that Trelawney is stranger than most. This week we have seen the arrest of our beloved writer and Dark Arts fighter Gilderoy Lockhart who as it has been rumored by the Department of Magical Law Enforcement to be a complete fraud after a law suite was filed by Lord Potter. The arrest of Lockhart has now led to the arrest of Sybill Trelawney. A reliable source within the DMLE told this report that Lockhart implicated Trelawney as his accomplice in the frauds perpetrated against Lord Potter and others. The same source has informed this reporter that Lockhart's books are also fraudulent. Lockhart has confessed to having been a Ministry employee working as an Obliviator. The stories written about within his books, it has turned out are true, but were stolen from others who Lockhart then Obliviated of the event. Many are now asking how this has anything to do with Sybill Trelawney. Information coming out of the DMLE is that Trelawney also worked for the Ministry at some point in the past

for the Department of Mysteries. For both Lockhart and Trelawney all records and memories of their employment at the Ministry has been destroyed or erased from the ministry employees. Both are facing hundreds of counts of illegal use of Obliviate, theft of Ministry records, and other crimes. This reporter has been told that more charges are pending; if found guilty on the current charges both Trelawney and Lockhart face life sentences in Azkaban.

Harry dropped the paper back on the table after scanning the rest of it quickly into his memory. The paper wasn't on the table a second before Hermione snatched it up to read. After reading the headline she looked at Harry, she was aware that something was going between him and Lockhart, some lawsuit. Harry didn't seem upset about the article so she didn't say anything.

Professor Flitwick arrived not long after breakfast. "Good morning everyone, are you ready to take a walk around Harry?" ask the dominative Professor.

"Sure, were do you want to start?" replied Harry.

"Well I already scanned the Hall of Door on my way in, there was nothing of concern there. I'm going to want to see where each door goes at some time. I did put a lock on the door that goes to the Headmasters office. I'm sorry Harry, Dumbledore asked me to do that and I agreed."

"I understand Professor." Harry nodded to Flitwick.

"Okay how about we go through the individual quarters first?"

"Sounds good Professor, Hermione would like to join us, she wants to see what you're going to do."

"What about you, Neville, Susan, will be joining us?"

"No thank you Professor, Susan and I have some homework to get done." answered Neville with Susan nodding her head.

Harry waved the professor toward Hufflepuffs rooms where he started his scans. Both Harry and Hermione watch in fascination at the complex wand movements and long string of Latin Professor Flitwick was using. Between each casting Hermione asked a dozen

questions about what the professor was doing. Harry just watched and listened, Hermione was asking all the same questions he would have anyway.

"Ms. Granger, now I understand how you ended up in Ravenclaw." Flitwick smiled at the blushing Hermione.

After ten minutes, Flitwick walked toward one wall of the Hufflepuff sitting room. "There is something here." The professor indicated a section of wall that had nothing on it. "It's not a door, but I'm seeing a magical signature here."

Harry watched as the professor poked his wand toward the wall, but it stopped a little more than a foot from the wall. "Hmmm" Flitwick pulled his wand back; putting it away he reached his hand toward the same spot. Harry and Hermione watched as the professor felt around then pulled his hand back, but he was holding a book in his hand. The book looked old but well preserved, it was bound in black leather and had what looked like a family symbol or crest on the front.

"There is a hidden bookcase here. it feels like there are dozens of books." Flitwick with Harry and Hermione looking over his shoulder turned the book on its side to see the title, "Morgana's Curse." Flitwick almost dropped the book at seeing the title.

"Oh my..." Flitwick opened the book to the first page after turning the book away from the students and started reading. "Oh, my, this is definitely something I would not want you to have access too. I don't think I would want access to it." The book was hand written and Flitwick was having trouble reading the old language.

"Professor?" asked Harry.

"Harry, this was written by Morgana La Fey, she was a dark witch from the time of Merlin." Hermione gasped, Harry just had a look of curiosity. Flitwick put the book down on the reading table in the room; he then reached into the hidden book shelf again pulling out another book. It was bound in the same color leather with the same crest on it. "Delivering Death." Flitwick didn't even open the book.

It took several minutes for Professor Flitwick to pull all of the books from the hidden bookcase. All of the books were bound the same

way and all had titles that gave all three of them the chills. In all there were forty books that looked to be written by Morgana La Fey.

"Why would Helga Hufflepuff have books like this?" this was from Hermione.

Harry was looking at the cover of one of the books. "The crest on these is similar to the Hufflepuff Crest. It looks like some things were removed from the Morgana family crest to make the Hufflepuff Crest, could they be related or the same family?"

"They could be." this from Professor Flitwick.

"I'll be right back professor." Harry told the professor as he walked out of the room. When Harry walked back in the Flitwick was working on dispelling whatever it was that was hiding the bookcase. In Harry's arms was another book that immediately got Hermione's attention.

"Harry, is that a first edition Hogwarts: A History?" Hermione knew Harry had one plus there was one in the Ravenclaw Library but she didn't expect Harry to get his. It looked older then the one she had looked at the first night at the school.

"No." replied Harry. "I must ask you both of you to never mention to anyone that you have seen this book. It is a family heirloom." Harry placed the book on the table as Flitwick and Hermione walked over. Hermione looked at the cover.

"It is a first edition Hogwarts: A History!" Hermione blurted out. Harry looked at Hermione then the professor.

"No. It is THE first Hogwarts: A History written by Godric Gryffindor. It is self updating." That was all Harry was going to tell them. He opened the book to the first blank page then asked his question.

"Is Helga Hufflepuff related to Morgana La Fey?" On the page the word "Yes" appeared. When the book didn't continue Harry asked the next question.

"How was she related?" It took a moment for the book to respond as if it was struggling to answer. Finally the words started to appear slowly. "Fifth generation Grand Daughter, last of the La Fey family."

Hermione gasped. Professor Flitwick looked stunned as he read the words. Harry asked the next question as if he didn't really want to know the answer.

"Was Helga Hufflepuff a Dark Witch?" He knew the Dark Arts tended to run in families, like the Black family, but there was always the chance the family had given it up. The simple answer to the question appeared on the page, "No". The book then continued. "Helga studied the family Dark Arts in an effort to find counters or cures to the curses in the family books. She was not successful. Helga has left a message to whoever finds the books."

"What is the message?" Harry asked.

To my Heir,

If you have found the family books, you have two choices, continue my work to find cures for the curses our family created or destroy the books leaving the tortured souls to their fate. It is my hope that a cure can be found for Morgana's Curse so that the souls of those afflicted can be set free. The creatures the curse creates from the innocent are the darkest of dark, drinking in the happy emotions that they can no longer feel from those around them making a person to relive their worst memories.

It was Professor Flitwick that gasped this time. "Dementors, the curse created the Dementors." The letter continued.

It is possible to destroy the creatures but that does not set the soul free of the curse. Please if you choose to continue my work, find a way to set the souls free, they are children and good people innocent of any wrong.

Be well my Heir,

Helga Hufflepuff

Harry closed the book then turned to look at Professor Flitwick.

"Professor, I understand your hesitance in allowing me access to the book but I ask that they not be destroyed."

The look on Hermione's face told Harry all he needed to know about what she thought of the idea of destroying a book.

"Harry, I believe these books should be destroyed but I am in agreement if there is a way to free the soul of those cursed."

"Professor, what is a Dementor?" asked Hermione.

"Dementors are the guard to Azkaban, they are foul creatures that feed on the happy thoughts and emotions of those around them, making them relive their worst memories. They also have the horrible ability to pull your soul from your body, leaving your body alive. The Ministry uses it on the worst of the worst as punishment. It's a death sentence." replied Flitwick.

Hermione looked on in horror as the professor explained. Harry wasn't to happy either. Sirius had lived around the creatures for years and was under the constant threat of losing his soul.

"Well let me see if I can break this ward around the bookcase then we can figure out what to do." It took the professor another ten minutes to break the ward allowing everyone to see the bookcase. He then returned the books to the shelves.

"Harry I'm going to place a ward around the bookcase so that no one but me can remove the books. We can talk about working on the curse sometime in the future. I would like the chance to work on the problem, I would ask the headmaster to help, he has much more knowledge in this area, but I know things are strained between the two of you at the moment."

Harry didn't respond right away and Flitwick could see that Harry was thinking about what he said.

"Let me think about it Professor, after what has happened this week." Harry finally responded after Flitwick had warded the bookcase.

"Very well Harry. Shall we continue?"

Both Harry and Hermione nodded. They didn't find anything else in Hufflepuff's rooms so moved on to Ravenclaws chambers which

Harry was using. Harry returned Godric's, Hogwarts: A History to his trunk as the professor started scanning the rooms.

"Everything looks fine here Harry." Flitwick informed Harry. The three investigators moved on to the other founders chambers but didn't find anything of interest. Back in the common room the Flitwick started his scans while Harry told Neville and Susan about what they had found so far after getting a promise from both not to tell anyone about the books. Harry trusted them never to betray his secrets.

"Okay Harry, there is a dueling area set up over there; I think you already knew that." Harry nodded to the professor. "There is some magic involved with the fire place but it doesn't look dangerous."

"I know what that is Professor, there is something that allowed me fuse all the founders rings into one. I think the process is reversible as well." Harry held up his hand with the founders ring on it. Flitwick took a quick look at it before moving on.

"Well shall we go up stairs to the library?" Harry and Hermione followed the professor up stairs and watched as he performed the spells. Twenty minutes later he finished with a nod of his head.

"I can't find anything out of the ordinary. You had a spell you wanted me to cast Harry, an index book or something."

"Yes Professor." Harry reached into his book bag that he had been carrying with him, pulling out two books. This first was his cousin's book on the spell; he handed it to the professor. Professor Flitwick found a seat on one of the settees in the library to start reading the book. The second was a blank leather bound book about three inches thick. Tula appeared at that moment with a pedestal for Harry to place the book on. When Tula appeared, Hermione gave a yelp of surprise.

"Harry... What is that?" as she started backing away. Harry smiled in Hermione's direction.

"She is not an it or that, this is Tula, she is a House Elf." Harry explained.

"House Elf?..." asked Hermione, she got the same look on her face that she got when sitting in class.

Harry walked over to another Settee and sat down. Hermione followed him sitting in a chair across from him.

"House Elves are like butlers and maids in the Muggle world. They can be chefs, gardeners, housekeepers, and personal assistants. I'm sure there are others trained in other tasks. House Elves are very intelligent and have their own form of magic. Most of the old and wealthy families have elves, you can buy them but it doesn't happen often..." Harry didn't get to finish his explanation.

"WHAT! YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT SLAVES!" Hermione yelled. This got Professor Flitwick's attention who had been listening while he was reading.

"Actually Miss Granger, House Elves are not slaves. They are bonded to their families with magic but they are not slaves. House elves get their magic from their masters. A free elf would die within months unless they find a new family. House elves love work and get enjoyment from it. Now not all house elves are treated kindly but most are and I can tell you by looking at Tula here that she is very happy." Tula nodded her head enthusiastically.

"Tula is very happy, Lord Potter is my friend." Tula confirmed.

"But... Its not right." Hermione exasperated with a huff.

"Did you not listen? House elves die unless they are bonded to a family or person." Harry spoke with a bit of anger. "Who do you think has been doing your laundry, cleaning your dorm, cooking the meals, keeping the castle clean? House elves; there are over a hundred of them working in the castle. Tula is my personal elf; she is my best friend and surrogate mum, she takes care of me."

Tula got a huge smile on her face and Hermione could see tears building up in her large eyes just before Tula launched herself at Harry hugging him with all her might. Harry returned the hug before looking up at Hermione.

"Hermione you need to learn to stop jumping to conclusions until you have all the facts."

Hermione took on a thoughtful but defeated look giving Harry a nod.

It was an hour later before Professor Flitwick finished reading the book and was able to perform the spell. He walked around the room casting the spell on each bookcase then tapping his wand to the blank book Harry had provided. It took him another hour to finish the work and even Harry could see that it had taken a lot out of the Professor.

"Well Harry I can see what you mean that spell is quite draining. I wonder if there is a way to improve it so that it doesn't take so much out of the caster."

"You are welcome to look into it professor but any modifications will have to belong to the Potter Family." Harry replied.

"Of course, of course, do you mind if I keep this to research it?" Flitwick held up the spell book.

"It's a copy of the original Professor." replied Harry. Professor Flitwick left the tower soon after finishing the work, there was a staff meeting that afternoon.

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The staff of Hogwarts entered the staff meeting in ones and twos. The comfortable looking room was already full of little side talks as the professors waited for Dumbledore to arrive. Professor Flitwick was sitting by himself just watching the others. Minerva was having a hushed discussion with Professor Sprout about what he didn't know. Quirrell was sitting by himself toward the back of the room just watching everyone the same as Flitwick. The only professor not in attendance was Severus, as far as anyone knew he was still in the infirmary under Poppy's care.

Filius was the first to notice when Dumbledore arrived giving the headmaster a small nod that Dumbledore returned.

"Please quiet down everyone." Dumbledore called out as he took his customary seat at the front of the room. "Any old business we need to go over?"

It took the better part of an hour to go over the old issues, some upgrades to the wards that had happened over the holidays, the replacement of one of the Quidditch stands, and other small items.

"So now that we have all that out of the way how are the students doing? How are the new first years getting along?" Dumbledore asked the room.

Minerva went first. "My new lions are getting on fine; I have had a few issues as always with the Weasley twins. Their younger brother Ronald is turning out to be a bit of a headache. He is not doing the work and is falling behind in his classes in the first week no less. I will be having a talk with him Monday. Everyone else is doing fine."

Professor Sprout picked up after Minerva finished. "Hufflepuff is doing fine, no issues to report, a few homesick cases but the prefects have taken care of it."

It was Professor Sinistra that spoke up next. "With Severus out, you asked me to look in on Slytherin. With the exception of Draco everyone is getting on without a problem."

"What is the issue with the ex Mr. Malfoy?" asked Dumbledore.

"He is being ostracized from the rest of the house with the exception of Crabb and Goyle. It looks like he tried to take over the first few days but was rebuffed as he is without a name and his father is on the run. I believe he also received a letter from his mother disowning him. That is the rumor going around."

This received varying reactions from the staff. To lose your name because your parent's marriage is made invalid by the mother's head of house was one thing, to then be disowned by your mother was another all together. Draco was now considered a pariah, lowest of the low. That Crabb and Goyle still maintained contact with him meant that the Malfoy Sr. was still in play.

"Please, keep an eye on Slytherin for the time being, it is not known when Professor Snape will be out of the infirmary. Last time it was only two days but we can not rely on that." replied Dumbledore. Sinistra nodded her head.

"I will be taking over Potions again until Severus is on his feet. Regrettably if this continues I will have to find a replacement to teach in his absences."

Minerva though she disliked the potions master asked the question on everyone's mind. "What can you tell us about Severus, is there anything we can do?"

"Poppy and I are not completely sure what is happening, it appears that Severus is having some form of attacks, what these attacks are we just don't know yet." Dumbledore answered.

"Shouldn't Poppy contact St. Mungo's for help then?"

"She feels she can handle it for now, if after this episode, he has another attack, we may have to consult with the healers at St. Mungo's"

"Filius?" Dumbledore looked at the Professor.

"My ravens are doing just fine. One firstie stands out, Ms. Granger. She is very intelligent and someone to keep an eye on, she has a bad habit of taking everything written as absolute fact. I'm working on correcting that problem with the help of her friends."

"Yes, yes and how is Lord Potter doing in class?" Filius gave Dumbledore the slightest of a look saying don't push it. Dumbledore ignored it.

"He is doing exceptionally well, top of the class in all his classes." Minerva replied to the question. Flitwick turned to his colleague and frowned. Dumbledore sighed.

"Filius, it is a perfectly reasonable question to ask, it is within my duties as headmaster to know the educational level of our students." Dumbledore thought would be enough to get what he wanted to know.

Filius turned back to the headmaster. "That's fine headmaster, I'm sure everyone here is willing to put the extra time in to bring you up to date on every student in Hogwarts. I'm sure if your asking about one student that you will be asking about them all. No need to single

out anyone, now is there?" Filius replied to the headmasters statement.

Minerva looked aghast at Filius, she knew he could take a differing opinion from time to time but he had never pushed this hard before. "Filius!"

"No. No Minerva, Filius is right. Filius as Lord Potter is the Founders heir, it is not unreasonable for the staff including me to keep track of his education and how he is doing." Dumbledore

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Harry frowned at the way the Dumbledore had manipulated the meeting to focus on him. He had followed the meeting in Godric's book. After thinking about it for several minutes he realized that in this one instant Dumbledore was in the right. Dumbledore had the right to follow Harry's education above and beyond that of the other students simply because of his Founders status. With a heavy sigh he closed the book and returned to the common room. the rest of the night was spent in peace after the Hermione, Neville, and Susan left. Tula served him Dinner in the tower. Harry fell asleep that night with Salazar's journal in his hands.

Chapter 22

Fragile Mind

The mind, to normal humans, non-magicals, muggles it is a fortress that no other can look in to, control, or ease drop on. To the muggles their minds are the one place that no one can intrude on. One muggle could stand next to another, look at the person next to them, come up with an opinion of that person, and voice that opinion all within the confine of their mind and no one would be the wiser. Muggles have spent hundreds of years studying the mind; psychology, the human psyche and neurology, the physical brain but they are no closer now to unlocking the mind than a hundred or a thousand years ago. Sure there are a few groups that believe in mind over matter, Master martial artists, some Asian monks, professional athletes and a few crackpots.

To the magical world the mind is an open book at least for some and for others it is a fortress. In the wizarding world you could never be completely sure if the wizard or witch standing next to you is capable of reading your thoughts, so it is always best to keep your thoughts buried deep in the mind. But even in the magical world not everyone is capable of the mind arts or in fact even heard of them. For those wizards and witches that are aware of the mind arts, it is only to protect themselves from those that would invade their mind. If there was one mind in the magical world that could truly be called fortress it would be Harry Potter's. Harry had spent the last several years building his fortress, though at first he didn't understand that that was what he was doing, it all started with his minds library.

Now, after a year living in the magical world, reading more books on the subject of the mind arts than just about anyone on the planet save maybe Albus Dumbledore and Voldemort, he could truly call his mind a fortress. With defenses to disorient, trap, repel, even injure an attacking mind, Harry felt secure in his own mind. For all the protections that closed Harry's mind off from the outside world there was one thing that could still bring his mind to a crashing halt, himself.

Sunday morning Harry woke with a profound feeling of loneliness. Opening his eyes all he could do was look at the stone of the ceiling above him as tears trickled down the sides of his face. The logical part of Harry's mind couldn't understand the emotion that was

currently washing over him like it was. He had friends, his godfather, aunts, uncles, and Tula the house elf who had become more than just family to him.

That logical part of his mind looked inward to his library, the eleven year old Harry avatar appeared in the center of his library. Harry looked around his mind, the library looked as it always did, perfect, clean, in order. As he stood there looking around him for anything out of place until he heard soft crying coming from the section of his library that housed all the memories of his parents. Rounding the corner of an isle of shelves, Harry found a young child sitting in the center of the isle with a book in his lap. The child looked just like he did when Harry was two years old. Green eyes meet green eyes; Harry approached the child and sat down next to him. The child again looked up at Harry then back down at the book in his lap. He pointed to a page in the book and said one word. "Mama".

When Harry looked down at the book he found it was now in his own lap. The child touched his arm and faded away as the tears started flowing from Harry's eyes. The picture in the book was of his mother, a memory of her reading to him as a baby. In that moment, the loneliness, the loss, hit Harry so hard that his mind and magic fell apart.

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In another part of Harry's library, held tight in one of the many traps, the silence that had been a constant was shattered as the mind of Severus Snape heard a cry of anguish and despair that he hoped to never hear again. The sound filled every corner of the small room he was held in. In that moment the walls that held him shattered, the mindscape that held him exploded outward. In that moment he was able to see into the mind that was holding him. In that moment what he witnessed, Harry Potter, the son of James Potter, the man he hated with his entire being was curled up inside his mind, sobbing uncontrollably with a book laying open next to him. In the next moment Severus Snape felt pain like he had never felt before, the Dark Lords Cruciatus curse did not even rank in the same realm. As with any explosion things get thrown outward. The last thing Severus Snape saw before losing consciousness was Lily Potter standing over his broken and battered mind in a broken and battered landscape.

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The old lady appeared within Harry's mind, the avatar of Hogwarts. She had felt his sorrow and had come to help. It was lucky that she arrived when she did; Harry's outcry had released a wave of power within his mindscape and his mind had shattered. His library had crumbled down around him, his mind lay in ruin. Using a fraction of the power that had built up within the walls of Hogwarts over the millennium, the lady waved her hand around the mindscape to try rebuilding it and contain the power that Harry had unleashed. She could not use more power or she risked damaging Harry's mind further.

She found Severus Snape's mind battered and bloody in the ruins. His mind was not in much better shape than Harry's. Though Hogwarts did not like the current potions master, she was not about to see his mind die within her walls. While still holding Harry's power back she drew the mind of Severus Snape into herself, down through the walls of the castle, through the floor of the infirmary where his body lay and back into his own head.

With that accomplished Hogwarts turned her attention back to Harry. She started by trying to rebuild Harry's mindscape but she was having a great deal of trouble, Harry was still throwing out waves of magic. He needed to be calmed mentally and comforted. The old lady started looking around for the boy in the ruins. What she found first was another, a dark shadow, a ghost, a young man who had gone as bad as anyone can, she found Tom Riddle. It was only a piece of him, like Snape it was battered and bloody, dark black blood. The old lady looked down on the piece of Tom Riddle and shuttered, she could not draw him out like she had Snape, she had no where to put him if she did. She could not hold him within herself, the piece of his soul was strong enough that it would start to corrupt even her. She could not destroy the bit of Tom Riddle, the magical backlash would destroy Harry's mind beyond repair if it didn't kill him. Taking a page from Harry himself she constructed a stone coffin as far from the center of Harry's mind as she could. The old lady then placed the battered soul fragment of Tom Riddle within and sealed it shut. One solid piece of stone, she then constructed a small building around the coffin sealing it shut as well. It would have to do for now.

If there was a measure of time, all of this happened within a few seconds. While trying to keep Harry from destroying his own mind,

saving Snape, and sealing away the soul fragment of Tom Riddle, Lady Hogwarts also sent a very loud call for help to the Sorting Hat.

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Albus was just entering his office from his private quarters when a load gong sounded throughout the castle. It was a sound he had never heard before and was confused by it. It was not the signal that the wards of the castle were under attack.

"Headmaster!" the Sorting hat called out to him.

"Gideon, what is going on?" asked Dumbledore.

"Headmaster you need to get Filius up to the Founders Tower now."

"What has happened?" Albus asked again.

"Lord Potter is having a mind quake; Lady Hogwarts is trying to keep his mind from destroying itself as we speak. You need to get Filius to the tower now." Gideon replied with a great deal of urgency.

It took Dumbledore just a second to process what the Sorting hat was telling him before he was on his knees in front of the fireplace making a floo call to his charms professor. When he pulled his head out of the fire he looked up at the Sorting Hat, before he could even ask the question, Gideon responded.

"Yes Albus, Lady Hogwarts is requesting your help as well, this is a one time admittance to the tower. She says she will be watching your every move." With that the portrait that Filius had entered his office through last week opened. Dumbledore raced into the portrait and found himself in a hall full of doors at the same time as his charms professor appeared out from another door.

"This way Albus." Flitwick spoke as he rushed to the portrait at the end of the hall. Flitwick lead the way directly to the rooms he knew Harry was using. What greeted them was utter chaos. Harry was lying on the bed thrashing around with a hysterical elf trying to hold him down. The room appeared as if a wave of magic had washed through it destroying all the furnishing.

Albus immediately pulled out his wand, casting a full body bind on Harry as he rushed over to the bed.

"Harry very upset, he is crying when Tula popped in to wake him. Then wave of magic come off and damage everything." It was at this point that both Albus and Filius noticed that the house elf was injured. She had a bloody nose and it looked like she had broken a leg.

"Tula, we will take care of Harry, you need to go to the infirmary." Filius tried to order her.

"No, Tula stay with Harry until Harry is better." replied the house elf with a fire in her eyes that neither Albus nor Filius had ever seen in a house elf.

"Ok Tula, let me and the headmaster have a look at Harry." replied Filius with a calming voice. Dumbledore had already moved over to the bedside.

"Legilimens!" Albus spoke the incantation quietly and entered Harry's mind. He appeared in a mindscape that was shattered; the only building he could see was what looked like a mausoleum of solid stone. The rest of the mindscape was in complete ruin. The great building he had seen for that brief moment during the opening feast was gone. Books upon books lay thrown around, some ripped to shreds, and others looked burnt, but most still looked intact.

Albus turned around to take in everything and came face to face with an old lady, a beautifully aged and majestic lady. Next to her was an older man with long gray hair and a short gray beard.

"Headmaster," spoke the man, "This is Lady Hogwarts and I am Gideon, the sorting hat. I speak for her as she does not have a voice of her own."

Albus bowed his head to the lady.

"It is nice to meet you Lady Hogwarts. I now understand where Harry has been getting some of his help from." Albus knew the moment he said that, that he had said the wrong thing. The eyes of the lady darkened and a look of anger appeared on her face.

"Headmaster, I would suggest you do not try to make this a fact finding opportunity or try to snoop around, we are here to help Harry, not invade his mind." replied Gideon with no small hint of threat.

"Of course, how can I help?" Albus asked with a little fear. It would not be good to upset Hogwarts in any way.

"The Lady needs you to take over controlling Harry's magic; she does not want you to be seen by Harry in his mind. If you can hold off his magic she can repair his mindscape."

Dumbledore nodded to both of the avatars and pulled his wand from his sleeve. With a flick and a muffled incantation he nodded again to the lady. He felt the difference when Lady Hogwarts stopped helping to control Harry's magic. It took a great deal of his power to counter what Harry was unleashing but Albus stood his ground within Harry's mind as he watched the old lady walk deeper in to the Mindscape.

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Harry felt a soft hand touch his shoulder, he flinched away from it at first it was never good to cry or show emotion around the Dursleys. Then he remembered where he was and looked up into the eyes of Lady Hogwarts who was kneeling next to him in his mindscape. The loving, caring expression on her face gave Harry some comfort. Seeing that she had Harry's attention she looked down at the open book he was still cradling in his arms. Smiling, she held out her hand for Harry to let her have it. Harry didn't want to release the book that he held but eventually and reluctantly he handed it to the lady who started looking through it with reverence. After turning the last page she closed the book softly and hugged it to herself before putting it back on a shelf that appeared next to her. Lady Hogwarts then looked down at Harry who was now sitting on the floor having uncurled himself. She extended a hand down to him that he reluctantly took, helping him to stand back up on his own two feet.

Once standing she pulled Harry into a hug holding him there for a moment that Harry would remember for the rest of his life. In that moment his library started to rebuild itself with a new bookshelf appearing in his family section. The new shelves started filling up with memories, memories of his mother and father's time at Hogwarts. From the moment his mother and father crossed the

wards as first years to the day they left the wards for the last time as graduates were all given to him by Lady Hogwarts. She did filter the memories, no need for Harry to see his mother taking a bath or the snogging with his father in the third floor broom closet. But she did give all the good and the bad, his parents had not been perfect and he needed to see that as well.

It took some time for Harry to realize what had happened. He had read about Occlumens that had suffered mind quakes. It was a rare problem and those that had survived the experience never suffered from it again. Harry was feeling very lucky at the moment that Lady Hogwarts came to his rescue.

Once the process of rebuilding his Library began it moved forward rapidly, all the damaged books repaired themselves, even the books that had burnt pages somehow became whole again. Harry's library rebuilt itself around him as he stood there with Lady Hogwarts.

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Dumbledore was sweating, he had been holding Harry's magic back for what felt like hours but could not have been more than a few minutes. It wasn't just his avatar currently in Harry's mind that was sweating his physical body was sweating as well. It had been a long time since he was in the presence of anyone that could rival his own magical power and Harry was darn close to it.

He watched as the mindscape started rebuilding itself and felt the force of magic he was holding back lessen. When it was to a point that it would cause no more damage, Albus knew his time in Harry's mind was up. He withdrew from the child's mind and stepped back from the bed.

Seeing Albus step back on unsteady feet Filius conjured a chair behind the headmaster just as he fell into it.

"Albus?" Filius questioned.

"He will be fine in a few moments I suspect. His mind is repairing itself very quickly. If you don't mind I would like to just sit here for a few moments to catch my breath." replied Albus.

At the moment Hedwig appeared in the room, in her beak was the sorting hat. After making one pass around the room she dropped the hat on Harry's bed and flew to the perch in the corner. She didn't take her eyes off the headmaster for a moment after settling onto the perch. It was giving the headmaster a very uneasy feeling being the center of attention of a Moon Owl.

The sorting hat took that moment to speak. "Headmaster Dumbledore, Lady Hogwarts would like to thank you for your help. She will let Harry know that you assisted her. I thank you as well Albus. Harry is a special young man; this will make up for some of what you put him through."

Albus nodded his head with a small smile. "Many people have told me recently that I have lost my way, this was a small thing I could do to make up for that. Harry has a destiny, true or false no longer matters. He will have my help when he wants or needs it." Fawkes appeared over the headmaster at that moment, Dumbledore reached up and grabbed a tail feather and disappeared in a ball of flames.

"Always has to make a grand entrance or exit that one." The sorting hat grumbled but he had a smile on his brim.

-oo00oo-

It took Harry another hour to wake up from the trauma of the mind quake. He was able to repair all of the damage to his mindscape and knowledge but he was going to have a headache for a few days. The new crypt that Lady Hogwarts built for the part of Tom Riddle was stronger than the room he originally contained it in so he kept it. Professor Flitwick stayed with Harry for a couple hours to make sure he was okay before leaving to inform the Headmaster. Lady Hogwarts had explained to Harry what happened and the help that the Headmaster had provided. He was grateful to the Headmaster for what he did but was still having trouble trusting him. It was a step in the right direction though. Harry spent the rest of the day in the tower, mostly lying in bed.

Tula quickly returned from the infirmary after having her injuries look at and healed. Harry was dutifully upset that he had hurt her in any way but she put a stop to that by telling him that it was not his fault. Throughout the day Harry's friends visited him in the tower but left

him to rest after finding out what had happened. Even Hermione let him be after getting some of the details with a promise to spend as much time in the library to find ways of preventing it from happening again. Harry tried to explain to her that it wouldn't happen again but she just wouldn't listen.

-oo00oo-

Alone in a room in the dungeons of Hogwarts, not far from the Slytherin common room but far enough away that no one would stumble in on him by accident, one lone first year was contemplating his lot in life. This past year had gone from bad to worse. First his father had been found out to be a death eater and had to go into hiding, then his mother disowns him for being sorted into Slytherin. Everything his father taught him was now in question.

To top off the bad year the boy his father had taught him to hate, the boy that defeated the greatest dark lord was in fact greater than anyone had imagined. He was the heir to Hogwarts, he had more wealth and power than the Malfoy family could ever dream of having.

Draco was in a desperate situation, he just didn't know where to turn. His only other avenue, his godfather, had been in the hospital wing since the start of term. Draco desperately needed someone to talk to; the entire Slytherin house was ignoring him or worse. He had been humiliated during the sorting and it had not stopped there. He had been turned into a virtual house elf by the upper class Slytherins and his own year was avoiding him like a plague.

His father had sent him a letter, telling him how proud he was that he had followed in the Malfoy tradition but in the same letter asked him to spy on Potter, to get close to Potter, he had already burned that bridge. He could already tell that Potter was not one to forgive or forget lightly. He was starting to see the error of following his father. His mother had tried to explain it to him but he didn't want to listen.

Flashback

"Draco, your father is a bad man, who followed a bad man. You heard your father say that no Malfoy bows down to anyone." Narcissa explained.

"Yes Mother..." droned Draco.

"I watched your father bow down and kiss the feet of that so called Dark Lord only to be cursed for the effort." Narcicca continued.

"Yes Mother..." drones Draco again.

"Are you listening to me Draco?" asked his mother rather forcefully.

"Yes mother I am..." Draco rolled his eyes.

"If you follow your father, the Malfoy way, you will end up a murderer before you graduate Hogwarts. Is that what you want?"

Draco rolled his eyes again.

End Flashback

Now Draco wasn't so sure his mother was wrong or telling him some trumped up story. His mother had been accepted back into the Ancient and Noble House of Black; the announcement had been in the Prophet. If only he had listened he would now be above the Malfoy name, he would be a Black.

Lifting him self up off the floor where he had been sitting with his back to the wall. Draco walked out of the room and the dungeons, thankfully not running into any of his housemates. Still deep in his thoughts, Draco wondered the halls of the castle. Twenty minutes later he found himself in front of a Gargoyle statue, he knew this was the Headmaster's office but he couldn't remember making the choice to come here.

Draco was just about to turn around when the gargoyle moved aside revealing the staircase. With a deep breath Draco made a decision. He started climbing the stairs, he wasn't sure if this would work but he couldn't live like this anymore. When he reached the top of the stairs, he stood there outside the closed door for a moment.

Just as he was about to knock...

"Come in young man." Draco heard the Headmaster call out.

-oo00oo-

Poppy Pomfrey was keeping a close eye on her latest long term patient. This was the patients second time in the hospital wing of Hogwarts in as many weeks since the start of term. The first time was unexplainable, as much as she disliked the potions professor, seeing Snape like this was troubling. The Headmaster's diagnosis of Snape having an out of body experience didn't sit well with her.

Poppy was a fully trained healer, she had spent several years at St Mongo's practicing her art but she was not a mind healer. All healers had to have some Occlumancy training to keep patient information confidential but that was the extent of the mind arts that she knew or cared to know. Poppy was not a specialist in any field. She knew enough to treat most injuries and curses. This however was well beyond her experience and she didn't trust the Headmasters opinion on Severus at the moment.

She had just finished her morning round of the hospital wing, two first years with broken arms from broom flying classes. The bones in both students had been broken in several places having to be vanished and regrown. One sixth year student had been working on a new spell for Defense Against the Dark Arts and it had backfired when she was testing it. Poppy was still debating on sending her off to St. Mongo's; the spell had damaged her ability to produce new red blood. How a sixth year could think that she could create a spell to replace the standard Blood Replenishing potion was beyond Poppy's imagination.

As she was entering her office the alarm spell she had placed on Severus sounded indicating that he was awake again. Poppy rushed to the private room he was being kept in to find him rolling around and groaning. She immediately pulled he wand and started running diagnostic spells over him. Again she found nothing physically wrong with him.

"Severus can you hear me!" she forcibly asked him. "Severus!" again she asked him.

Severus opened his eyes and looked up at Poppy for just a moment than went back to shaking his head back and forth. "Who... Who are you?" Severus managed to get out as he clamped his hands on either side of his head. "Head... head hurts..."

Poppy summoned a pain relief potion from the potion cabinet, uncorked it and pressed it to Severus's lips. Snape was able to get the potion down; within moments his hands feel from the sides of his head. "Better..." he groaned out.

"Severus, how are you doing? Do you recognize me?" Poppy asked.

Severus opened his eyes again and looked at Poppy for a moment.

"No... who are you..? Who is Severus..?" Severus had an almost blank look on his face. Poppy was confused, the last time he woke and remembered everything, well except that he had lost a mind dual.

"Severus Do you know where you are?" Poppy asked.

Snape looked around the room for a moment than back up at Poppy before shaking his head no. Poppy was panicking on the inside, wizards that had lost this much memory in the past ended up spending a long time in St. Mongo's, generally the rest of their lives.

"I'm Madam Pomfrey, I'm a healer and you're in Hogwarts Hospital wing. Your name is Severus Snape. Now please stay here Severus I am going to go get the Headmaster and a mind healer from St. Mongo's." Poppy had made up her mind and was calling in a specialist, Dumbledore be damned.

Chp23